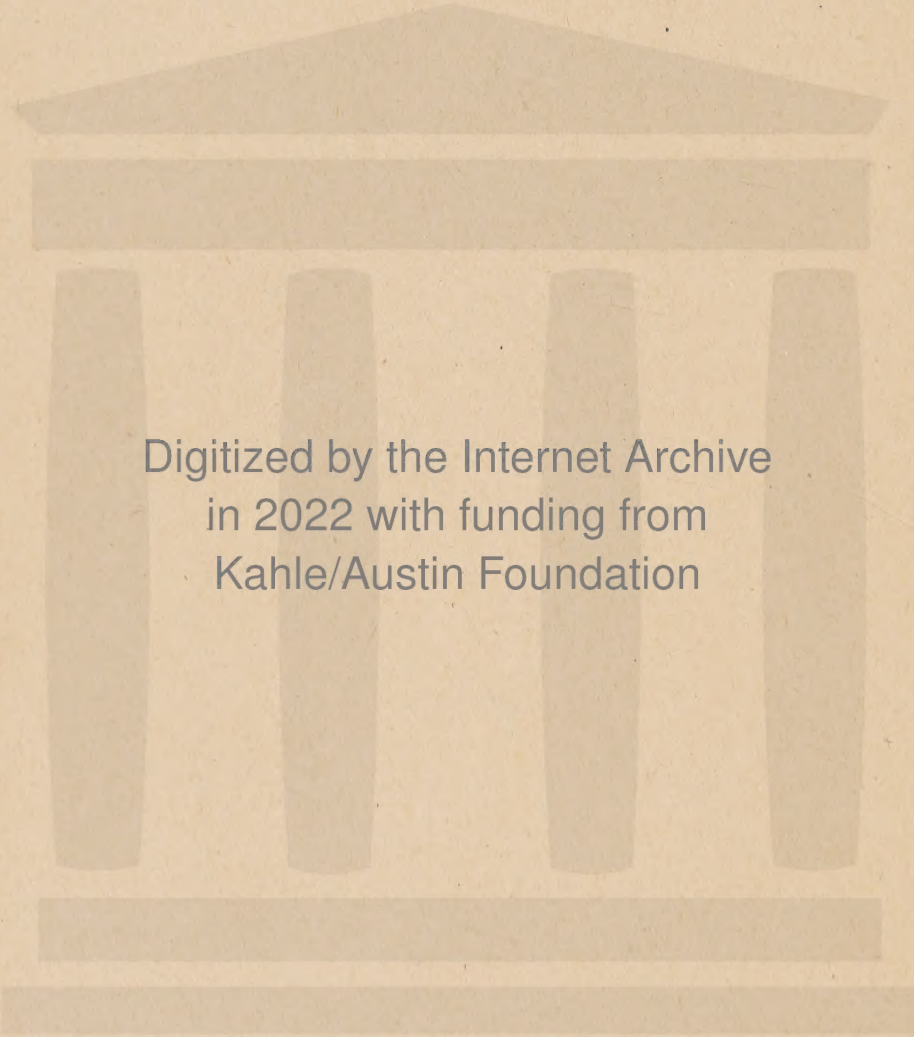




BOYS' AND
GIRLS'
BOOKSHELF



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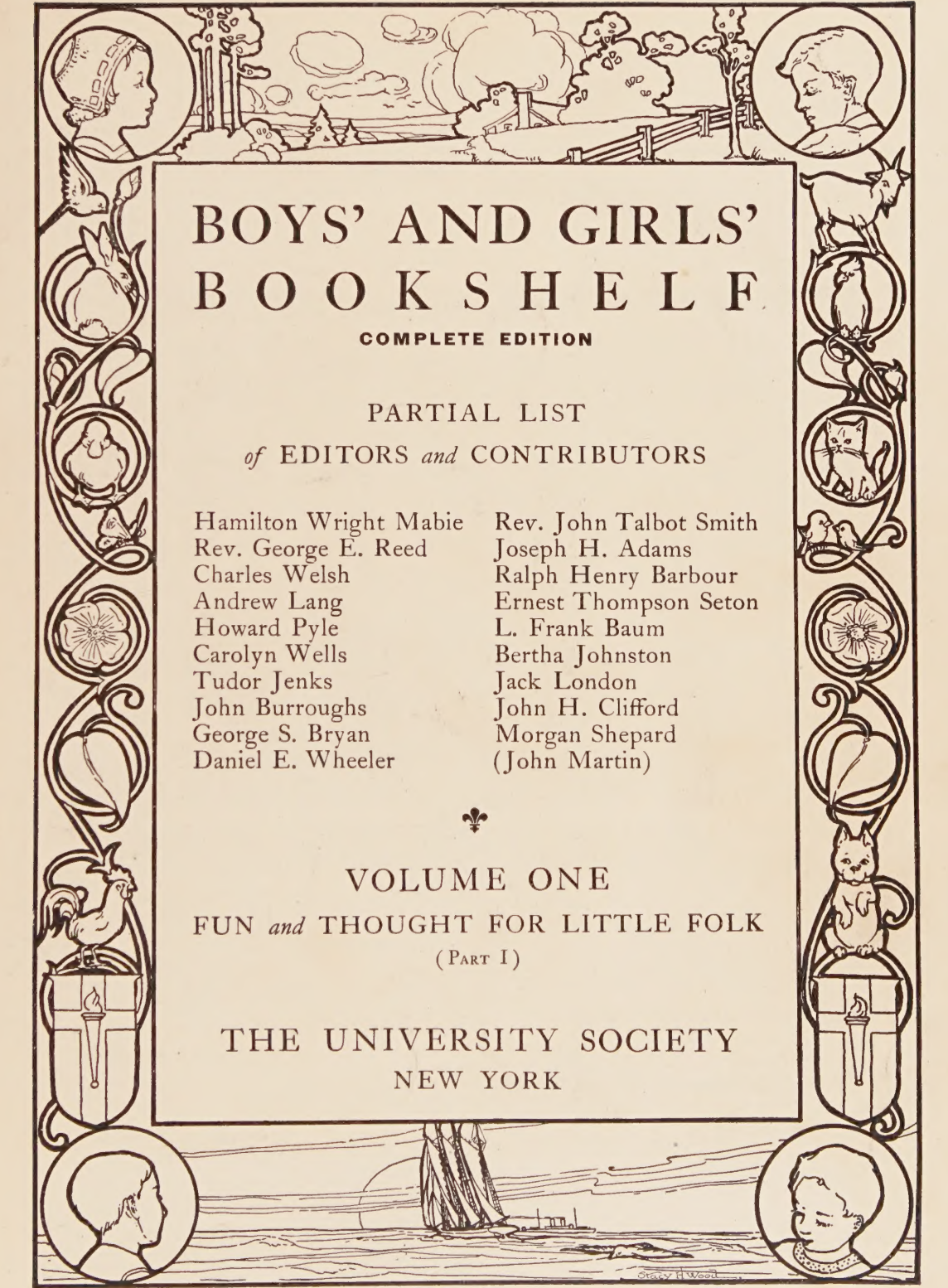


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PLEASANT PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE—III.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOKSHELF

COMPLETE EDITION

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VOLUME ONE
FUN *and* THOUGHT FOR LITTLE FOLK
(PART I)

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AN INTRODUCTION

LETTER

The Editors' Room.

Dear Boys and Girls:

You do not know me, so I am introducing myself to you by this friendly letter. How I do wish I could really meet you; I am sure we would be the best of Friends. O, how many things we would have to talk about! I would want to hear of your best friends and I would tell you all about mine. Among the very best of Friends, I always count a great number of **GOOD BOOKS**, so I should "introduce" you to these good **FRIENDS**, because you would be better and happier for knowing them. The Editors of these **VOLUMES** heard about my many Book-friends, so they thought that I would be a good person to tell you about these fine Books which have been made just for **YOU**.

The Editors have asked me to write you a good, long **LETTER**. Editors are very wise, and sometimes quite old and serious. They

often have rather firm **IDEAS** of their own, so they told me what



The House of Wisdom.



A Row of Friends.

to write to you. I did not like that way of talking to you, so I plucked up a heart full of courage and told our wise Editors, with a few big



words, that I must write to you in my own way, or not at all. Much to my joy and surprise, they

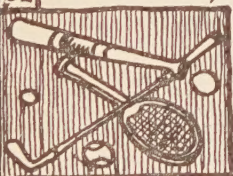


said, ~ "Very good, John Martin. Go ahead and write in your own way."

So, here I am, happy as can be.

I am going to write you a letter about some new Book-friends that our wise and kind Editor-friends have made for you. These are good Books, true Friends and helpful Companions.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, I BELIEVE that every story, picture and poem in these volumes is so full of life and value, that Boys and Girls from



SIX to SIXTY-SIX will get real good out of them. These Books are for you dear LITTLE TOTS, whose minds are



just beginning to open. They are for you Boys and Girls of ten or twelve. You will not abuse your BOOK-FRIENDS, nor will



you tuck them away to be neglected and forgotten. You will read all that these fine Books give you. You are sure



to memorize much that is in them. You will talk about them with your Parents and Playmates. It is very true that you will get more, keep more and enjoy more in these Books, if you make a HABIT of talking over what you read.

So, "talk over" THE HOST OF SPLENDID TRUTHS AND BEAUTIFUL FANCIES THAT THESE GOOD BOOK-FRIENDS OFFER YOU.



YOU have all heard of Theodore Roosevelt. You know that he is a good and a brave man. He has said many wise things. One of the very wisest



sayings was said to and for you Girls and Boys; it was **"WORK HARD AND PLAY HARD."**

Just think over that short sentence. If you should ask Mr Roosevelt the full meaning of those words, he would say

"DON'T be LAZY: be active, wide awake and vigorous. When you read or study, put your whole HEART and HEAD into it. When you PLAY, do so with might and main. Play your play better and more happily each day. Be in honest earnest in everything you do. This is the way to keep happy; and it is the way to grow up to be bright, clever and useful MEN and WOMEN."

Yes, you should "play hard — and work hard," too. You should learn the "rules of the game". These Books are made to help you in work and

in play. Read them thoughtfully, and let them guide your minds to earnest study and jolly play.

These good Book-friends will point out to your active young minds a THOUSAND WONDERFUL THINGS.

You will learn about ANIMALS and HISTORY. You will be told the secrets of the TREES, PLANTS



and INSECTS. Yes, great treasures are in these Books - all for YOU too.



Your hours of study will be made shorter and brighter by these fine Books, for they contain HELP and WISDOM, when your mind needs such guiding. As for FUN, they are full of it. So you see they have the kind of GOOD in them that will fit into every hour of your blessed lives.

Read these Books, get your Parents and Relatives and Friends to read them to you, for they will help you to grow to be what you want to be - GOOD and WISE Men and Women. Dear Boys and Girls, I want to write a tiny SERMON on those two splendid words - GOOD and WISE.

BE GOOD - this means - be what your true CONSCIENCE bids you to be. Every Boy and Girl who reads this letter knows that to be truly GOOD, you must be truthful, gentle and helpful. It means to be steady and brave in the face of all sorts of pain, trouble and annoyance. Do not be selfish or mean. Never do anything that your Heart is ashamed of. LOVE the Good GOD

Who gives you Life, and in turn love those who love you and those who need your love. Trees, Flowers, Little Children and Dumb Animals need your love. To be Good means to be forceful and persevering, and not lazy and weak. There are many lessons in these Books that will help you to be Good. Look for these lessons.

B EING GOOD will not take away a bit of FUN from you. On the contrary, it will add to the FUN of your lives. There is as much FUN in these Books as serious THOUGHT. Look for it. We want you to find it. Look for all the jolly Games, and the funny Verses. Play the Games. Learn by heart a lot of funny Verses. Yes, get all the FUN you can, and see what a joy and help you will be to others in your after lives.

There: that is all of my LITTLE SERMON. It was not very long, was it, Children?



NOW CHILDREN, let me go back to that Thought about "Work and Play". There is work that is play. This may seem



strange to you, but it is very true. A little girl "works" when she makes clothes for her Doll, and a Boy "works" when he builds something (for his own pleasure) with his useful hands. This kind of Play is good for you. So, Children, read these Books and learn how to do many useful and interesting things with your hands. You will never regret the time you spend learning to make your **MIND** guide your **HANDS**.





NOW CHILDREN, I want you to love God's Open Country. I want you to know it as you know a Friend. Many of you



become so used to all the WONDERS and Beauty about you, that you do not notice them. You should bend over a growing FLOWER and think of its beauty and sweetness. You should listen to the BIRDS, and wonder at the Songs they sing. And then, stand with respect in your hearts beside a great, silent STONE. Ask it to tell you its secrets. Listen to the BROOK and hear the music of its running waters. The country you live in is the Gift of God to all of you. Use this Gift of NATURE and try to know all it seeks to teach you. In these Books of yours, you will find many stories that will help you to know and love the Wonders of Nature.



IN this letter of mine, I seem to have written most of the time to older boys and girls, but believe me, you **LITTLE TOTS**, we have not forgotten YOU in these books. NO, NO! we have not. Much that is in them is

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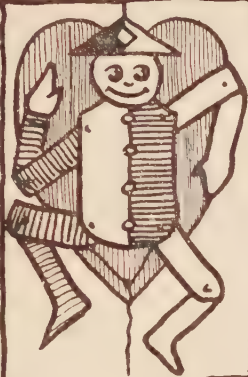
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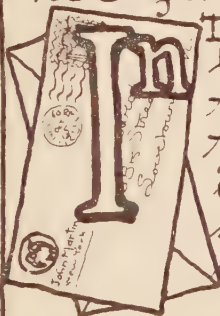


ALL YOURS and it is so arranged that YOUR Father or YOUR mother may find for you just what you need and love.

NO, dear Little Ones, the wise and Kind Editors did



not forget you.



THIS LETTER OF MINE, I cannot begin to tell you about all the mind and Heart Treasures the Books give you; perhaps it is just as well, for you should find some of them yourselves. But I must write a few lines about two or

three more of YOUR BOOKS - for instance, there is a "WONDER BOOK", full of strange, but true stories of the Earth,



Sea, and Sky.



Then you will find another good book called,

"LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO BOOKLAND"; here you will find beautiful Poetry and Prose and you will read the words of great Orators, and here you will read the best of all stories, written by those who love Children. These stories and poems are so clear and simple that you will love and understand them all.

NOW, ABOUT PICTURES. These Books are full of them - I believe there are nearly THREE THOUSAND. You will see serious, beautiful and funny pictures. Study these pictures long and thoughtfully and learn the lessons

they teach your eyes and mind; in this way, you will learn how to make MIND PICTURES, which you may take with you where ever you go. Yes, wonderful mind-pictures which you can see with closed eyes and when the quiet dark of night is about you. LAST OF ALL, DEAR CHILDREN,



you will be delighted with a volume called - "HISTORIC TALES AND GOLDEN DEEDS", this is a book of heroes and heroines and you will want to make your lives like theirs.



HERE, Boys and girls, I have come to the end of the pages our Editors have allowed me for your letter. I have not told you half the GOOD NEWS about your Books, but I have INTRODUCED you to some very good FRIENDS who will guide your minds, give you dexterous and useful hands, and make your hearts happier and better.

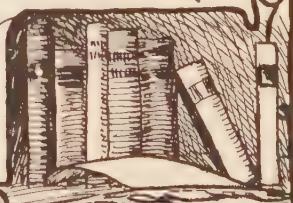
These Book-friends you will want to love and live with all the days of your happy lives.

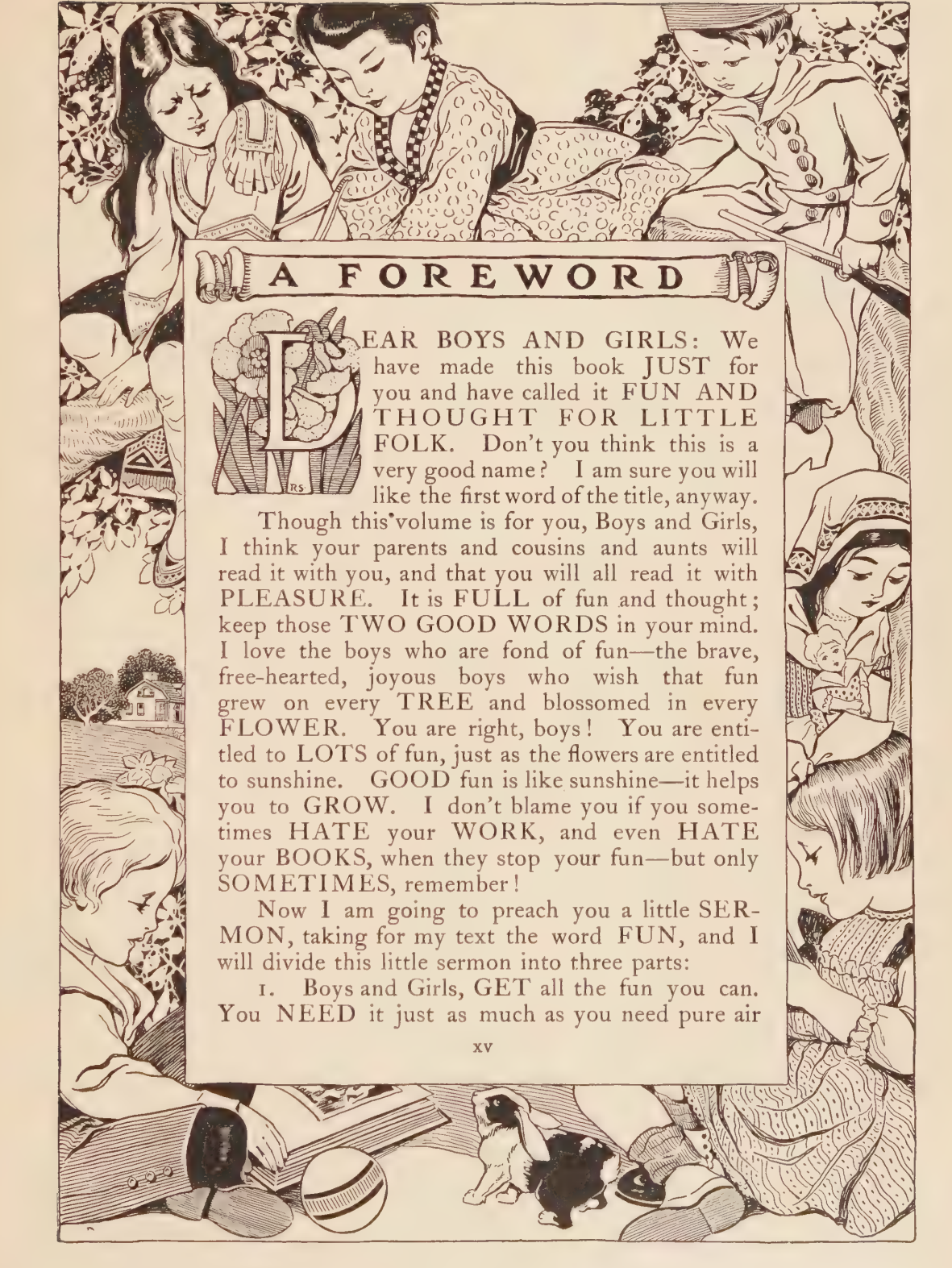
GOOD BYE, DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS

Ever your loving

♥ FRIEND ♥

John Martin





A FOREWORD

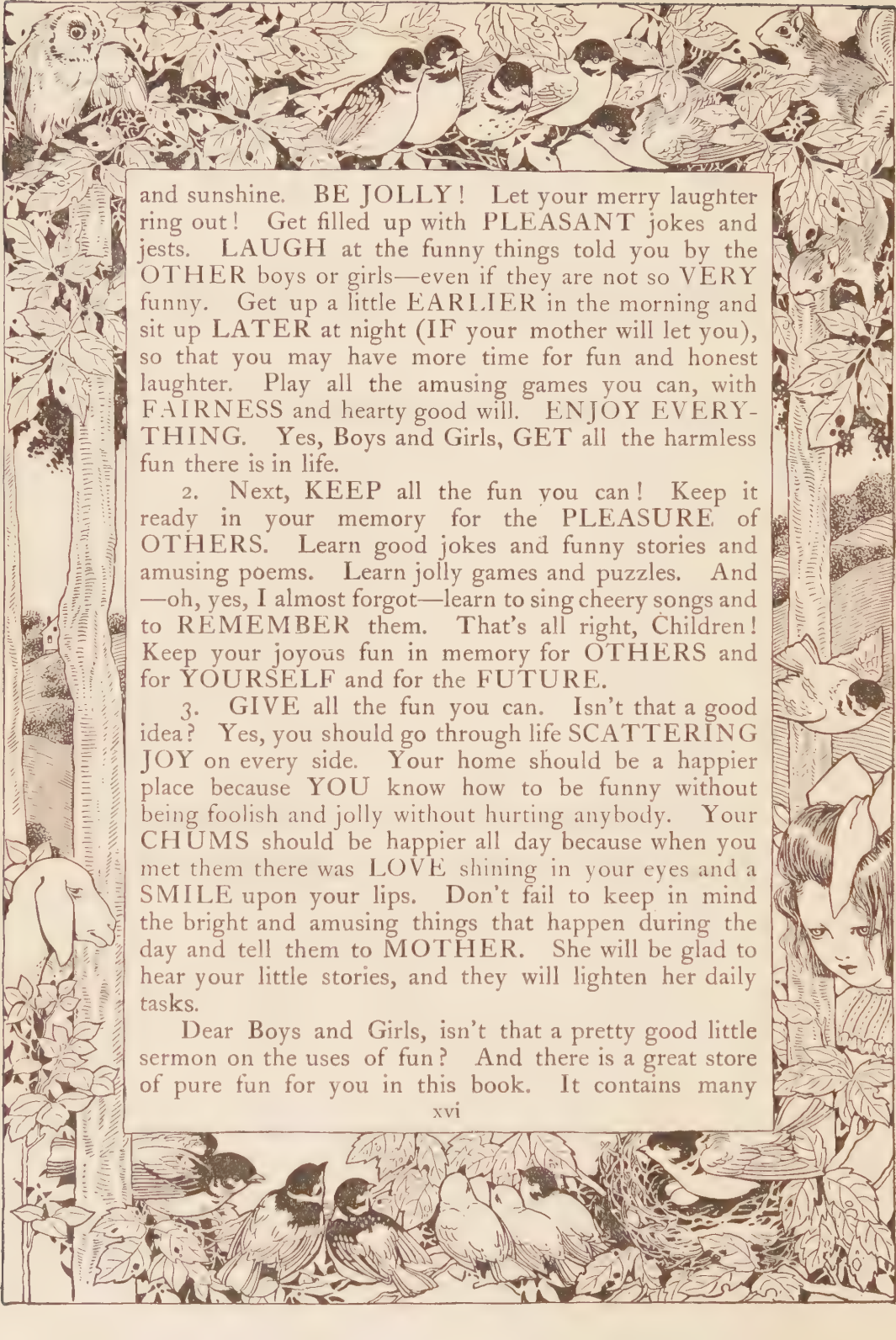


DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: We have made this book JUST for you and have called it FUN AND THOUGHT FOR LITTLE FOLK. Don't you think this is a very good name? I am sure you will like the first word of the title, anyway.

Though this volume is for you, Boys and Girls, I think your parents and cousins and aunts will read it with you, and that you will all read it with PLEASURE. It is FULL of fun and thought; keep those TWO GOOD WORDS in your mind. I love the boys who are fond of fun—the brave, free-hearted, joyous boys who wish that fun grew on every TREE and blossomed in every FLOWER. You are right, boys! You are entitled to LOTS of fun, just as the flowers are entitled to sunshine. GOOD fun is like sunshine—it helps you to GROW. I don't blame you if you sometimes HATE your WORK, and even HATE your BOOKS, when they stop your fun—but only SOMETIMES, remember!

Now I am going to preach you a little SERMON, taking for my text the word FUN, and I will divide this little sermon into three parts:

1. Boys and Girls, GET all the fun you can. You NEED it just as much as you need pure air

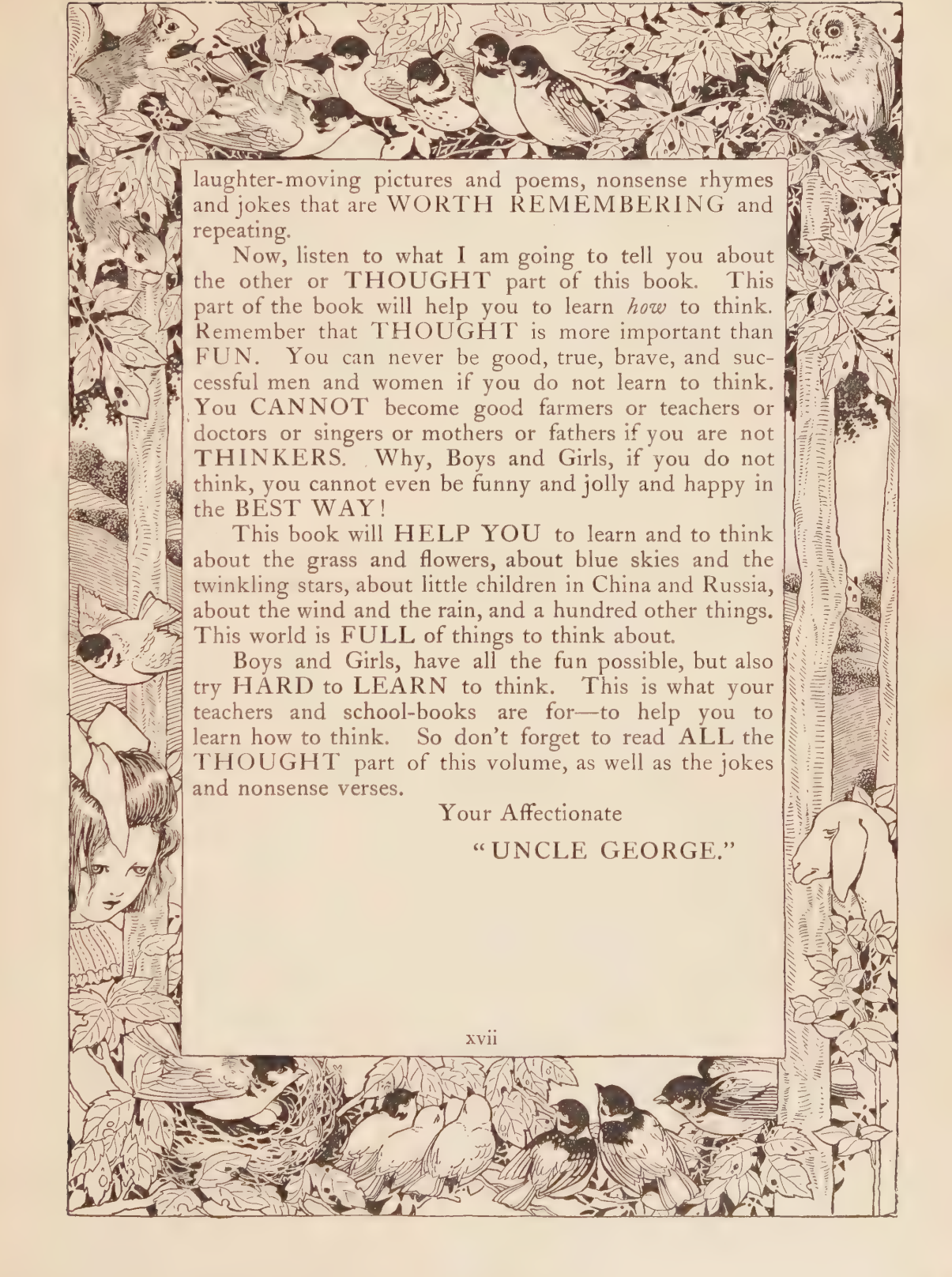


and sunshine. **BE JOLLY!** Let your merry laughter ring out! Get filled up with **PLEASANT** jokes and jests. **LAUGH** at the funny things told you by the **OTHER** boys or girls—even if they are not so **VERY** funny. Get up a little **EARLIER** in the morning and sit up **LATER** at night (**IF** your mother will let you), so that you may have more time for fun and honest laughter. Play all the amusing games you can, with **FAIRNESS** and hearty good will. **ENJOY EVERYTHING.** Yes, Boys and Girls, **GET** all the harmless fun there is in life.

2. Next, **KEEP** all the fun you can! Keep it ready in your memory for the **PLEASURE** of **OTHERS.** Learn good jokes and funny stories and amusing poems. Learn jolly games and puzzles. And—oh, yes, I almost forgot—learn to sing cheery songs and to **REMEMBER** them. That's all right, Children! Keep your joyous fun in memory for **OTHERS** and for **YOURSELF** and for the **FUTURE.**

3. **GIVE** all the fun you can. Isn't that a good idea? Yes, you should go through life **SCATTERING JOY** on every side. Your home should be a happier place because **YOU** know how to be funny without being foolish and jolly without hurting anybody. Your **CHUMS** should be happier all day because when you met them there was **LOVE** shining in your eyes and a **SMILE** upon your lips. Don't fail to keep in mind the bright and amusing things that happen during the day and tell them to **MOTHER.** She will be glad to hear your little stories, and they will lighten her daily tasks.

Dear Boys and Girls, isn't that a pretty good little sermon on the uses of fun? And there is a great store of pure fun for you in this book. It contains many



laughter-moving pictures and poems, nonsense rhymes and jokes that are **WORTH REMEMBERING** and repeating.

Now, listen to what I am going to tell you about the other or **THOUGHT** part of this book. This part of the book will help you to learn *how* to think. Remember that **THOUGHT** is more important than **FUN**. You can never be good, true, brave, and successful men and women if you do not learn to think. You **CANNOT** become good farmers or teachers or doctors or singers or mothers or fathers if you are not **THINKERS**. Why, Boys and Girls, if you do not think, you cannot even be funny and jolly and happy in the **BEST WAY**!

This book will **HELP YOU** to learn and to think about the grass and flowers, about blue skies and the twinkling stars, about little children in China and Russia, about the wind and the rain, and a hundred other things. This world is **FULL** of things to think about.

Boys and Girls, have all the fun possible, but also try **HARD** to **LEARN** to think. This is what your teachers and school-books are for—to help you to learn how to think. So don't forget to read **ALL** the **THOUGHT** part of this volume, as well as the jokes and nonsense verses.

Your Affectionate

“**UNCLE GEORGE.**”

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FUN FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK	I-31
A Trunk-line	<i>Jean Dwight Franklin</i>
Finger Play	<i>Edith Goodyear</i>
Monday	<i>Edith Goodyear</i>
Which Do You Choose?	
Seven Little Mice	<i>Stella George Stern</i>
My Sled	<i>Gertrude Crownfield</i>
Baby's Ten Little Live Playthings	<i>J. K. Barry</i>
Dot's Birthday Cake	<i>Philip Howard</i>
Ned and Rover and Jack	<i>Jeannette Stephens</i>
I Had a Little Kitten	<i>G. E. Wesson</i>
Manners	<i>Annie W. McCullough</i>
Five Years Old	<i>Bess Goe Willis</i>
Rebecca	<i>Eleanor Piatt</i>
Baby's Toes	<i>Edith A. Bentley</i>
All About Bobby Bear, Bubby Bear, and Baby Bear	
CHILDREN AND HOME LIFE IN MANY LANDS	32-39
Life Among the Brown People—Life Among the Red People—Little Folk in Hol- land—Little Folk in Germany—Little Folk in Lapland—Little Folk in Russia—Little Folk in Norway—Little Folk Among the Alps—Little Folk in Italy—Little Folk in Canada—Little Folk in Greenland.	
MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE	40-69
Chinese Mother-Goose Rhymes	<i>Prof. Isaac Taylor Headland</i>
The Horner Brothers	<i>Elizabeth Raymond Woodward</i>
The House That Jill Built	<i>Carolyn Wells</i>
A Message to Mother Goose	<i>Ellen Manly</i>
Mother Goose Continued	<i>Anna Marion Smith</i>
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat—Little Boy Blue—Pat-a-Cake—Hickory, Dickory, Dock—How Many Miles to Babylon?—Hark! Hark!—There Was an Old Woman—Humpty Dumpty—The Queen of Hearts—One Misty, Moisty Morning—Old King Cole—Pussy Sits Beside the Fire—The North Wind Doth Blow—Sing a Song o' Sixpence—I Love Little Pussy—I Had a Little Husband— There Was a Man in Our Town—See Saw, Sacaradown.	
TINY TRAVELS FOR LITTLE FOLK	70-83
Peeps at Homes in Many Countries—Peeps at Life in the Big City—Policemen and Postmen of Many Countries—Peeps at Traveling in Many Countries—Peeps at School in Many Countries—Peeps at Playtime in Many Countries—Peeps at Shop- ping in Many Countries.	
MANY KINDS OF LITTLE GIRLS	84-99
The Mystery	<i>George Phillips</i>
The Rubaiyat of a Cat and a Girl in a Flat	<i>Katharine Hart</i>
The Wish of Priscilla Penelope Powers	<i>Mrs. John T. Van Sant</i>
Winkelman Von Winkel	<i>Clara Odell Lyon</i>
Katrina	<i>Stella George Stern</i>
The Jingle of the Little Jap	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>
The Careless Child	<i>Elizabeth L. Gould</i>
Polly Pigeon-Toes' Shoes	<i>Ina Boles Morton</i>
A Mystery	<i>Rosamond Lang</i>

MANY KINDS OF LITTLE GIRLS—*Continued*

Furs for Flaxilocks	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>
A Busy Bee	<i>Margaret Johnson</i>
Lucy's Defect	<i>Mary A. Gillette</i>
A Tragedy	<i>Doris Webb</i>
A Hundred Years from Now	<i>Sarah Noble Ives</i>
Little Good-for-Nothing Me	<i>Frances Shaw</i>

HISTORY STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK 100-108

The Britons—The Romans—The Saxons—The Danes—King Alfred—King Canute—King Edward the Confessor—The Battle of Hastings—William the Conqueror—Henry I. and Stephen—Richard the Lion-Hearted—King John—The People of England—Edward the First—The Black Prince—Madcap Harry—The Baby King, Henry VI.—Joan of Arc—The Story of a Loaf of Bread—The Story of a Wooden Soldier—The Way of the Red Indians—What People Do in Holland.

FUNNY PICTURES AND VERSES 109-124

A Kindergarten Lesson	<i>Helen Standish Perkins</i>
A Puzzle	<i>C. F. Lester</i>
Jane's Answer	<i>C. F. Lester</i>
A Funny Fiddler	<i>Henrietta R. Eliot</i>
A Rhyming Riddle	
The Mighty Explorers	<i>John Ernest McCann</i>
Jingles	
A Dilemma	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i>
"A Word to the Wise"	<i>Louise M. Laughton</i>
Who 's Who in the Zoo?	<i>Carolyn Wells</i>

LITTLE NATURE LESSONS 125-135

About the Air—The Sky—The Sun—The Stars—Sunshine and Shadow—Clouds in the Sky—Clouds and Rain—The Wind and the Weather—Things that Grow in the Ground—Through Marsh and Woodland—Something About Milk—Bees—More About Bees—A Lump of Coal—About Metals—A Coal-Mine.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER DOLL 136-160

Week-Days in Dolly's House	<i>John Bennett</i>
Paper-Dolls	<i>Ruth Ingraham</i>
Rock-a-bye Round the World	<i>Martha Burr Banks</i>
Seats of the Mighty	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i>
Japanese Babies	<i>Anna C. Vincent</i>
A Quaint Little Man	<i>Anna C. Vincent</i>
A Year with Dolly	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i>

LEARNING TO LOOK ABOUT YOU 161-174

Edited by Prof. W. S. Cameron

Jack Frost—Holly and Fir—The Crow—The Woods in Spring—The Fields in Spring—Chicks—Wild Rabbits—A Useful Little Beetle—Weeds—The Bumblebee—How Plants Take Food from the Soil—How the Fire Burns.

FOR THE BOYS 175-192

The Rhyme of the Two Little Browns	<i>Mary Elizabeth Stone</i>
A Youthful Martyr	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>
Teddy Boy and Te Bear	<i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>

FOR THE BOYS—*Continued*

The Little Dog Next Door	<i>William H. Hills</i>
An Overworked Elocutionist	<i>Carolyn Wells</i>
Timothy Trundle	<i>Frederick Moxon</i>
What 's the Use?	<i>Burges Johnson</i>
Boyhood's Book-shelf	<i>Edwin L. Sabin</i>
The Marvellous Man of Talipatan	<i>C. F. Lester</i>

STORIES OF THE SEASONS 193-205

Margaret Cameron

How the Spring Came—Where Shall We Live?—Sunshine and Rain—Wake up, Little Sleepers!—"You Help Me and I 'll Help You"—Friends and Foes—The Farmer's Friends—What the Brook Saw and Heard—Growing Weather—Hay Time—Flowers to Pick and Flowers to Leave Alone—Tit for Tat—The Raindrop's Washing Day—At the Seaside—The Noise in the Wheatfield—Thieves in the Orchard—Getting Tired—After the Swallows Went—A Foggy Day—Jack Frost—Which of Them Won?



FUN FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



BUNNIE: "YOU SEE WHAT IT SAYS ON THIS SIGN? NOW STOP YOUR BARKING AND GO RIGHT AWAY OR I'LL CALL A POLICEMAN!"

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

A TRUNK-LINE

BY JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN



WHEN Edith had the whooping-cough
We did n't dare to play
With all the little boys and girls
That live across the way.

So Mother let me hitch my horse
And on her trunk I sat,
And then we raced for miles and miles,—
What *do* you think of that?

And when my daddy saw me ride,
He called: "Whoa, there! I say!
Where are you bound, my little man?
That horse will run away!"

I called to him: "I can't look round
For fear I'll tumble off—
But Mother says *she's* sure we're bound
To catch the Whooping-cough!"





I love the world when the sun shines
Down on the quiet ground,
When I hear the grass-bugs
chirp at my feet
And the end of a distant sound.



I love the world when the wind blows.
When it tosses my hair about.
When my hat blows off,
And my ribbons crack,
And I laugh and run and shout.



I love the world when the rain falls.
When the streets are all mud and
When I need my umbrella
and mackintosh,
And my shiny, new overshoes.

SSS



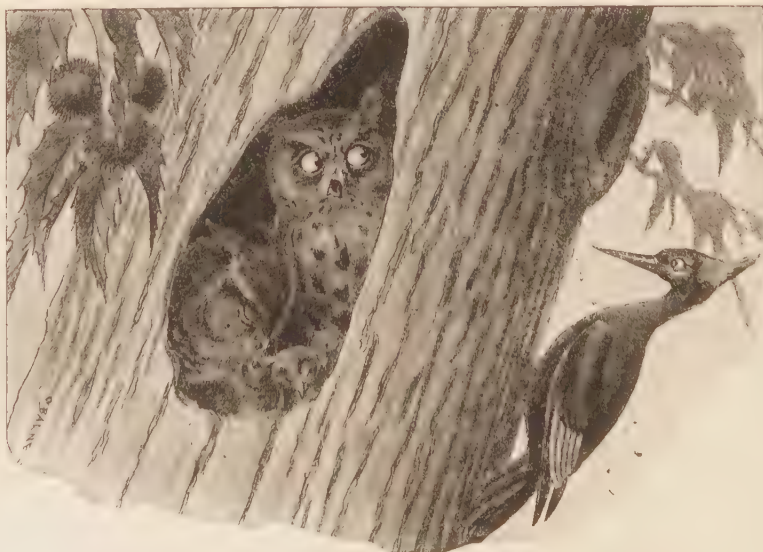
I love all of the days
Of the beautiful world,
Every day every hour and minute.
I could go on living forever and never
Grow weary of any-thing in it.

PICTURES

By
CULMER BARNES



DOGGIE: — "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT 'S DANGEROUS TO SIT ON THE THIRD RAIL?"
CHORUS OF BUNNIES: — "MAY BE, BUT AT PRESENT IT DOES N'T SEEM NEARLY SO
DANGEROUS AS SOME PLACES WE KNOW OF."



FATHER OWL TO MR. WOODPECKER: — "HEY! WHO 'S THAT KNOCK-
ING OUT THERE? DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO DISTURB
OUR DAY'S REST? CALL AGAIN AT A REASONABLE HOUR."

VANITY



PEACOCK: "WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"



PEACOCK: "PERHAPS THIS STYLE WILL PLEASE YOU BETTER!"



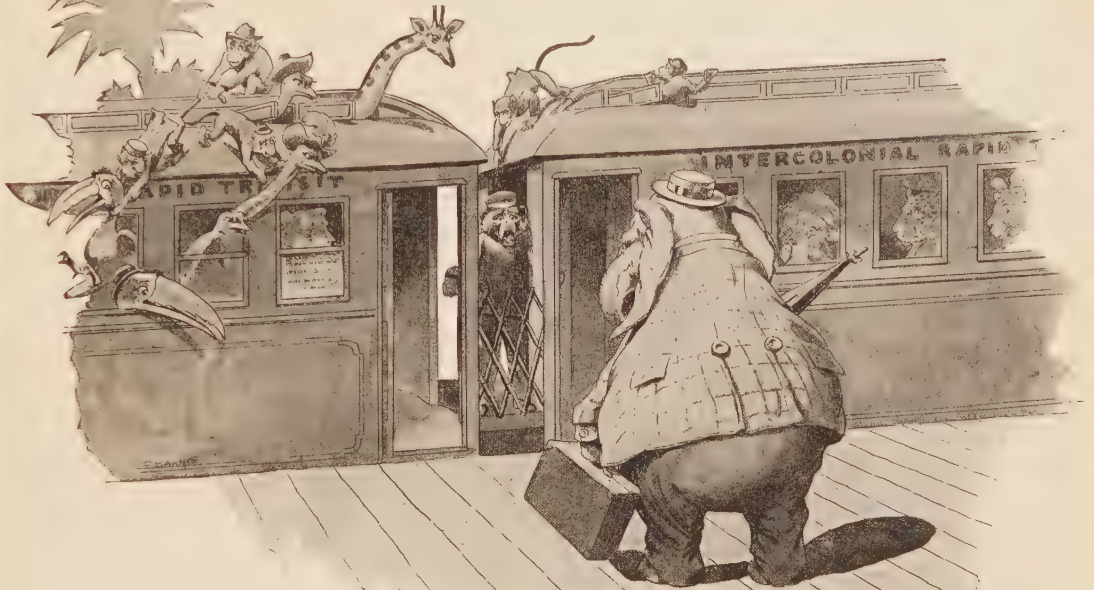
PEACOCK: "NOW I 'LL SING FOR YOU."

THE REUNION OF THE BRUIN FAMILY AT THE SEA SHORE.



ROLY POLY ON VACATION

DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES



CONDUCTOR: "ALL ABOARD FOR THE
JUNGLE! STEP LIVELY, PLEASE!
BOTH GATES!"



THE THREE GIRAFFE BOYS: "COME ON IN, ROLY POLY, WE'RE DYING FOR A SWIM, BUT THE WATER
IS N'T DEEP ENOUGH."

A FUNNY FAMILY

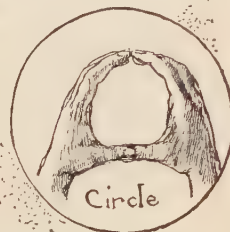


There was a
little lady.. she was'nt very big
She had a spotted cow
Also a spotted pig.
Her dress had dots
Her dog had lots
It was a funny family but oh so very trig

Finger Play.

By Edith
Goodyear.

The little space 'twixt fingers & thumbs
Is round as a circle you see!



While in there, a tiny square
Shows corners four to me.



Circles are like the daisies white;
Like pennies, candies, and plates,
Like Grandma's cookies & pumpkin pies;
And best of all, the pretty blue
In Baby's laughing eyes.



The square makes me think of the rug where he sits
On the nursery floor at play;
Of the lawn where he rolls
in the sunshine bright,
And the dainty spread
that covers his bed
When he's fast asleep at night.





Finger Play



A BENCH



A TUB



A SCRUBBING BOARD



THE SOAP



A DIPPER



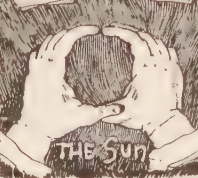
THE BASKET



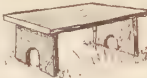
CLOTHES-PINS TWO



THE LINE



THE SUN

Here's a little wash-bench, 

Here's a little tub. 

Here's a little scrubbing-board,

And here's the way to rub. 

Here's a little cake of soap, 

Here's a dipper now. 

Here's a basket wide & deep, 

And here are clothes-pins two. 

Here's the line away up high.

Here's the clothes all flying.

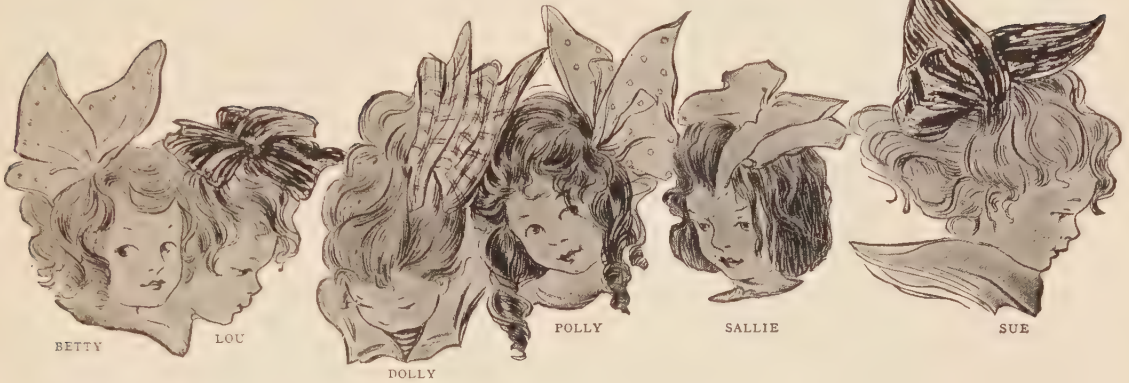
Here's the sun so warm & bright,

And now the washings drying.

Edith Goodyear.



WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?



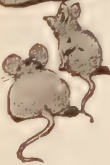
“OH, ho! little maidens, all in a row,
 And each one wearing a butterfly bow.
 Which is the prettiest, Betty, or Lou,
 Dolly, or Polly, or Sallie, or Sue?
 I do not know, so I 'll have to ask you.

SEVEN LITTLE MICE

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN



LITTLE-MOUSE-SUNDAY found a great, big bun ;



Little-Mouse-Monday wished that *he* had one ;

Little-Mouse-Tuesday was fat enough without ;



Little-Mouse-Wednesday sat down to sulk and pout ;

Said Little-Mouse-Thursday, “*I*’ll get one for myself!”



Said Little-Mouse-Friday, “There ’s another on the shelf” ;

Little-Mouse-Saturday began to beg and squeak ;

“Come on!” said all the seven, “we ’ve enough to last a week !”



A TEDDY BEAR VALENTINE.

MY SLED

BY GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD

WHEN father brought my sled to me
I watched and watched and watched to
see

If all the sky would turn to gray
And we should have a snowy day.

It seemed as if the sun so bright
Had all the snowflakes locked up tight;
But then when I was sound asleep
One night the snow fell fast and deep.

Then after breakfast Tom and I
Put on our wraps and leggings high,

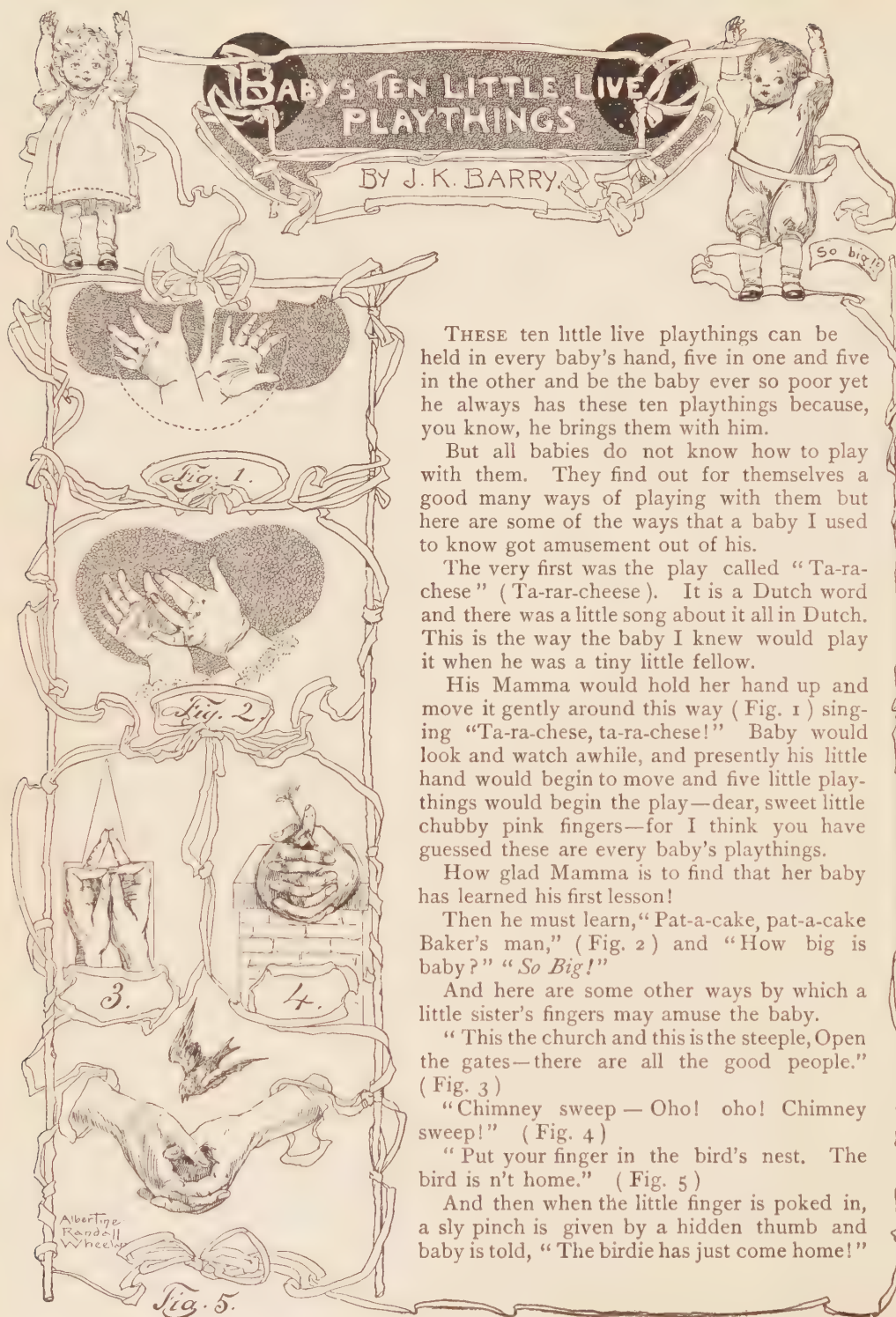
No one could stay indoors, you know,
With such a sled and such a snow!

And Frisky barked so furiously
To go along with Tom and me,
That we put on his cloak of blue,
All woolly warm, and took him, too.

Is n't it fun when you 've a sled,
Just new, you know, and painted red,
And when the street is white with
snow
In every place a sled can go?



"AND FRISKY BARKED SO FURIOUSLY
TO GO ALONG WITH TOM AND ME,
THAT WE PUT ON HIS COAT OF BLUE,
ALL WOOLLY WARM, AND TOOK HIM, TOO."



THESE ten little live playthings can be held in every baby's hand, five in one and five in the other and be the baby ever so poor yet he always has these ten playthings because, you know, he brings them with him.

But all babies do not know how to play with them. They find out for themselves a good many ways of playing with them but here are some of the ways that a baby I used to know got amusement out of his.

The very first was the play called "Ta-ra-chese" (Ta-rar-chese). It is a Dutch word and there was a little song about it all in Dutch. This is the way the baby I knew would play it when he was a tiny little fellow.

His Mamma would hold her hand up and move it gently around this way (Fig. 1) singing "Ta-ra-chese, ta-ra-chese!" Baby would look and watch awhile, and presently his little hand would begin to move and five little playthings would begin the play—dear, sweet little chubby pink fingers—for I think you have guessed these are every baby's playthings.

How glad Mamma is to find that her baby has learned his first lesson!

Then he must learn, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake Baker's man," (Fig. 2) and "How big is baby?" "So Big!"

And here are some other ways by which a little sister's fingers may amuse the baby.

"This the church and this is the steeple, Open the gates—there are all the good people." (Fig. 3)

"Chimney sweep — Oho! oho! Chimney sweep!" (Fig. 4)

"Put your finger in the bird's nest. The bird is n't home." (Fig. 5)

And then when the little finger is poked in, a sly pinch is given by a hidden thumb and baby is told, "The birdie has just come home!"

But you mustn't pinch hard, of course, just enough to make baby laugh at being caught.

And then there is the play of "Two men sawing wood—one little boy picking up chips." (Fig. 6) The two finger men are moved up and down and the little boy finger works busily.

Everybody knows the rhyming finger-play :

"Here 's my Father's knives and forks, (Fig. 7)

"Here 's my Mother's table, (Fig. 8)

"Here 's my Sister's looking-glass, (Fig. 9)

"And here 's the baby's cradle." (Fig. 10)

Another play is a little act in which three persons are supposed to take part, and it has come down from the old times of long ago.

The middle finger is the Friar. Those on each side of him touch each other and make the door, the little finger is the Lady and the thumb is the Page. (Fig. 11)

The Friar knocks at the door.

Friar. "Knock, Knock, Knock!"

Page. "Somebody knocks at the door!
Somebody knocks at the door!"

Lady. "Who is it? Who is it?"

Page. (Going to door) "Who is it? Who is it?"

Friar. "A Friar, a Friar."

Page. "A Friar, Ma'am, a Friar, Ma'am."

Lady. "What does he want? What does he want?"

Page. "What do you want, Sir? What do you want, Sir?"

Friar. "I want to come in. I want to come in."

Page. "He wants to come in, Ma'am.
He wants to come in."

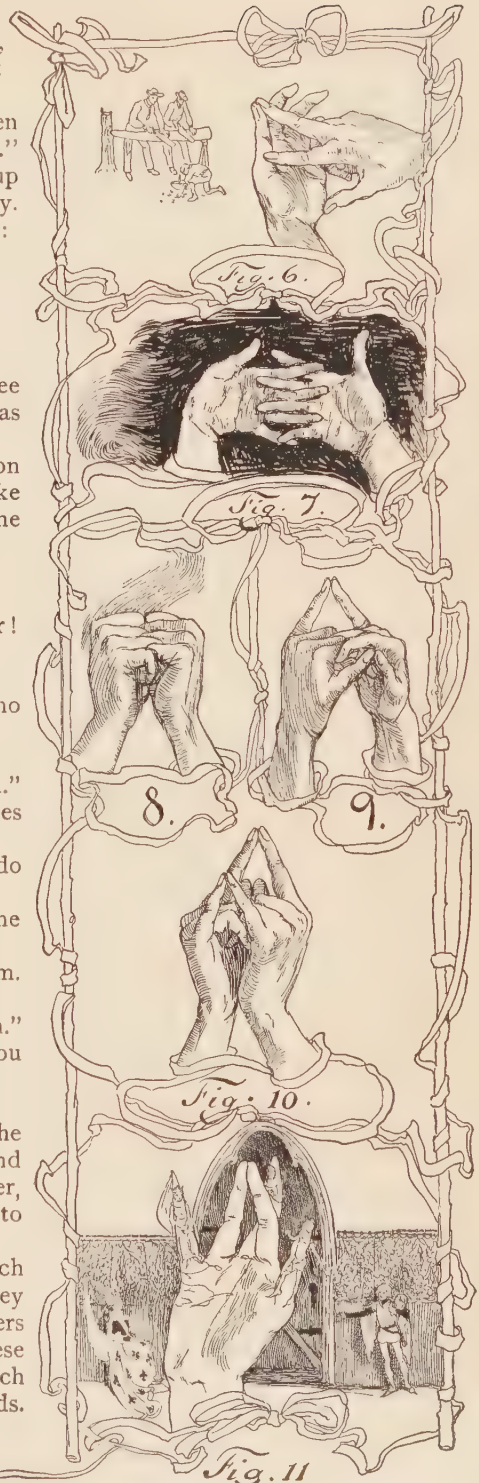
Lady. "Let him walk in. Let him walk in."

Page. "Will you walk in, Sir? Will you walk in?"

So in he pops and takes a seat.

When each player is supposed to speak he or she must move gently, bending forward and back and when the Friar is invited to enter, the door must open only just far enough to let him "pop in."

These are only some of the plays with which the baby I knew used to be amused; but they will suggest others to parents and older brothers and sisters. The baby cannot make all of these things himself but he will be quite as much interested when they are made by older hands.



DOT'S BIRTHDAY CAKE



ONCE there was a little girl called Dot. And she was just five years old. And she had a fine birthday cake. It was big and round, and it had five beautiful little pink candles set in pink rosebuds on top.

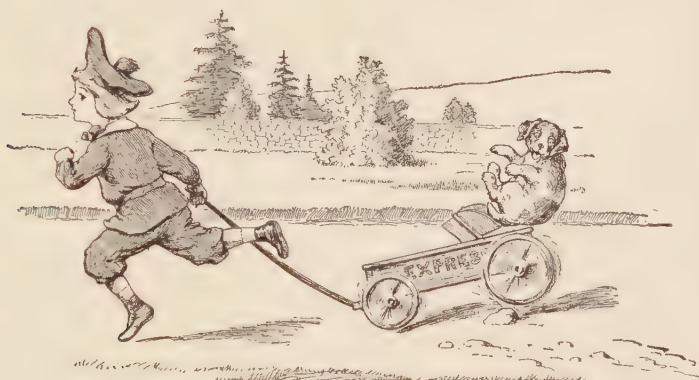
Dot sat at the big table at dinner that day, and by and by they put a pretty pink paper cap on her head and then brought in the birthday cake. And the little candles were all burning bright. And when she saw it she said, "Oh! oh! how lovely! It is just too pretty to cut!"

But her mama said, "I will cut it for you, dear." So she cut one piece for Dot, and then she asked Dot, "Will Marie have a piece?" Marie was Dot's big doll. And Dot looked at her and said: "Marie says, 'No, thank you.'" And mama said, "Will Fuzzy have a piece?" Fuzzy was Dot's Teddy Bear.

And Dot looked at him and said: "He says, 'No, thank you.'" And mama said, "Will papa have a piece?" And Dot said, "Oh, yes. Won't you, papa?" And papa said, "Yes, please." And Dot said, "Mama, you will. You *must* have a piece of my birthday cake." And mama said, "Yes, thank you."

And mama cut the cake and gave Dot a piece and papa a piece and herself a piece. But she left the parts of the cake where the candles were burning,—one, two, three, four, five. And Dot's birthday cake lasted one, two, three, four, five whole days before it was all gone.

NED AND ROVER AND JACK



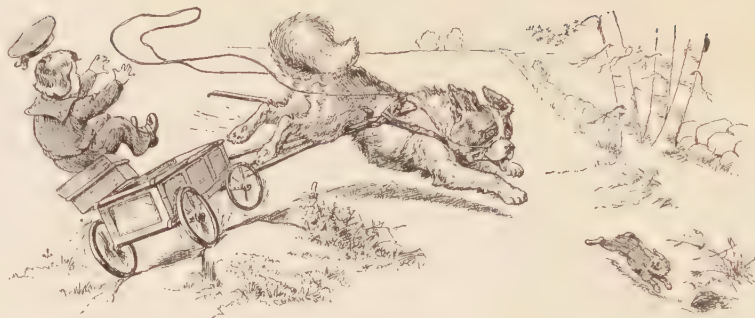
A BOY named Ned had a little puppy-dog named Rover. One day, Ned's papa gave him a nice new toy wagon. Ned was pulling it around the yard when he saw Rover. "Come, Rover!" he said, "I will give you a fine ride." So he took Rover and put him in the wagon and gave him a ride.

But just then Ned saw a boy he knew, named Tom. Tom was running down the street. Ned called to him but he did not hear. Ned wanted to show Tom his new wagon. So he ran after Tom as fast as he could go, calling, "Tom! Tom!" and never thinking of poor little Rover. He was barking with all his might: "Bow! wow! Bow-wow! bow-wow-wow-wow!" which means "Oh, stop! stop! I'm going to fall out!" And the next minute Rover went "bumpity-bump!" out into the road, and ran off home, crying, "Ow-wow-wow!" He was not hurt much, but he was badly frightened. But he soon forgot his ride, and he grew and he grew and he grew, till, by and by, he was a big dog. And then, Ned's little brother, Jack, had a little wagon. But now Rover was too big to ride in it. So Jack said he would make Rover pull it and *he* would ride.

Ned helped him to harness Rover in it like a horse, and Jack climbed in and took the reins. "Get up!" said Jack, and away they went out into the yard and on into a big field. But just then a little rabbit started up in front of them, and the minute Rover saw it, he began to race after the rabbit. Poor Jack could n't hold him at all. Round and round they went, and they ran, and they ran, and they ran! Jack called out, "Whoa, Rover! Stop, Rover!" But Rover did n't stop. He wanted to catch the rabbit and he forgot about Jack.

At last the rabbit ran toward a hole under the wall, where Rover could not get him. But Rover dashed after him as fast as he could go. "Bumpity-bump" went the little wagon, and just as Rover missed the rabbit, the wheel struck a big stone

and poor *Jack* tumbled out on the ground. But he did n't cry. He was not hurt much, and he was n't frightened at all. He ran and caught Rover, and said, "Oho! Who cares for a little bump like that? You're a funny horse, Rover. But you did n't catch your rabbit, you old runaway—did you?"



I had a little Kitten,
His name was Pussy Grey -
I lent him to a Lady
While I was far away -
She petted him, she fed him
On things to make him fat -
And now I have him back again
My Kitten is a Cat!



MANNERS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

Now, Fido, stand and make your bow
To my new doll, as you know how.
She 's come to live with you and me;
Her name is Gladys Rosalie.

Her nice new dress you must not tear,
Nor tousle up her pretty hair.
You are the biggest, so be good,
And treat her as the biggest
should.

If you will act just as I say
We three can have good times
at play;
But if you don't, I promise you,
There 'll be good times for *only two*!



FIVE YEARS OLD

BY BESS GOE WILLIS

I HAVE pockets in my trousers.
They're great! Now the boys
can't say
That I 'm a baby any more:
I 'm five years old to-day.





REBECCA

BY ELEANOR PIATT



"OH, DOCTOR! COME QUICK! REBECCA HAS A CHILL!"

I HAVE a doll, Rebecca,
She's quite a little care,
I have to press her ribbons
And comb her fluffy hair.

I keep her clothes all mended,
And wash her hands and face,
And make her frocks and aprons,
All trimmed in frills and lace.

I have to cook her breakfast,
And pet her when she's ill;
And telephone the doctor
When Rebecca has a chill.

Rebecca does n't like that,
And says she's well and strong;
And says she'll try—oh! very hard,
To be good all day long.

But when night comes, she's nodding;
So into bed we creep
And snuggle up together,
And soon are fast asleep.

I have no other dolly,
For you can plainly see,
In caring for Rebecca,
I'm busy as can be!

"BABY'S TOES"

BY EDITH A. BENTLEY



FIVE little piggie wiggies
 Standing in a row,
 We always have to toddle
 Where the baby wants to go;
 Up-stairs and down-stairs,
 Indoors and out;
 We're always close together
 And we never fall out.

Chorus:

Father-Pig and Mother-Pig,
 And Big-Brother Pig,
 And Sister-Pig, and darling little
 Baby Piggie-Wig!



Oh, sometimes we are all tied up
 In a bag so tight.
 This is when the baby goes
 "To sleepy-bye" at night.
 Then there's nothing else to do
 But cuddle down and rest —
 Just as little birdies cuddle
 In their little nest.

Chorus:

Father-Pig and Mother-Pig
 And Big-Brother Pig,
 And Sister-Pig, and darling little
 Baby Piggie-Wig!





"BUT BUBBY BEAR WAS STUPID, AND HE HAD TO BE THE DUNCE."

ALL ABOUT BOBBY BEAR, BUBBY BEAR, AND BABY BEAR

SAID Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "I think it would be well
 "For us to go to school a day, and learn to read and spell";
 "It would, indeed," said Bubby Bear, "I'll go along with you."
 When Baby Bear heard what they said, he called out, "Me go, too!"

Now Bobby Bear was clever, and he learned to write at once.
 But Bubby Bear was stupid, and he had to be the dunce.
 While Baby Bear learned nothing, but he looked so very wise,
 The teacher thought he knew it all, and so gave him the prize!



BUBBY BEAR TAKES BABY BEAR'S AND BOBBY BEAR'S PHOTOGRAPH.



THE BEARS GO COASTING, BUT BABY BEAR FELL OFF BEFORE THEIR PICTURES WERE TAKEN.

TAKING BABY BEAR'S PICTURE

"You two sit down," said Bubby Bear; "I'll take your photograph.
Be very still, dear Baby Bear, don't wriggle and don't laugh."
"I'll hold him still," said Bobby Bear, "and you say, 'One, two, three!'
Then take a lovely photograph of Baby Bear and me!"

So Bubby fixed the camera, and posed his subjects right;
And Baby Bear just could n't move, for Bobby held him tight.
But with a sudden, awful bounce, as Bubby counted three,—
He screamed, "I 'se 'fraid it will go off! It's pointed wite at me!"

THE BEARS GO COASTING

SAID Bobby Bear to Bubby Bear, "A-coasting we will go;
The air is bright and crispy,—there's a lot of lovely snow."
Then Baby Bear said, "Me go, too!" and so all three set out
To coast, and slide, and snowball, and play around about.

They had a jolly little sled, and all three crowded on;
They started at the hilltop;—whiz! zip! and they were gone!
They went like lightning down the hill,—but, as you see,—alack!
Poor little Baby Bear fell off at quite some distance back!

TEA FOR THREE

ONCE Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear and Baby Bear played tea,
They had a little tea-set that held just enough for three;
And Bobby tied on Baby's bib, while Bubby filled the pot
With just a spoon of tea apiece,—and water boiling hot.

Now Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear were quite polite and fine;
They never hurried rudely when 't was time to sup or dine.
So Bubby pouring the tea, took care that Bobby got the most—
But while they talked wee Baby Bear ate every bit of toast!





WE 'VE CAUGHT NO FISH TO-DAY

OH, Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear one day a-fishing went;
For lines they found some bits of string,—for hooks some pins they bent.
They angled in the goldfish globe for nearly half a day,
While Baby Bear just waited to see what they would say.

After they 'd fished a long, long time, said Bobby Bear, "I wish
You 'd go away, dear Baby Bear,—I fear you 'll scare the fish."
"Dey is n't any fish," said Baby Bear, "for, yesterday,
I was af'aid you 'd hurt 'em, so I frowed 'em all away!"



WHAT DAY IS IT?

"It seems to me it would be fun," said Bobby Bear, one day,
"To just dress up this Christmas tree and make it fine and gay."
"Well, go ahead," said Bobby Bear, "but as for little me,
I'll just sit here beside you, and drink a cup of tea."

So Bobby Bear fixed up the tree as fine as anything;
And Baby Bear sat watching him from his own little swing.
"It's booful, Bobby Bear," he said, "but, Budder, I must say,
I can't tell if it's Forf o' July,—or if it's Kismus Day!"

MR. THOMAS CATT'S MOTOR OUTING



HE EXCEEDED THE SPEED LIMIT



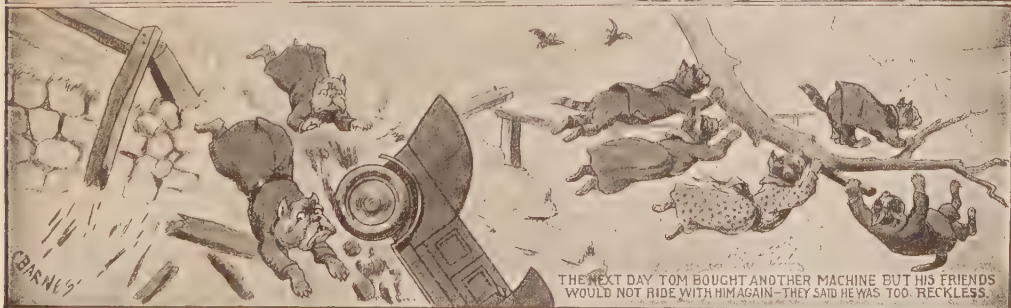
AND THOUGHT IT GREAT FUN



UNTIL THE MACHINE STOPPED.



LITTLE TIME WAS LEFT HOWEVER



THE NEXT DAY TOM BOUGHT ANOTHER MACHINE BUT HIS FRIENDS WOULD NOT RIDE WITH HIM AGAIN - THEY SAID HE WAS TOO RECKLESS.

CHILDREN AND HOME LIFE IN MANY LANDS

LIFE AMONG THE BROWN PEOPLE

One evening the children of a family that loved to learn about many things were looking at their picture-books, and soon the sister named Lucy lifted her head. "I think I should like to live among the brown children in India," said Lucy.

"Would you?" said her father, laying aside his paper. "Now, tell me your reasons for thinking so."

"It would be very nice," said Lucy, "to ride on an elephant like that." She turned her book so that all could see a picture of five or six happy children, riding in a carriage, on the back of a tall elephant.

Lucy's father laughed. "Ah," said he, "the brown children are not always riding on elephants. Very, very few of them do that. Most of the brown people are poor, and live in a very simple way. The walls of their houses are made of dried mud, and the roof is of bamboo poles, covered with a thatch of reeds or grass. If you went into one of the native huts, you would wonder where the furniture was. There are no chairs, no tables, no beds such as we have, no ornaments of any kind on the walls."

"But how do the people sit down, and eat, and sleep, father?" cried Tom, Lucy's brother.

"They sit on the mud floor," said his father. "When they wish to eat, they spread out broad palm-leaves, and place their food on them. When the time for sleep comes, they lay a mat, also made of palm-leaves, in a corner of the hut, and lie on that for a bed. The food of the poorer natives is mostly rice. Some of those who are better off may have a little meat with their rice. But no native of that land eats so much meat as we do here. It is not good for the health to eat much meat in a warm country."

"It must be hot there," said Tom's cousin

Fred, who was visiting his relations, "for some of the pictures show that the people wear very few clothes."

"The men who work and carry loads wear very little indeed," said Fred's uncle. "They are called coolies, and they throw their clothes aside in order that they may be free to work more easily."

"I saw one picture of a brown woman," said Tom, "and she had a big silver ring through her nose, and many other rings round her wrists and her ankles."

"Yes," said his father, who had traveled in the home of the brown people, "I have seen many women wearing those rings. For one thing, they are very fond of such ornaments; and for another, that is their way of storing their spare money. It is not safe for them to keep money in their houses, for a thief could easily break in and steal it while they were in the fields. They have no banks in which to put it, so they buy silver ornaments with their savings, and wear the articles. Thus they have their wealth always with them. The richer people build good houses of stone, or of bricks which have been dried in the sun. But they also have very little furniture in their houses. They rest and sleep on mats or cushions, and their tables are very low. As they sit on the floor, they do not want a table so high as the table we use."

"In the hot weather, big fans are hung to the ceilings of their rooms. A man is at work all the time swinging these fans to and fro. This is done to cause a draft of air to sweep through the place and keep it cool."

"Do they have any winter?" asked Fred.

"In some parts of India it is quite cold during the cold season," was the reply. "But most of the brown people know nothing of such a winter as ours. They have the hot season, when it is hotter than we

ever feel it in our land, and they have the rainy season.

"During the rainy season the rain pours down in almost solid sheets of water. Sometimes it rains day and night, until the rivers are so full that they burst their banks, and flow over the country. In many of the plains, the villages are all built on little hills or mounds which rise here and there.

"In the dry season you cannot see any reason for this: but if you went there in the rainy season you would see that the plain had become a lake, and each village stood on a little island in the big sheet of water."

"I don't think I should like to be a brown boy," said Fred. "I have read that there are many wild animals in India."

"There are," said his uncle. "There is the tiger, which lives in the jungle, as the Indian forest is called. When the tiger cannot find food for himself in the jungle, he will lie in wait beside a road near a village. He will spring on a man who comes past, kill him, and eat him. Tigers sometimes slip into villages at night, and carry off men, women, and children who are near their own doors.

"Then one has to be careful of snakes. Tigers are found only in wild places, but the snakes creep everywhere. Many of them are very dangerous. If they bite any one, that person is almost sure to die. Thousands of people are killed every year by bites from snakes."

"Do they come into the houses?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said her father. "They sometimes creep into the pantry, and drink the milk. Then they go to sleep on the shelf, and perhaps when you put up your hand to reach a dish, you lay it on the cold body of a snake. You find snakes everywhere. They get into the beds, and under the cushions. I was once going up-stairs in a hotel in India, when I saw a big snake twisting itself round the stair-rail, and hissing in my face."

"Oh! I shouldn't like that," cried Lucy. "I'm glad I'm at home, after all, even if I can't ride on an elephant."

"Yes," said her father; "you know the old saying, and it is quite true:

"East or West,
Home is best."

LIFE AMONG THE RED PEOPLE

"I have seen a picture of a red Indian wearing a blanket," said Fred.

"Yes," said his uncle, "we have all seen pictures of red Indian chiefs, with blankets of gay colors, and tall crowns of feathers on their heads. But it is hard to find them dressed like that nowadays. Many of the red Indians dress like white men. Yet there are tribes still to be found in America who follow the old ways of their race.

"These tribes wear clothes made of skins, and very often they throw a blanket over their shoulders, just as white people wear a shawl. They wear shoes made of deerskin, as soft as gloves, and these shoes are called moccasins.

"An Indian baby spends all its time in its cradle. This is a flat, strong board, with a bag, made of skin or the bark of a tree, fastened to it. In this bag the baby is laced up, and its back and legs are bound firmly to the board. It can move nothing but its arms, head, and neck.

"When the tribe is on the march, the Indian mother carries this cradle on her back. At home she hangs it up on the branch of a

tree, or stands it in the corner of a tent, while she goes about her work. She has plenty of work to do, for, as among the blacks, the Indian men leave all the heavy work to the women. The men are fond of hunting and fishing, but they do not like hard work.

"There are still tribes in Canada who are hunters, as all the Indians once were. They live in the great forests, and beside the wide lakes. They paddle their swift canoes along the broad rivers. They chase the deer in the woods, and catch fish in the streams. Among these tribes, the Indian boy is trained to be a hunter. He has to learn how to walk through the forest without making a sound. He learns how to find where all the wild creatures live, and the best way in which to creep upon them in silence. He learns how to shoot, first with bow and arrow, and then with a gun.

"When an Indian boy kills his first deer, he and his friends are very proud and glad. He has now proved himself to be a real hunter, and a great feast is given in his honor. His parents call their friends around

them, and they eat and drink, and laugh, and sing, and dance. The boy is now a full member of the tribe, and thinks himself almost a man at once.

"There are some Indians so poor that they cannot afford to buy guns, powder, and shot. These hunt with bows and arrows, or with spears and clubs. A club is a short, heavy stick of wood. There is one tribe, called the Root Diggers, which is famous for its great skill in throwing clubs. The people of this tribe live on roots which they dig from the ground, on rabbits and other small animals, and on birds. The smallest boys among them will throw a little club at a mark, and hit it every time.

"When his mother wants something for dinner, the little Root Digger will go out with a club in each hand. He will strike down the bird flying over his head, or the rabbit running at full speed for its hole. It is not often that he misses the mark at which he aims.

"The Indian boy is always taught how to make the kind of house which is used by his tribe. An Indian house is called a wigwam. The frame of the wigwam is always of

strong, straight poles. These poles are set up in a circle, and their tops are joined together. The frame is then covered with skins, or with the bark of a tree, or with dried grass. If skins are used, they are made very smooth and soft, and pictures in bright colors are painted upon them, so that they look very gay.

"While the Indian boy is taught how to make this tent, the Indian girl learns how to set it up and take it down, and how to pack it for a journey, for that is her work. Then she has to learn how to skin, and clean, and cook the animals which her father and brother bring home for food. Next she takes the skins and uses them to make shoes and clothing. The skins are rubbed till they are very soft, smooth, and white. Then they are shaped into leggings, tunics, robes, and rugs.

"Many Indian girls are very clever, both with the needle and the paint-brush. With bright threads they stitch many pretty patterns on the smooth, white skins. With the brush they cover the skins with pictures that show the brave deeds of their fathers and brothers."

LITTLE FOLK IN HOLLAND

Over the sea, far from our own home, is a very low, flat land called Holland. It is so low and flat, that the people who live there have to build great walls to keep out the sea. These people are the Dutch, and the walls they build are called dikes. They are made of stones and earth, and are so thick that very often there is room for a road along the top of them. Sometimes houses are built on them.

You may often see a big bird, called a stork, walking about a dike. But no Dutch boy or girl would ever throw a stone at it. The Dutch look upon the stork as a friend, and take great care of it. The stork kills creatures that would make holes through the dike, holes which would let the water in.

Dutch boys and girls are not dressed as we are. They wear big wooden shoes, and the boys have very wide trousers, and little round caps on their heads. The girls have wide, stiff skirts, and short jackets, and some of them wear big white caps. When the children run about at play, their wooden shoes make a great clatter on the stones.

When they go home, they leave these big shoes at the door, and put on slippers to wear in the house. The house is very clean, and no one is allowed to go into it with dirty shoes on. There are no cleaner people in the world than the Dutch. They sweep, and scrub, and scour, until everything shines like a new pin.

All over the land there are many canals. In some of the towns canals take the place of streets, and boats do the work of our carts and wagons. The children are fond of playing at the side of the canals. They take their wooden shoes off and sail them like little ships. But some of the children have to look after the cows in the meadows.

They take great care of their cows in Holland. The cow-house is kept as clean as the house where the people live. When the weather is cold and rainy, the cow wears an overcoat. Before it goes to the meadow to feed, it is wrapped in a thick woolen coat, to keep it warm and dry.

The Dutch children are glad when the winter comes, for then they have great fun.

on the frozen canals. They get out their skates, and skim along like birds over the smooth ice. They skate to school, skate to the shop, and skate to market. And the old

people are just as fond of the ice as the young ones; but they sit in a chair which is fixed on runners, and is pushed along by a skater. Winter is a merry time in Holland.

LITTLE FOLK IN GERMANY

Close to Holland is a great country called Germany. The people who live in it are called Germans. German boys and girls look much like many of our own boys and girls. They have rosy faces, blue eyes, and golden hair. The little girls always wear their hair in thick plaits, hanging down their backs.

Germany is quite big for a European country, although it is much smaller than our own State of Texas. Some children in Germany live on broad plains, where the land is flat for many miles, and great crops of corn are grown. Some live in the midst of thick forests, where the trees grow close and tall. Some live on the mountains and uplands, and watch the cattle and sheep. Some live in the busy cities which stand on the banks of great rivers.

There are many large cities in Germany,

having great factories, and there all kinds of goods are made. They are sent to other countries to be sold, and we may often buy in our stores things upon which we find these words printed: "Made in Germany."

The German boys and girls have to go to school every day. They are not allowed to make any excuse for staying at home. They must be in school unless they are kept away by illness. The German people know very well that a child who does not attend school and learn his lessons is likely to be of little use in the world when he grows up. Then every German boy who is strong and well has to go into the army for a time. He learns the duties of a soldier, and then goes back to his work at home. Thus every German is able to defend his country if an enemy should come.

LITTLE FOLK IN RUSSIA

On one side of Germany lies the vast country of Russia. In the far north it is very cold. Ice and snow lie on the ground for a great part of the year, and few people live there. In the middle part of this broad land there are great forests, and in the south there are wide plains. Most of the Russian people are poor, and gain a living by working on the land. They grow wheat, and barley, and oats. Much wheat is sent from Russia to other countries to help to make bread for their people.

Many boys and girls in Russia cannot read or write. They do not go to school, because there are no schools in their villages. But in some places there are good schools, and the children learn their lessons just as you do. The boys and girls who do not go to school help their fathers and mothers in the fields. They live in huts of wood, and very often the house has only one large room. In the middle of this room is a big stove built of bricks. In the stove a fire of wood is kept burning. The top of the stove is flat, and in the winter the whole

family often sleep on the stove, in order to be warm. In summer, they sleep on benches fixed round the sides of the cottage, or on rugs laid on the floor.

When winter comes, the boys and girls put on thick clothes made of sheepskin. Nothing else can keep them warm, for the winter is very cold. But the cold does not keep them indoors. They love to go out and play in the snow. They build snow-houses, and make snow-men to put inside them. They play with snowballs, and slide down icy slopes on little sleds, and have other winter sports like our own.

But in many parts of Russia the children must take care to keep close to their homes. In the forests are packs of fierce wolves, ready to kill and eat any one whom they may seize. When the snow is deep and the wolves can find no food in the woods, they will creep near to the villages. There they watch for the chance of seizing a man or an animal. Wolves have even been known to come into a village, and carry off children who were playing at their own doors.

Travelers often have to fly for their lives from these savage creatures.

In the towns, many of the things in the stores look very strange. They are frozen quite hard. Milk comes in from the farms in a solid, white lump. When a little girl

goes to bring milk, she often takes a basket instead of a pail or a pitcher. The milkman breaks a piece of frozen milk off with a hammer, and the girl carries it home in her basket. Then it is set over the fire to thaw into a liquid once more.

LITTLE FOLK IN LAPLAND

We said that in the far north of Russia it is very cold for a great part of the year. The summer is very short, and the winter is very long. Yet people live there, strange little people called Lapps. A Lapp man is not taller than are many boys in our land, but often he is much stouter, and he is a strong, hardy fellow. His wife and children are also small and strong. Some of the Lapps live in towns, but most of them move about from place to place. They move about in order to find food for their reindeer.

The reindeer is a very useful animal to the Lapps. It is a large, strong animal, with wide, branching horns, and it serves the Lapps as the horse, the cow, and the sheep serve us. It pulls their sledges over the snow, it gives them milk to drink, and its hair is woven into a kind of cloth. When it is dead, the Lapps eat its flesh, make clothes from its skin, and use its horns to make knives and spoons.

In summer the reindeer eats the soft shoots which grow on bushes and small trees. In winter it digs away the snow, to feed on the moss which covers the ground beneath. When all the food in one place has been eaten, the Lapps move on to another feeding-ground.

The Lapp boys and girls are very fond of the reindeer. They watch them when the animals are feeding, and they like to ride on their backs, or in a sledge drawn by them. The sledge is made of wood, and runs very easily over the ice or frozen snow. One

kind of sledge is very low, and the driver sits in the bottom. He has to be very careful, or the sledge will turn over and throw him into the snow.

There is also another kind of sledge which is much higher, and is mounted on long runners. This taller sledge is often drawn by three or four reindeer, who run very fast over the snow. The driver has a long stick to urge them forward.

In the winter the Lapp boys and girls wear very warm clothes. Their outer coat is a long one, made of reindeer-skin. They put on two pairs of thick stockings, and then wrap dried grass round their feet. Next they put on a pair of reindeer-skin shoes, and tie them on tightly with strips of skin. The grass inside their shoes helps to keep their feet warm.

The Lapp house is sometimes built of earth and stone; sometimes it is a tent of woolen cloth. The fire is made in the middle of the floor. Skins are spread on the ground about the fire, and on these skins the people sit and sleep. They cook their food in a big pot over the fire. The father serves the food, giving a share to each. They have knives, but no forks. Instead of forks, they use their fingers.

When a Lapp baby is born, a reindeer is set apart for it. If the reindeer has any young ones, they are all kept for the boy or girl to whom the reindeer belongs. When the child grows up, it has the little herd of reindeer for its own use.

LITTLE FOLK IN NORWAY

Some of the Lapps live in the north of Norway, a country which is not far from the north of Scotland. The people of Norway are called Norwegians, and they are big, strong, hardy people. They are fond of the sea, and make good sailors and fishermen. Almost every boy and girl in Norway knows something of the sea, and is as much at

home in a boat as a sailor. Not only are most of the towns and villages of Norway on the coast, but the sea itself runs far into the land.

Every boy and girl in Norway has to learn how to work, and work hard. Norway is a poor country, and its people must do their best before they can make a living.

The boys learn how to till the thin, poor soil, how to fish, how to row a boat, or sail a ship. The girls learn how to spin, and sew, and weave; how to clean and cook; how to make and mend clothes.

There are many schools in Norway, and the children attend well. In some parts, where the farms are very far from each other, the teacher moves from place to place. He stays for a time in each spot, and the children gather round him from the farms near at hand. Thus a chance is given to every child in turn to be taught.

In summer the Norwegian children love to play beside the water. They swim in it, and sail boats on it. They pick the flowers that cover the fields and the hills that run down to the sea. In winter, when the deep snow lies on the ground, the boys cross it on skis. A ski is a long, narrow piece of

wood, sometimes six or seven feet long, and no wider than the boy's foot. It is fastened to the foot by a strip of leather. With a pair of skis on, a boy will travel over the snow very fast.

In the north of the country, where the winter is very cold, there is a strange way of keeping the babies warm while the parents are in church. A deep hole is made in the snow near the church door, and the baby is placed in it. The little one is then covered up, except for a tiny hole through which it can breathe. There the baby sleeps snug and warm till it is dug up again after service is over.

Until a short time ago, Norway had the same king as a country close at hand, named Sweden. Now it is parted from Sweden, and has a king and a queen of its own to rule over the people.

LITTLE FOLK AMONG THE ALPS

Every year some persons go from our own land to a country called Switzerland, which is often called "the playground of Europe." They wish to see the Alps, the highest mountains in that part of the world. The Alps are very beautiful. Some of them are so high that their tops are covered with snow all the year round. Persons who go to see them in summer, may find it very hot in the valleys at the foot of the mountains. But if any one starts to climb up, it gets colder and colder, until a point is gained where snow lies on the ground, and great blocks of ice are seen on every side.

The people of Switzerland are called Swiss, and the homes of the Swiss boys and girls are in the valleys. They live in wooden houses, and very often great stones are placed on the roof. This is done to keep the roof from being torn off by the strong winds which blow in the winter. The Swiss houses are kept very clean, and there are flowers at almost every window, for the Swiss are very fond of flowers.

When Swiss children are six years old they have to go to school, and there is a school in every village. In some of the schools, the bigger boys are taught to use tools as well as books and pens. The schools are open all the winter, but are shut in summer. The summer is not very long in some parts of the land, and then men and

women are busy in the fields, and the children must help as well.

The Swiss keep a great many sheep, and goats, and cattle. From these they get a great part of their food—milk, and butter, and cheese. With these they eat bread and potatoes, but, compared with some other people, they do not often eat meat.

There is one time of the year to which every Swiss boy and girl looks forward. It is the time of early summer, when the schools close, and the goats and cattle are driven up to the hills. When the snow has gone from the lower hills, and the grass begins to grow, the Swiss drive their flocks and herds to the uplands. There they stay till the end of summer, living in little huts. Another great holiday is at the time when the mountain shepherds come back, driving their flocks down to the valley for the winter.

But there are many dangers on these hills. Sometimes a great field of ice and snow breaks loose, and begins to slip down the mountainside. As it comes, it rushes faster and faster, and sweeps all before it. It breaks off tall trees, and sends big rocks rolling down the hillside. If any houses are in the way, they are dashed to pieces, or buried in the snow. Sometimes a whole village is buried in this way, and many people lose their lives.

LITTLE FOLK IN ITALY

Many travelers cross the great mountains we have been speaking of, in order to reach a beautiful country called Italy. Italy lies on the other side of the Alps. The trains which carry people into Italy run through the mountains by long tunnels. Italy is a warm and sunny land. It is so warm that oranges and grapes grow in the open air. In the south of Italy it is not often very cold, even in winter, and the Italian boys and girls who live there hardly know what snow and ice are like.

There are many cities in Italy, and in them we find good schools. But, even in the cities, many of the boys and girls never go to school, and in the country very few of them do so.

Most of the children help their parents on the little farms found on the hillsides and the plains. They help to gather the grapes from the vines, and to make the wine which every one drinks. They take long sticks, and knock down the chestnuts from the trees, and gather them in baskets. In some parts of Italy, chestnuts form a great part of the food of the people. They take the place of bread with us. Not only are they boiled and roasted, but they are also ground into flour. This flour is made into cakes,

and many of the poorer people have little else to eat.

Wheat-flour is used to make a food called macaroni. Every one in Italy is very fond of macaroni, and it is cooked in many ways. It looks like round, thin, white sticks, and is often eaten with cheese. Many grocers in our own land sell it, and it may be seen in their stores. Most likely, however, many of you know what it is, and sometimes eat it.

The boys and girls of Italy usually have dark-brown faces, their eyes are brown or black, and their hair is almost always a deep black. Many of them have come to our country with their parents. Often they are very poor, and they leave their home for other lands to gain a little money. Sometimes when they have done so, they go back to their own land with their savings. The Italian people wisely teach their children to be saving and thrifty.

The people of Italy love their country very deeply, and often are not happy away from it. Those who leave to earn money are glad to return to their own warm and sunny land unless, as happens to the more fortunate, they prosper so as to make comfortable homes in the countries to which they go.

LITTLE FOLK IN CANADA

Canada is a great country just to the north of us. Those who wish to reach it can easily do so from any part of our own country near the border.

This very big northern country has big mountains, big forests, big lakes, big rivers, and big plains. In the south of it the summer is often very warm. In the far north it is winter nearly all the year round.

The boys and girls who live in the south of Canada may eat plenty of nice fruits. It is so warm that grapes and peaches grow in the open air. The apples and pears and plums are very large and juicy, and there are such fine crops of them that they are very cheap. So you see that people who have no gardens and orchards of their own can still get a great deal of fruit.

In summer the boys and girls like to play beside the rivers and lakes. They paddle

their canoes over the water, they catch fish, and they swim in the clear streams. But when the first snow comes, they are full of joy, for they love the winter. Both boys and girls get out their sleds, and skates, and snow-shoes, and prepare for all kinds of winter sports. As soon as the snow is frozen hard on some long, steep slope, the children run there with their toboggans.

A toboggan is a small sledge, upon which one or more riders take their seats. The toboggan is started from the top of the slope and rushes down at a speed which grows faster and faster every moment, until the level ground is reached. Then it darts forward for a long way before it comes to a stop. Now the riders drag it up the hill for another swift rush through the keen, cold air.

Skaters glide over the frozen lakes and

streams, and very often ice-boats are used. These are fitted with sails, and have long iron runners beneath them. The wind fills the sails, and the ice-boat shoots along at great speed.

All carts and carriages are now put away. The sleighs and sledges are used instead. These are drawn by horses, and they move very swiftly and easily over the frozen snow. Boys and girls in Canada are highly pleased

when they are taken for a sleigh-drive. Sometimes ten or a dozen sleighs go out together for a drive on a moonlight night. The necks of the horses are hung about with peals of silver bells, and these ring gaily as the horses trot through the silent woods.

The moon shines brightly on the great trees covered with snow, and the cold, clear air is keen and fresh. Winter in Canada is a merry time, both by night and by day.

LITTLE FOLK IN GREENLAND

Greenland is a very cold country lying northeast of Canada. Strange little brown-faced people called Eskimos live there. As they live in the midst of snow and ice, they need very warm clothes. They make these clothes from the skins of the animals they kill for food, the seal, the bear, and the walrus. Very often the boys and girls wear bird-skins under the skins of these animals. The feathers are left on the skins of the birds, and these feathers help to keep the children very warm.

A baby is carried about on its mother's shoulders. The mother wears a coat with a big pocket on the back. The pocket is lined with very soft, warm skin, and the baby is fastened in it. The baby's cradle, too, is a bag of skin; and when the mother is busy she hangs the bag to the roof of the hut, where the baby is out of the way, while being quite safe from harm.

Boys and girls soon begin to help their parents. The boy has to go with his father, and learn how to catch the animals and fish which they need for food. He is taught how to make the frame of a canoe with long bones. His mother and sisters cover it with skins, and then he paddles away to fish or to hunt seals. His sister learns how to cook over the lamp which serves them as a fire. She also learns how to find the nests of wild birds and gather their eggs. If her home is near the sea, she goes out to collect moss or driftwood along the shore.

When work is over, the children have plenty of fun. They make bats and balls out of bones, and play hockey. They make reins out of long strips of skin, and play with

them. But they do not call it "playing horses." They call it "playing dogs," for they know nothing of a horse, and dogs are used to draw their sledges. As a boy grows older, his father teaches him how to drive a dog-sledge.

It is not an easy matter to drive ten or a dozen savage dogs, which are often more ready to fight with each other than to do their work. In driving the dogs, the Eskimo uses a heavy whip, which has a very short handle, and a very long lash. The latter is often ten or twelve feet in length, and a boy has to practice a long time before he can use it properly. In time he becomes so clever that he can pick out a lazy dog, and give it a sharp cut where he pleases, without touching the dogs running near it.

The Eskimo spends nearly all his time hunting for food. Sometimes a hunter is out day after day, and finds nothing to bring home. Then the children in his hut are very sad, for hunger is very hard to bear in a cold country. But at last he comes home with a seal or a bear, and then all is joy. The skin of the animal is soon stripped off, and great lumps of meat are put over the lamp to cook. As soon as the feast is ready, all gather round, big and little, and they eat till they can eat no more.

That is the greatest joy the Eskimos know, to have plenty of fat meat to eat. Nor must we think them a greedy people on that account. Flesh and—above all—fat are things they must have to keep them warm in their cold country, and they eat more than we do (when we eat wisely) because they need more food.

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE

CHINESE MOTHER-GOOSE RHYMES

BY PROF. ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

LITTLE FAT BOY

WHAT a bonny little fellow is this fat boy of mine!
He makes people die of joy!
What a fine little fellow is this fat boy of mine!
Now whose is this loving little boy?

Do you want to buy a beauty?
Do you want to buy a beauty?
If you buy him he will watch your house,
And do it as his duty.

And no matter as to servants,
You may have them or may not,
But you 'll never need to lock your door,
Or give your house a thought.



THE LITTLE FAT BOY.



A FINGER TEST.

A FINGER TEST

You strike three times on the top, you see,
And strike three times on the bottom for me,
Then top and bottom you strike very fast,
And open a door in the middle at last.

上打三通鼓
下打鼓三通
兩邊一齊打
當間開大縫

"OUR BABY," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

OUR BABY

MRS. CHANG, Mrs. Lee,
Mama has a small babee;
Stands up firm,
Sits up straight,
Won't eat milk,
But lives on cake.



OUR BABY.

TEN FINGERS

(A Chinese finger-play)

THREE horses are drinking,
Three horses are feeding,
The two men are fighting,
The old woman pleading,
The baby is crying,
But no one is heeding.

三馬吃草
三馬吃料
兩人打架
老太太說
罷罷罷
小孩兒在
屋裏嘎拉

"TEN FINGERS," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.



THE LITTLE GOLDEN SISTER.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN SISTER

My little golden sister
Rides a golden horse slow,
And we 'll use a golden whip
If the horse does n't go.

A little gold fish
In a gold bowl we see,
And a gold-colored bird
On a gold-blossomed tree.

A gold-plated god
In a gold temple stands,
With a gold-plated baby
In his gold-plated hands.



TEN FINGERS.

A RIDDLE

A PLUM-BLOSSOM foot,
And a pudding face sweet;
He's taller when he's sitting
Than when standing on his feet.



A RIDDLE.

THE FIVE FINGERS

(Another finger-play)

A GREAT big brother,
And a little brother, so,
A big bell-tower,
And a temple and a show,
And little baby wee, wee,
Always wants to go.



THE FIVE FINGERS.

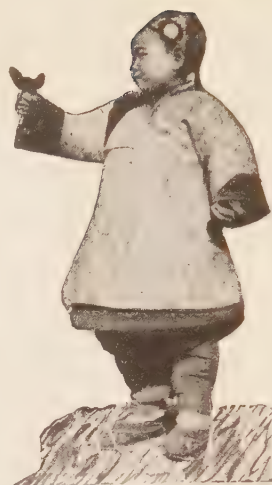
LADYBUG

LADYBUG, ladybug,
Fly away, do;
Fly to the mountain,
And feed upon dew.

Feed upon dew,
And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
Like a good little bug.

飛到南山
蟲蟲蟲飛
吃露水
露水吃飽了
回頭就跑了

"LADYBUG," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.



LADYBUG.

THE SPIDER

Oh, my dear brother spider,
With your body big and red,
From the eaves you are hanging
On a single little thread.



THE SPIDER.

秦始皇砌城牆
頭兒矮
磴兒窄
擋着車子過
不來

"THE GREAT WALL," IN CHINESE CHARACTERS.

THE GREAT WALL

THE wily Emperor Tsin Chi-hwang
He built a wall both great and strong.
The steps were narrow, but the wall was stout,
So it kept the troublesome Tartars out.



THE STORY OF MOTHER HUBBARD, TOLD IN JAPANESE PICTURES.



The Horner Brothers

BY
Elizabeth Raymond Woodward

JACK HORNER had three brothers,
Their names were Horner, too—
One was James, and one was George,
And the little one was Hugh.
And they always did exactly
What they saw Jackie do—
James and George and the littlest one,
The one whose name was Hugh.

So when Jack's Christmas pie was made,
They made three others, too—
One for James, and one for George,
And a little one for Hugh.
And *they* sat up in corners,
As they 'd seen Jackie do—
James and George and the littlest one,
The one whose name was Hugh.

I 'm sure 't was *very* lucky
(Does it not seem so to you?)
That the room had just four corners

For



For if Jackie had a corner,
There *must* be corners, too,
For James and George and the littlest one,
The one whose name was Hugh.





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LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.
(ENGRAVED FROM THE PAINTING BY G. FERRIER.)

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT

BY CAROLYN WELLS



THIS is the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.

This is the *Tree* of a dusky shade that gave the *Wood* that heated the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed

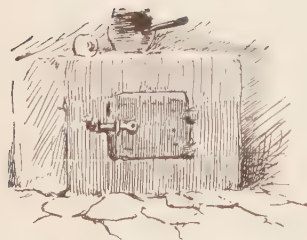


the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.

This is the *Cake* that fed the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Ax* with a shining blade that chopped the *Tree* of a dusky shade that gave the *Wood* that heated the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.

This is the *Wood* that heated the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Woodman* sober and staid who slung the *Ax* with a shining blade that chopped the *Tree* of a dusky shade that gave the *Wood* that

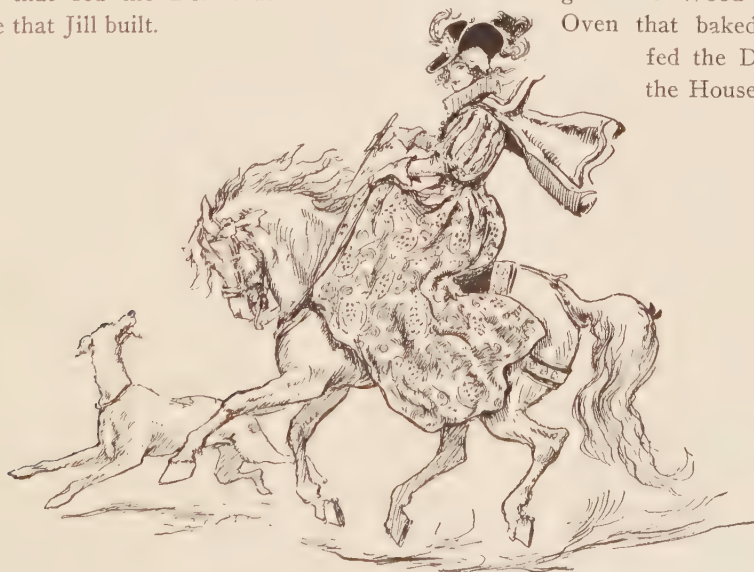


heated the *Oven* that baked the *Cake* that fed the *Doll* that lived in the *House* that Jill built.



This is the *Horse* that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Knight* with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Lady* in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Glittering Cavalcade* that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Donkey* who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

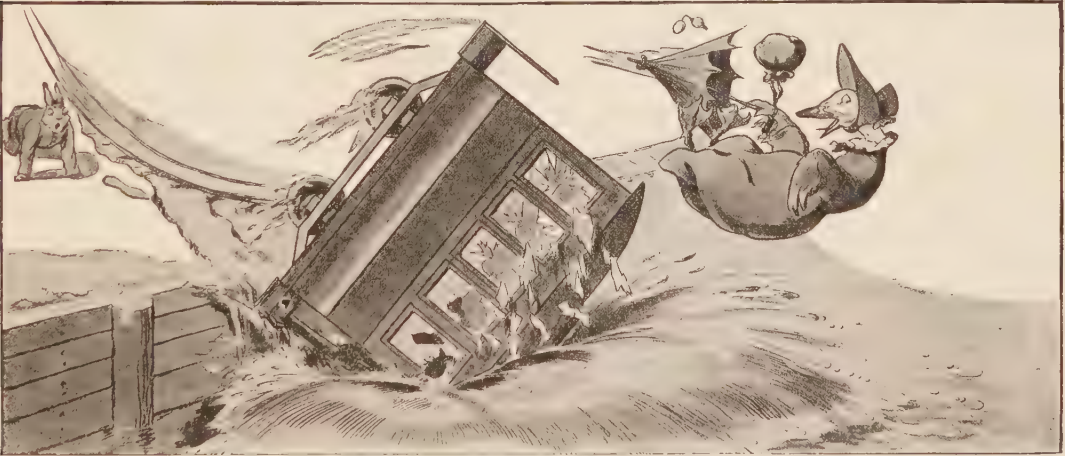


This is the *King* who was much dismayed to hear the Donkey who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

MOTHER GOOSE'S LAST TROLLEY RIDE



ON A RUNAWAY CAR: "HERE, YOU, CONDUCTOR, I WANT A TRANSFER AND I WANT IT NOW!"



MOTHER GOOSE: "LUCKY FOR YOU I FELL IN THE WATER. I'LL NEVER TRUST MYSELF ON LAND AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE."

A MESSAGE TO MOTHER GOOSE.

By

Ellen Manly.



Once on a time there lived a child-so it was told to me -
Who never heard of Mother Goose and her fine family.
The man who lived up in the moon he saw her with his eyes,
And told the shocking story to the Man so Wondrous Wise,
Who said the proper thing to do in such a case would be
To send the dreadful news at once to good old Mother G.





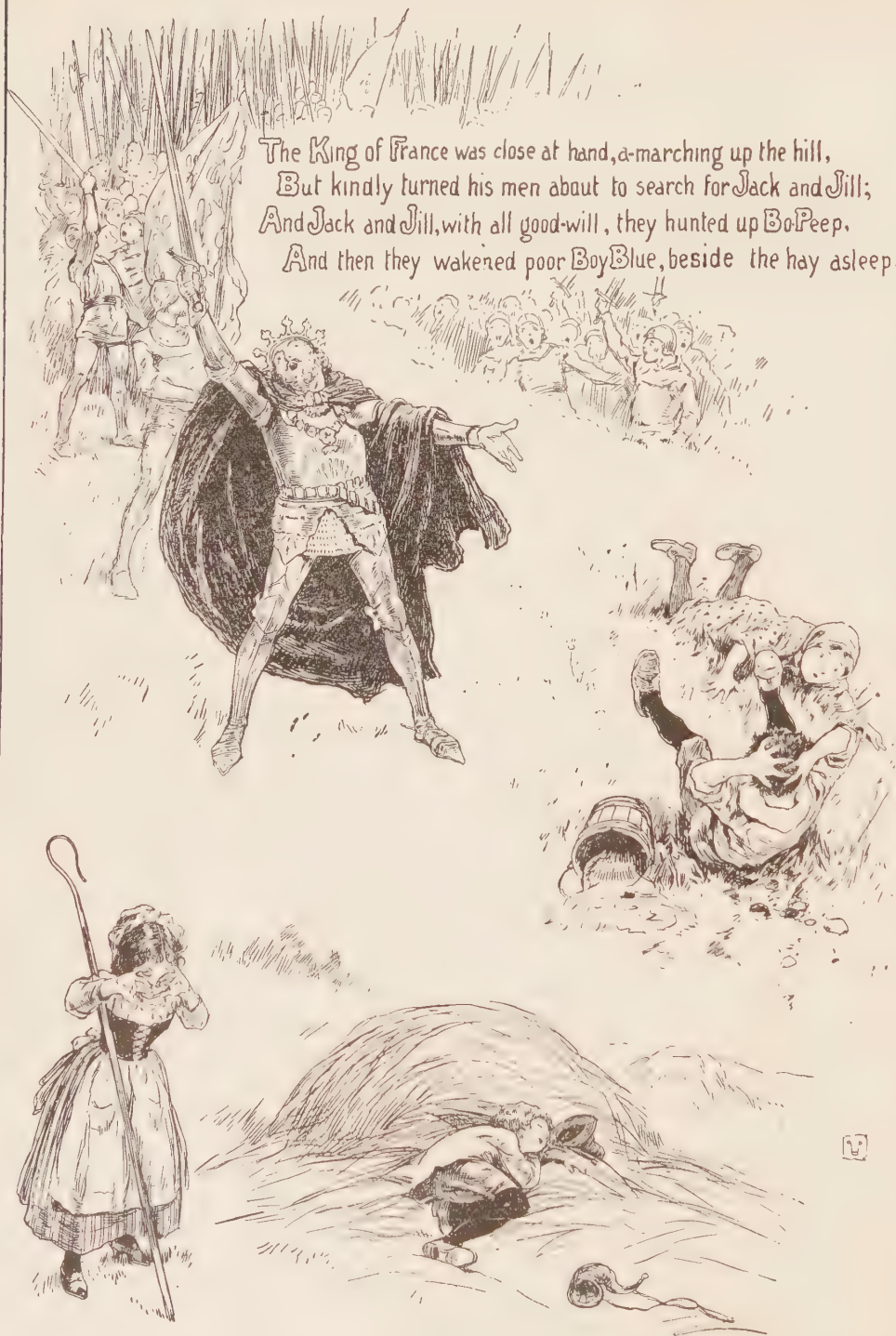
So off he ran to Old King Cole and told the Fiddlers Three,
 And Old King Cole said, "Bless my soul! such things must never be!"
 And, putting up his pipe, dispatched a Fiddler in a trice
 To find Jack Horner and request the aid of his advice.



Jack Horner cried: "Alack-a-day! and can it really be.
 There lives a child who never heard about my pie and me?
 I cannot spread the news myself - I'm busy finding plums.
 You'd better ask the King of France when next this way he comes!"



The King of France was close at hand, a-marching up the hill,
But kindly turned his men about to search for Jack and Jill;
And Jack and Jill, with all good-will, they hunted up BoPeep.
And then they wakened poor Boy Blue, beside the hay asleep.





Bo-Peep she left her wandering sheep; Boy Blue he blew his horn,
And sent the Knave of Hearts to tell the Maiden all Forlorn.
John Barleycorn, he heard the news, and Tom the Piper's Son;
And Tom set out to find John Stout as fast as he could run.



The story shocked Miss Muffet so she dropped her curds and whey
And flew to Mother Hubbard's house, but found her gone away
To buy her poor old dog a bone, and so she told Jack Sprat
As he was lecturing Tommy Green for drowning pussy cat.



Brave Tommy Tucker stopped his song at
hearing what she said,
And, quite forgetting supper-time, his butter
and his bread.

To Mary Quite Contrary went, as in the
garden row

She raked the shells and silver bells
that she had coaxed to grow!



V

Then Mary left her precious flowers and ran with might and main,
 (The Man in Leather lent his coat in case it chanced to rain),
 And came to Mother Goose's farm before BowBells could ring,
 Which, Little Pilly Flinders said, was quite a lucky thing.

Within her cosy little house beneath the
 jimcrack-tree
 The worthy dame was just about to
 brew a cup of tea.
 But when she heard the dreadful news
 she let the teapot fall,
 And for her Sunday cap and gown impatiently
 did call.

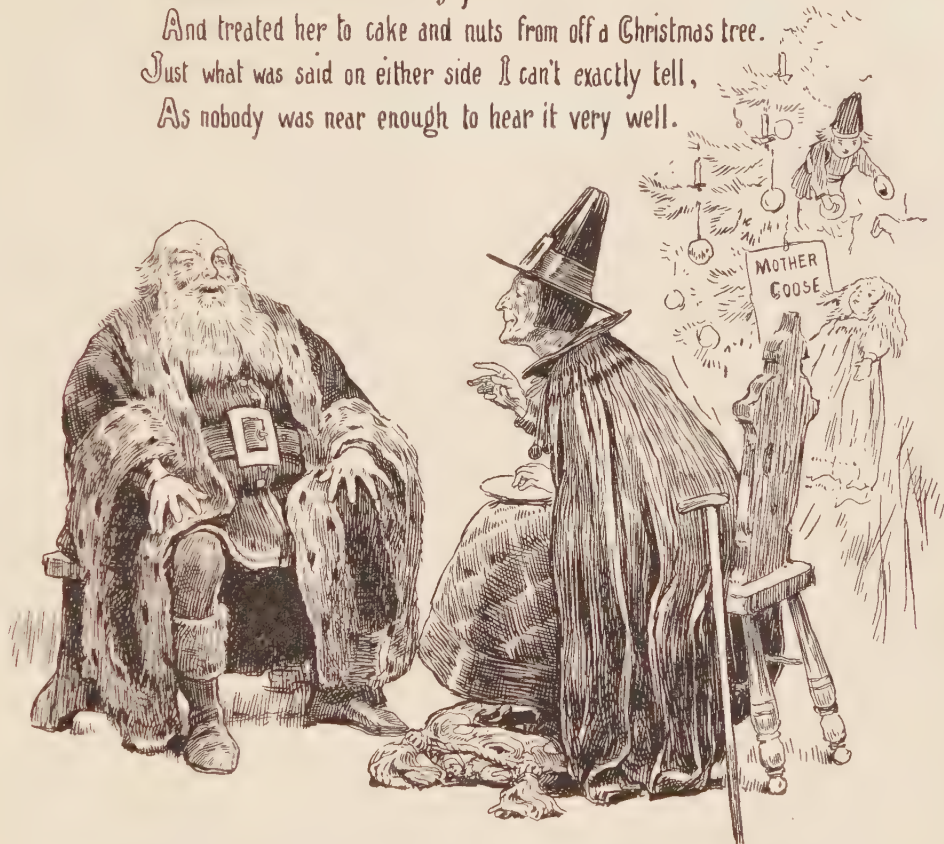


"Quick! get my steeple hat," quoth she, "my newest high heeled shoes,
 And bring my gander to the door; there is no time to lose!
 I must away to Santa Claus before the set of sun,
 To tell him this alarming tale and see what can be done!"

She wrapped her in her scarlet cloak; she donned her steeple hat;
 The gander flapped his lovely wings and circled like a bat,
 And then the noble bird away to Christmas Land did soar,
 Nor slackened speed till they arrived at Santa Claus's door!



Good Santa Claus was overjoyed his dear old friend to see,
 And treated her to cake and nuts from off a Christmas tree.
 Just what was said on either side I can't exactly tell,
 As nobody was near enough to hear it very well.



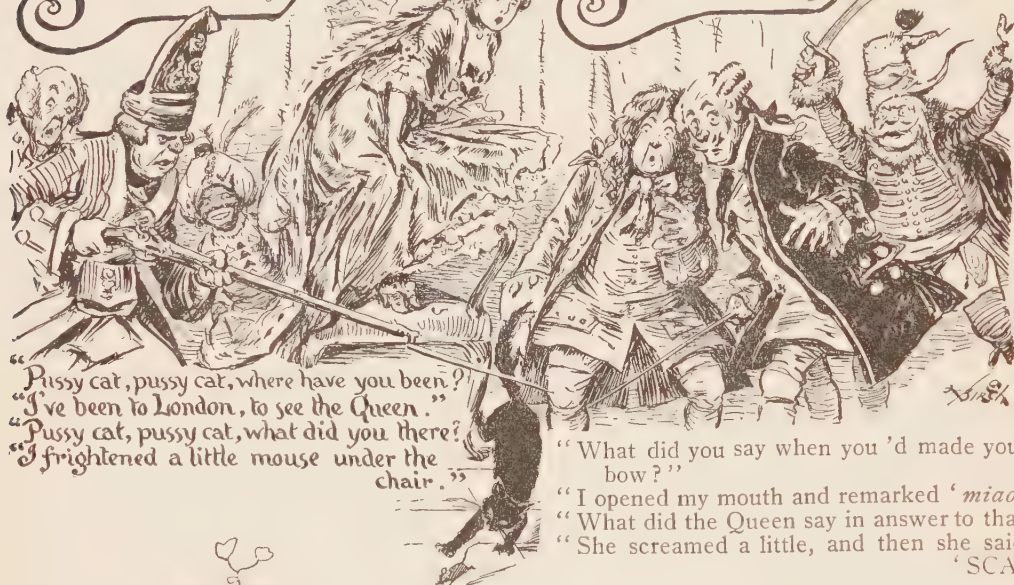
But this I've learned: old Santa Claus that very Christmas took
 That poor, benighted little child a most enchanting book,
 And now she knows old Mother Goose - her children great and small,
 And, as good little folks should do, she dearly loves them all:



MOTHER GOOSE CONTINUED

BY ANNA MARION SMITH

"Pussy cat, pussy cat,"



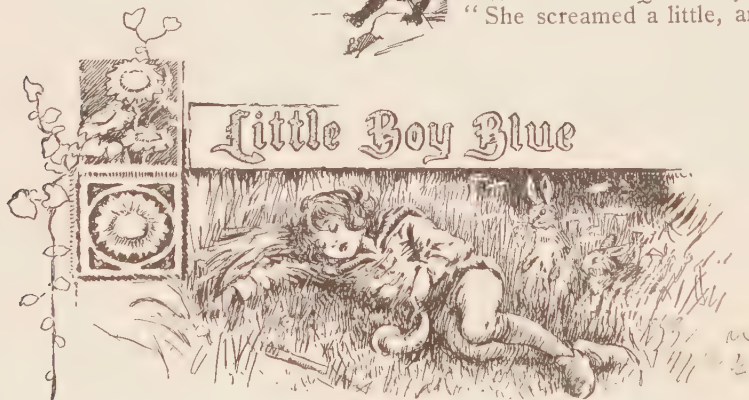
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
 "I've been to London, to see the Queen."
 "Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
 "I frightened a little mouse under the
 chair."

"What did you say when you'd made your best
 bow?"

"I opened my mouth and remarked '*miaow*.'"

"What did the Queen say in answer to that?"

"She screamed a little, and then she said,
 'SCAT!'"



Little Boy Blue

"Little boy Blue, come blow your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
 in the corn.
 Is this the way you mind your sheep, —
 Under the haystack, fast asleep?"

Little boy Blue, awake, awake,
 And see how merry your charges make!
 Through field and garden their course they steer,
 And the mischief they're doing,—oh dear, oh dear!

I see them now, as they wander far,
 With never a thought of a fence or bar.
 I hear them laugh,—I'm sure I do,—
 As they think of the trouble they've made for you.

Ah, little boy Blue, this wisdom keep,
 That much may happen when one's asleep;
 And he who'd harvest his field of corn
 Must keep his eyes open, and blow his horn.



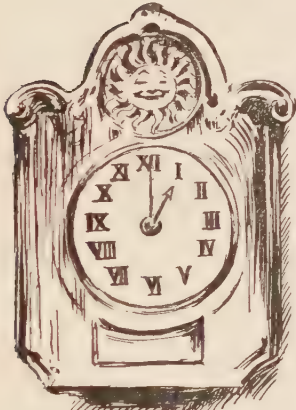


PAT-A-CAKE
 "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man
 Bake me a cake as quick as you can
 Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B,
 And put it in the oven for baby and me."

Hurry it, hurry it, baker's man;
 Bring it to us as quick as you can.
 I hope it has raisins by way of surprise,
 And little black currants that look just
 like eyes.



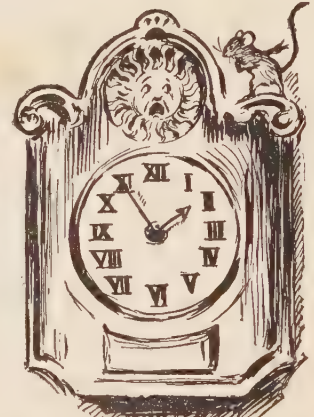
Here it comes, here it comes, baby mine.
 Never was cake that was half so fine;
 Brown as a berry, and hot from the pan,—
 Thank you, oh thank you, you good
 baker's man!



"Hickory, dickory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down,—
 Hickory, dickory, dock."



Hickory, dickory, dock,
 Again he tried the clock,
 This time,—don't frown,—
 The clock ran down!
 Hickory, dickory, dock.

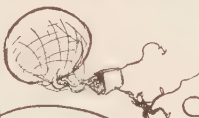


5



HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

"HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?
THREE SCORE MILES AND TEN
CAN I GET THERE BY CANDLELIGHT?
YES, AND BACK AGAIN."



How shall I go to Babylon?
Who will tell me true?
Oh, there are trains, and there are
boats,
And automobiles too.



And one may ride a bicycle,
Or go in a balloon;
Or one may travel on his feet
And get there 'most as soon.



For trains go off the track, you
see,
And boats go down below;
And automobiles go to smash
In ways that none may know.



And tires of bicycles go pop,
Balloons will go and balk;
So taking all in all, I think
If I were you, I'd walk.



"Hark, Hark, the dogs do bark!
The beggars have come to town,
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Hear, hear, they're drawing near!
Just hark to the tramp of feet!
So haste about, set tables out,
And get them food to eat.



Run, run, the turkey's done!
I hope it is nicely dressed,
For those who shirk and will not work
Are sure to want the best.



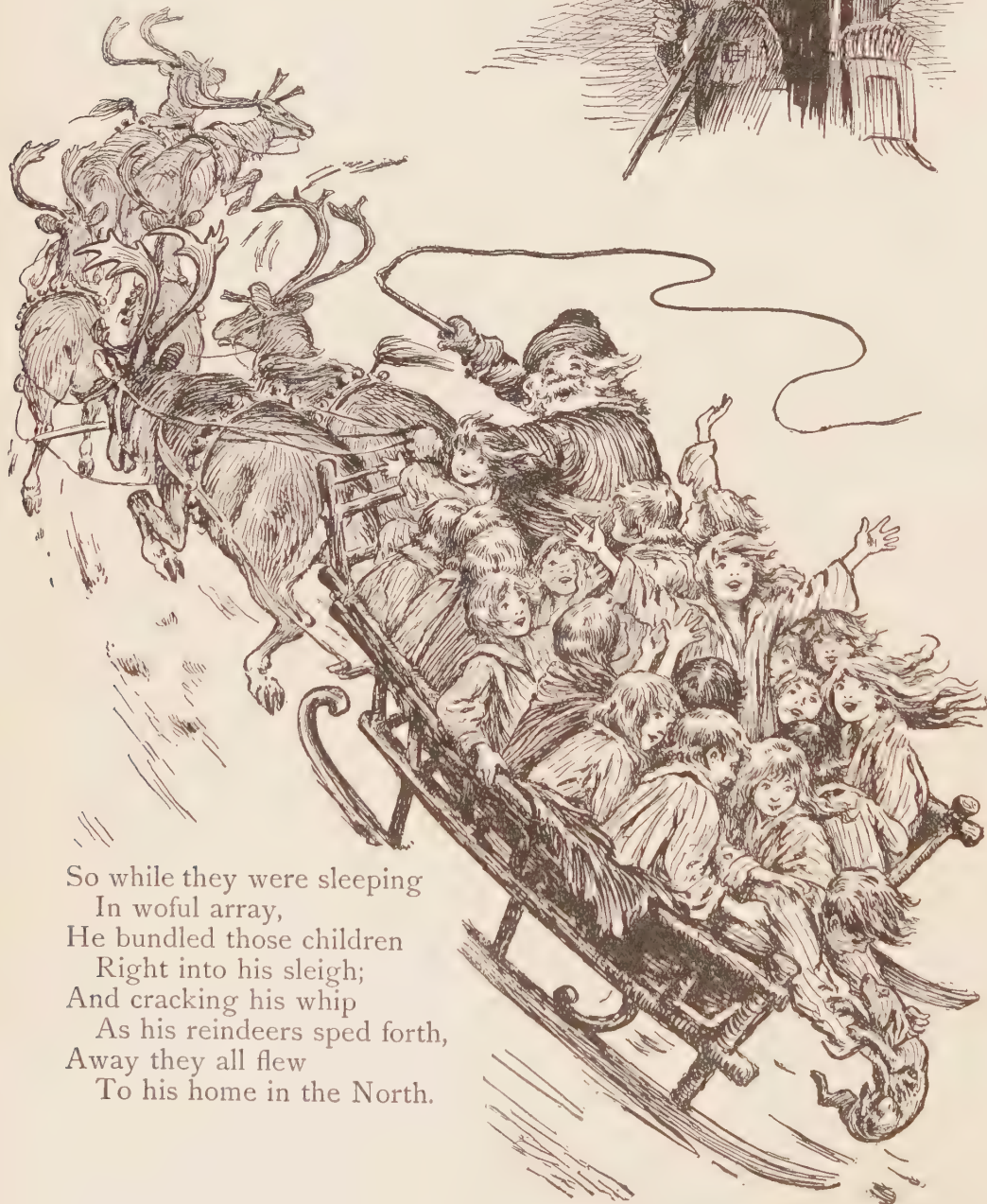
There Was an Old Woman



here was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe ,
Who had so many children
She didn't know what to do
She gave them some broth
Without any bread
And whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed .”



Now it happened that Santa Claus,
Passing that way,
Peeped into the shoe top
And saw how they lay—
With their round, rosy faces
All shining with tears,
And resolved to do something
To comfort the dears.

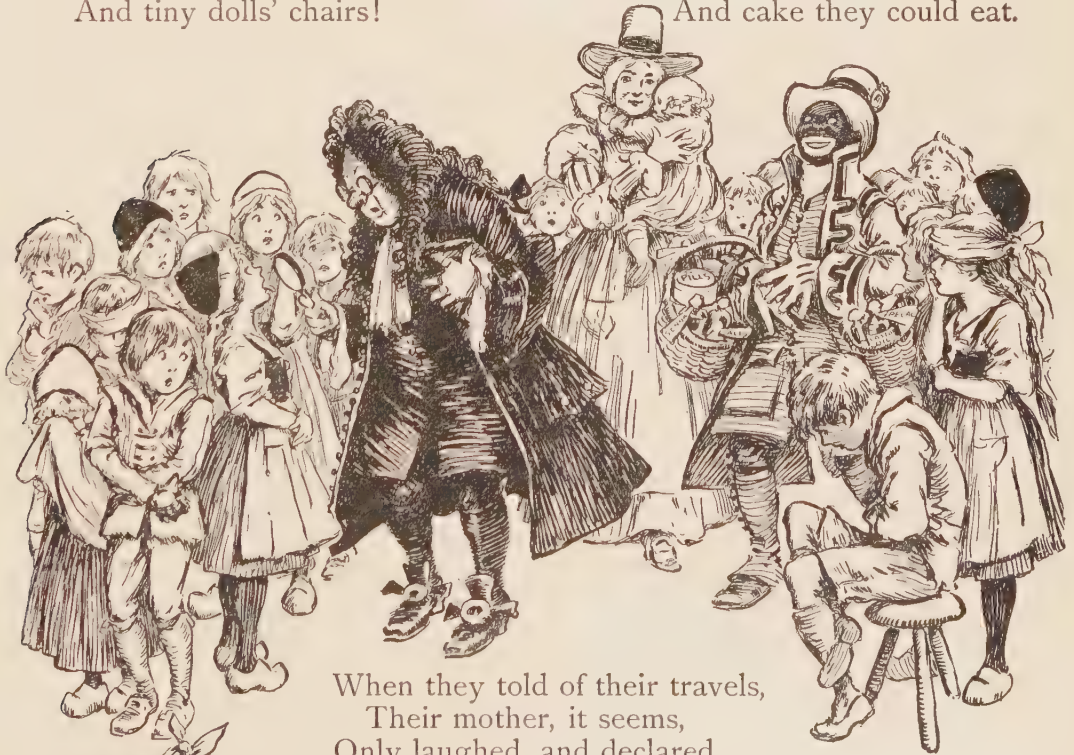


So while they were sleeping
In woful array,
He bundled those children
Right into his sleigh;
And cracking his whip
As his reindeers sped forth,
Away they all flew
To his home in the North.



What wonders he showed them,
 Such beautiful toys!
 Such dolls for the girls,
 And such drums for the boys!
 Such farms and such stables,
 Such monkeys and bears,
 Such dishes and tables
 And tiny dolls' chairs!

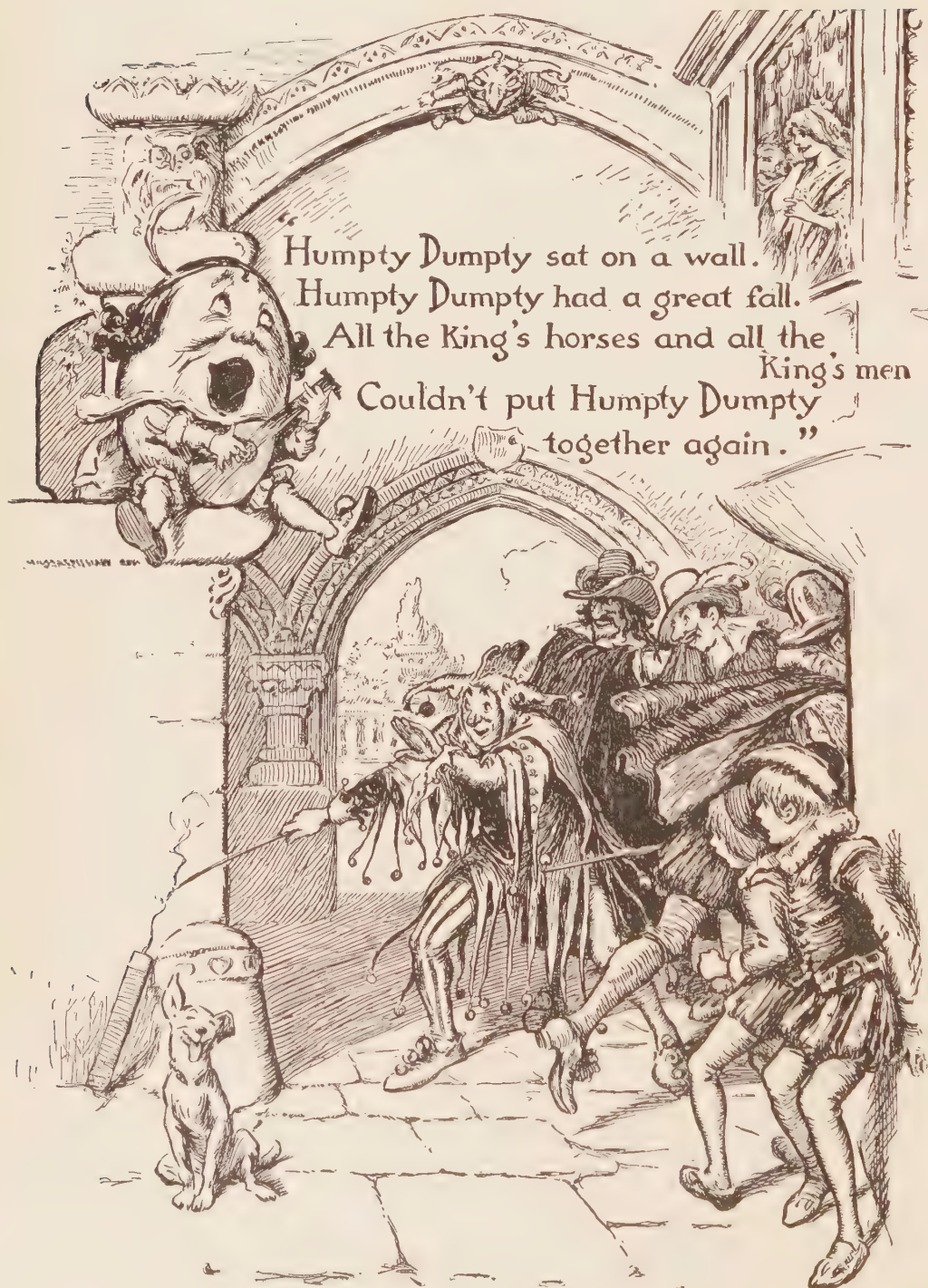
And when they had seen
 All the wonderful things
 Which each winter, at Christmas,
 Dear Santa Claus brings,
 He gave them, to make
 Their enchantment complete,
 Just all of the candy
 And cake they could eat.



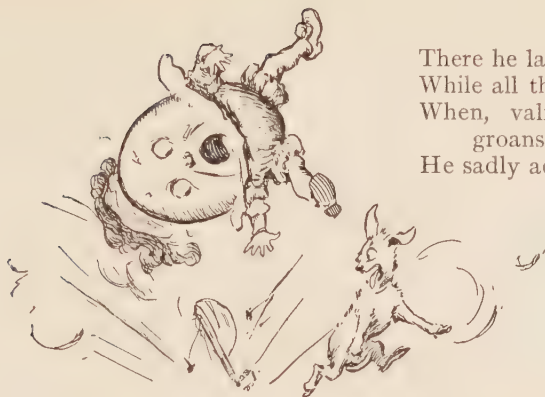
When they told of their travels,
 Their mother, it seems,
 Only laughed, and declared
 They were nothing but dreams.
 I am sure, though, things *must*
 Have occurred as they say,
 Else why were they, all of them,
 Ill the next day?



Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the
King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again."



I
 There he lay, stretched out on the ground,
 While all the company gathered around;
 When, valiantly stifling his tears and his
 groans,
 He sadly addressed them in quavering tones.

II
 "Friends," said Humpty, wiping his eyes,
 "This sudden descent was an awful surprise.
 It inclines me to think,—you may laugh at
 my views,—
 That a seat that is humble is safest to choose.





III

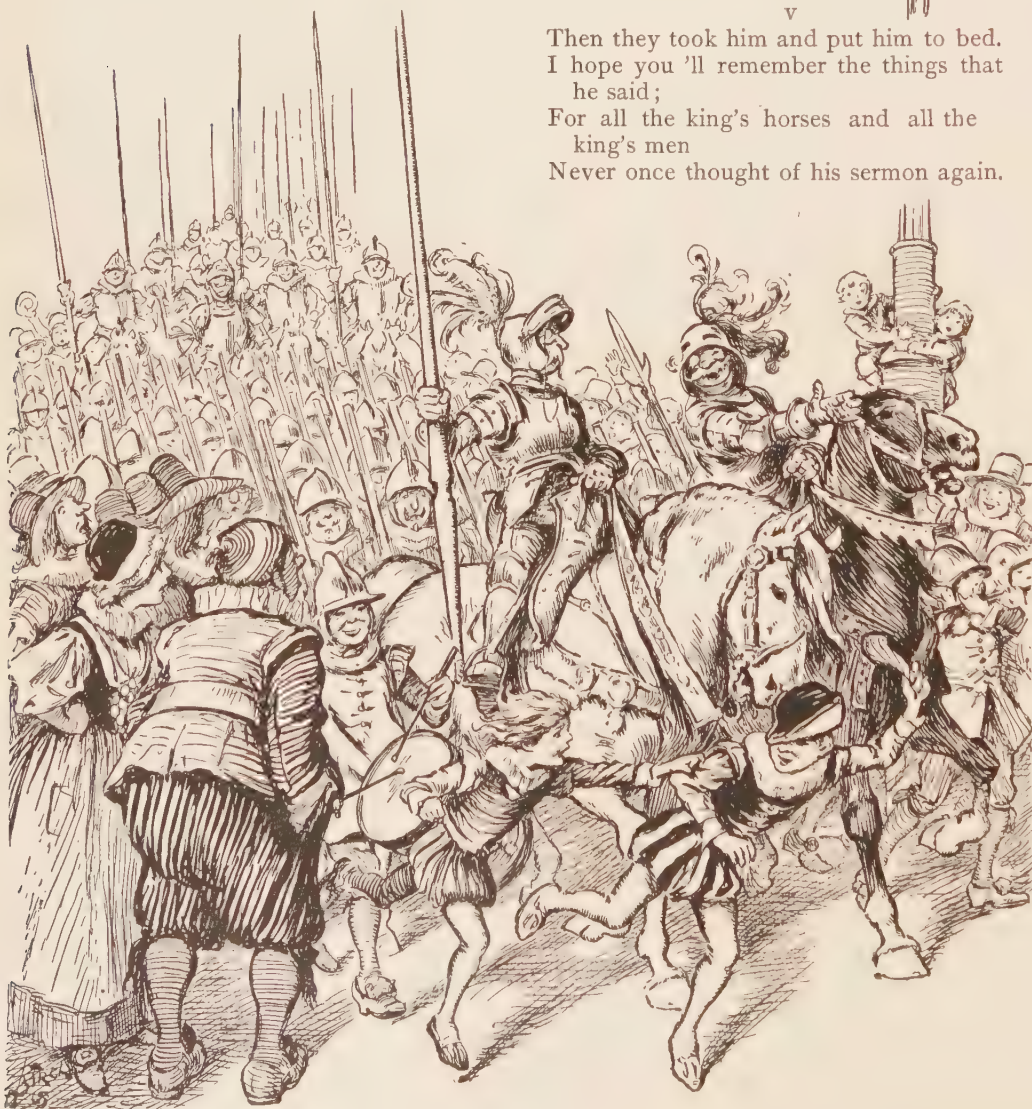
"All are not fitted to sit on a
wall,
Some have no balance, and some
are too small;
Many have tried it and found, as I
guess,
They 've ended, like me, in a terrible
mess.

IV

"Hark, you horses, and all you king's
men!
Hear it, and never forget it
again!
'T is those who are patient in seats
that are low,
Who some day get up in high places
and crow."

V

Then they took him and put him to bed.
I hope you 'll remember the things that
he said;
For all the king's horses and all the
king's men
Never once thought of his sermon again.



The Queen of Hearts

⁶⁶
 The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
 All on a summer's day
 The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
 And with them ran away.
 The King of Hearts called for the tarts
 And beat the Knave full sore.
 The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
 And vowed he'd steal no more. ²⁹

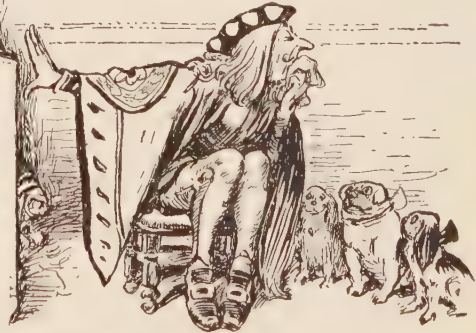
This noble queen, with mind serene,
 Then made a mammoth cake.
 The naughty knave for cake did crave,
 And off with it did make.
 The haughty king, for punishing,
 Would have him eat it all,
 Which made the knave—unhappy slave—
 Too sick to speak or crawl.



Next day the queen, with lofty mien,
 Prepared some lovely pies.
 The feeble knave side-glances gave
 At them with longing eyes.
 The cruel king, with mocking fling,
 Said: "Do, now, have some pie!"
 The qualmish knave, no longer brave,
 Could only groan, "Not I."



Since then, at ease, their majesties
 Eat pastries every day.
 The knave affirms his stomach squirms,
 And looks the other way.
 Alas, alas, to such a pass
 Doth gluttony invite!
 'Tis very sad to be so bad,
 And lose one's appetite.



ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

"One misty, moisty morning
 When cloudy was the weather
 I chanced to meet an old man clothed all
 in leather."

He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
 How do you do, and how do you do
 And how do you do again? "

This morning as I wandered
 To enjoy the charming weather,
 I met a man in goggles and a modern
 suit of leather.

He began to toot a horn and I began
 to run;

He knocked me flat nor cared for that;
 And down the road he spun.



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
(Twee - tweedle-dee, twee-dee, went the
fiddlers three) -
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!



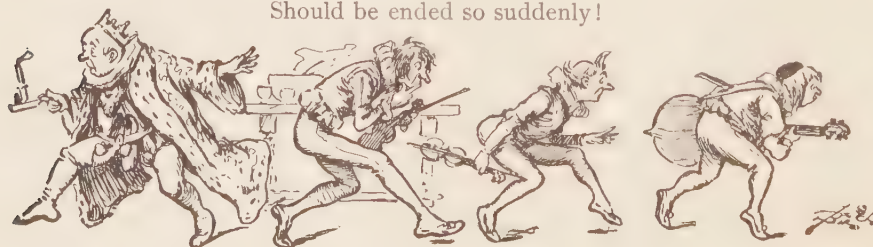
GOOD Queen Kate was his royal mate,
And a right royal mate was she:
She would frequently state that carous-
ing till late
Was something that never should be.
But every fiddler had such a fine fiddle, -
Oh, such a fine fiddle had he, -
That old King Cole, in his inmost soul,
Was as restive as he could be.

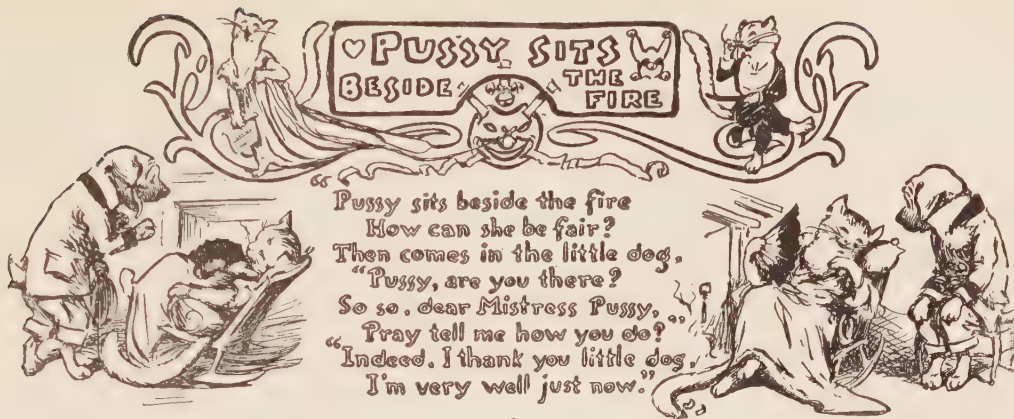


WHEN thus spoke she to his majesty,
He planted his crown on tight.
"We will wait," whispered he to
the fiddlers three,
"Till the Queen has retired for the night."
Every fiddler then tuned up his fiddle,
And tuned it as true as could be:
While old King Cole got his pipe and bowl
And replenished them secretly.



So gay they grew as
the night hours flew,
He forgot how the time sped away;
Till swift overhead he heard the Queen's tread
As she sprang out of bed, when he hurriedly said
They might finish the tune the next day.
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
Oh, 't was not fair such a concert rare
Should be ended so suddenly!





Pussy sits beside the fire
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So so, dear Mistress Pussy, ..
Pray tell me how you do?
"Indeed, I thank you little dog,
I'm very well just now."

"Fy, pussy, what a lazy cat,
On such a pleasant day
To sit and drowse beside the fire
And sleep the hours away!
A self-respecting dog would think
Himself a sorry cur,
If he did nothing all day long
But fold his arms and purr!"



"Now, sir, you need n't criticize
Because I sit and blink,
For while my eyes are shut, like this,
I think, and think, and think.
And when I purr, please understand
I work with all my might,
A-humming over songs I sing
When I go out at night.



"Excuse me. Now I 'll close my
eyes,
And think a little more.
On busy days like this, I show
My visitors the door.
'T is only little dogs who judge
That one must idle be,
Unless one 's chasing round and
round
Or barking up a tree "



THE ROBIN



"The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing "

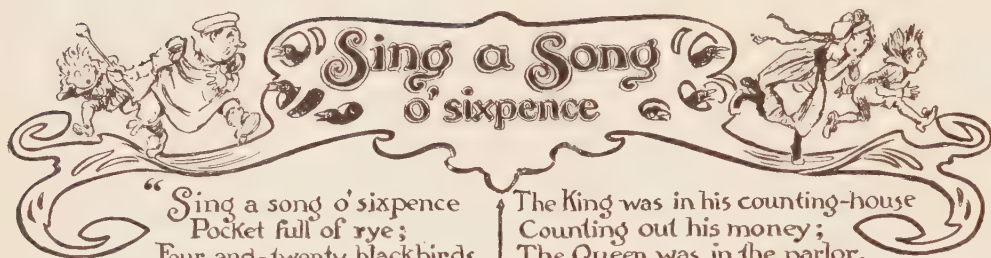


But never a word of plaint will be
heard
From robin, no matter how tired
and cold;



For well will he know that the
winter will go,
And the blossoms and greenness of
spring unfold.

And when the warm sun says
winter is done,
He 'll gladden us all with his
cheery song;
And never will fret if the season
is wet,
Or wail that the winter was hard and long.



"Sing a song o' sixpence
Pocket full of rye;
Four-and- twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King?"

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
When along came a blackbird
And nipped off her
nose . . .



Sing a song o' sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
I know another blackbird
Baked in a pie.
The maid it was who baked it
With all her might and main,
Resolved there 'd be one
blackbird
That should n't nip again.



"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire and give her some food,
And pussy will love me because I am good. . ."

I never will dress her again, that is sure.
Her scratches, you see, are not easy to cure.
And I find that it takes much more time than
you 'd guess,
To sew up the rents in my dolly's best dress.

I 'd give a good deal, if it was n't for that,
To see how she 'd look in my dolly's new hat.
But no, I 'll not try it, you never can tell;
And politeness is best till one's scratches get
well.





"I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I hid him drum
I bought a little handkerchie
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters
To tie his little hose."

I bought a little carriage
And took him out toride,
And yet with all my efforts
He was n't satisfied.
I never would have married,
Now this I do declare,—
If I'd supposed a hus-
band
Was such an awful care.



Here was a man in our town

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."

This clever man then hastened on
And bought a pair of shears,
But when he tried to cut with them,
He snipped off both his ears.
And when he heard his ears were off,
('T was told him o'er and o'er),
He seized the shears and snipped them
back
As they had been before.

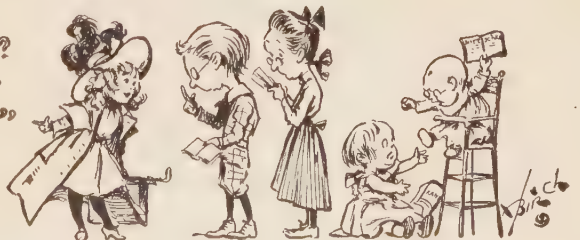
"Because," said he, "wise men like me,
Who travel round about,
And keep their eyes, and use them well,
May find some people out.
And if they also use their ears,
And hark what hearsay brings,
They're likewise pretty sure to hear
Some very funny things."



SEE SAW, SACARADOWN

"See saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down.
That is the way to Boston town."

See saw, steady and slow!
Other places there are, I know,
But they are not worth the trouble to go,
For Boston people have told me so.



TINY TRAVELS FOR LITTLE FOLK

PEEPS AT HOMES IN MANY COUNTRIES

One morning Tom and Lucy Bell woke very early. They were so glad that they could not sleep.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, "the day has come at last. Father will be home to-day."

Tom and Lucy were full of joy. They had not seen their father for more than six months. He was the captain of a big ship, the "Foam," which had been on a long voyage to the other side of the world.

Now he was coming home, and Tom and Lucy were very glad. He would bring them all sorts of pretty things from far-off lands, and tell them stories of the strange things he had seen.

After breakfast, a gig came to the door, and the children and their mother got into it. They went six miles, and then they saw the houses of a town before them. But high above the roofs and the chimneys, they could see the masts and ropes of ships. Soon they came to the dock where the ships were.

"There 's the 'Foam,'" cried Tom, "and there 's father on the deck, waving his cap to us."

The children ran toward the ship, as their father sprang to the side of the dock, and in another moment they all met. How happy they were to see each other once more!

In the afternoon they drove home again, and Captain Bell went with them. He was going to stay with them for a few weeks, before he went to sea again.

The next morning, at breakfast, Captain Bell said, "Well, how is the new house getting on?"

"Oh, father, it is nearly finished," cried Tom. "Lucy and I have been up to look at it almost every day."

"I dare say you have," said his father. "You shall take me up for a look at it this morning."

When breakfast was over, Captain Bell and the two children walked to the other side of the village. Here a nice house was being built. This was to be their new home, for the old house was rather small, and they meant to leave it.

"Is n't it a fine, strong house, father?" asked Tom. "See how thick the masons have made the walls! And what big stones they have used!"

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "it looks as if we need not fear a storm."

The children ran up and down the stairs, and in and out of every room. Their father went with them, till he had seen every part of the house.

"I heard Mr. Lane, the builder, say that he would finish the house in four months, father," said Tom. "That is quick, is it not?"

"It is quick for this part of the country, Tom," said his father. "But in towns they sometimes build houses in less time than that; and, not long ago, I saw a man put up a good house for himself in two days."

"In two days, father!" cried Lucy. "Was that in America?"

"Oh, no," said Captain Bell; "it was a long way off, and the builder was a black man in South Africa. I have a picture of him at work, and I will show it to you to-night."

"Oh, that will be nice!" cried the two children. "Have you brought many new pictures this time, father?"

"Yes, a good many," said Captain Bell; and Tom and Lucy clapped their hands for joy.

When Captain Bell came home, he often brought pictures of the strange things he had seen on his travels, and the children loved to look at them. The pictures helped

them to understand their father's stories so much better.

That evening Tom and Lucy wished very much to see the picture of the house which was built in two days. When their father showed it to them, both began to laugh.

"Is that a house?" asked Tom. "Why, it looks like a big basket turned upside down."

"Where are the windows, and where is the door?" asked Lucy.

"Oh," said Captain Bell, "there are no windows, and that hole will serve as a door."

"That would not be a nice place to live in at all," said Lucy.

"Not so fast, not so fast," said her father. "It may not seem a nice place to you, but the black man knows very well what he is doing. The house is built to meet his wants, and it does that very well."

"In the first place, he does not need the thick walls and the strong roof that we do. We have to think of the winter, with its snow, and sleet, and cold winds, but he knows nothing of such things."

"In the hot land where he lives, no snow ever falls. But at times there is plenty of rain, and so he will cover his basket-work house with grass and reeds. These form a thatch, which keeps out the rain very well, and with this he is quite pleased."

"But why are there no windows?" asked Lucy. "It must be very dark inside."

"The people who live in these houses," said her father, "get all the light they want from the door. The sun there is very hot, far hotter than it is here, even on the hottest day of summer."

"It is so hot that sometimes white people are killed or made very ill by the great heat. The black man never suffers like that, but at the same time he is fond of the shade, and his hut is cooler and more shady without windows."

"Is that why the door is so low?" asked Tom.

"Yes, Tom," said his father. "The door is so low that a tall man has to creep in and out. The black people take great pains to keep the fierce rays of the sun out of their houses."

"Have you any more pictures of strange homes, father?" asked Lucy. "I like to see how people live in other lands."

"Yes, Lucy," said he, "here is one. You have seen how people build a house in very

hot lands. But there are also lands where it is very, very cold.

"In those lands, ice and snow lie on the ground for a great part of the year. So many of the little people who live there build their houses of ice and snow, too."

"A house built of ice and snow!" cried Lucy. "How cold it must be!"

"Oh, no," said her father; "it is quite warm."

"Then have they a big fire in it?" asked Tom.

"No," said Captain Bell, "they have no fire at all."

The children opened their eyes very wide. This seemed a very strange house indeed.

"In the summer," said their father, "these little people live in tents made of skins. In winter they live in stone huts, or in houses of ice and snow."

"To build the latter, they cut blocks of ice, and form the walls. Then they cover the whole with snow. They make one large room, and here all the family eat, and sleep, and work."

"To enter their houses, they creep along a narrow tunnel, as you see the man doing in the picture. This tunnel helps to keep the cold out of the house."

"Why, how strange!" said Tom; "both in the very cold lands and the very hot lands, the houses have tiny doors."

"Yes," said his father, "they are like each other in that point. In the one case, the people wish to keep the heat out; in the other, to keep it in."

"How do the little people warm their snow houses?" asked Lucy.

"They have large lamps," said her father. "They get oil for these lamps from the animals which they kill for food. The lamps serve as fires. They keep the houses warm, and the food is cooked over them."

"What thick clothes the children wear!" said Lucy, looking closely at the picture.

"They need very warm clothes in that cold land," said her father. "They are dressed in the skins of the animals their father has killed."

"Now," said Captain Bell, "here is another picture of a house built in a warm land. This house has no sides at all, you see. There is nothing but a roof standing on posts."

"There is plenty of fresh air, at any rate," said Tom.

"Yes," said his father; "but it is always

warm, and the people who live there do not need walls to keep cold winds out.

"But at times the rain is very heavy, so they make a thick roof of grass and reeds, and bring it down quite close to the ground. Thus they have plenty of shelter from the rain, and that is all they need."

"How many kinds of homes there are!" said Lucy.

"Oh," said Captain Bell, "there are many yet which you have not seen. There are people who live in tents."

"Yes," said Tom, "like the red Indians. They move from place to place, and carry their homes with them."

"Why do they do that?" asked Lucy.

"Because," said her father, "people always build a home to suit their needs. We build a big, strong house to live in, because we mean to stay in one spot for a long time."

"But the red Indian cannot do that. He is a hunter, and moves from place to place in search of the animals which he kills for food."

"So he needs a home which he can carry from place to place. Thus a tent serves him very well. It is made of a few poles covered with skins. He can put it up or take it down very quickly."

"I have seen homes in very odd places,"

went on Captain Bell. "As a rule, homes are built on the ground, but I have seen people living in the tops of trees, just like birds in their nests."

"Why was that, father?" asked Tom.

"They wished to be safe from people who would do them harm, or from wild animals," said his father. "So they made homes in the tops of tall trees, and went up and down by long ladders."

"What queer houses!" cried Tom. "The people must look like monkeys running about up there."

"Do the babies never tumble down when they creep about?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, no," said her father; "the baby is tied to a post, or a railing is put round the platform on which the house is built."

"Another odd place for a home," said Captain Bell, "is in the middle of a lake or river. Strong posts are fixed, so that they stand up out of the water, and on these the houses are built. As a rule, the people who build such houses are fishermen."

"I was once in such a house, when the owner wanted some fish for dinner. He pulled up a plank in the floor, and let down a line into the water below. He soon caught five or six big fish, and then he shut the floor up again."

PEEPS AT LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

Tom and Lucy were standing at the gate, looking for the postman. He soon came along, and gave them three letters. They ran into the house with them, and gave them to their father. Captain Bell read one of the letters, and then looked at Tom.

"Tom," he said, "I find I shall have to go to New York for a few days next week. How would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, father," cried Tom, "I should like it ever so much. Do take me, please!"

"Very well," said his father, "you shall go."

When the time came to start, Mrs. Bell and Lucy went with them to the railway station, which was in the town six miles away. Tom felt a little sad at leaving his mother and sister, and waved his cap to them as long as he could see them. But the train soon took him out of their sight, and then he began to look out of the window.

"How strange it is," said Tom, "to see

the fields, and the cattle, and the trees from a train! They seem to be running back, while we are standing still. How fast they seem to be going, too!"

"Yes," said his father; "we are going over flat country, and the rails are level. When we come to the hills, the train will not go so fast."

"I know," said Tom; "it is like going from Meadow Farm to Hillside. The horse went fast over the plain, and very slowly up the hills."

Tom put his head out of the window, and looked forward. "I can see the hills," he said. "Soon the train will begin to go up. Will the train go over the top of the hills, father?"

"Oh, no," said Captain Bell. "It will go straight through them."

"Through the hills!" cried Tom. "Why, they are quite solid."

"That is true," said his father, "but a big

hole has been cut through them from one side to the other, and the train will run through the hole. It is called a tunnel."

When they came near the tunnel, Tom looked out again. He saw that the train was running straight toward a black hole in the side of a hill. The train ran into the tunnel, and all at once it was quite dark.

The train made such a noise in the tunnel that Tom crept close to his father. They went a long way in the darkness, but at last the light began to come again. Then the train ran out of the tunnel, and how bright the sunny fields looked after the darkness!

While he was in the train, Tom saw many things that were quite new to him. He saw big bridges over wide rivers, and over the streets of towns. He saw big railway stations, full of people.

Once the train went through a place where many tall trees grew side by side. His father told him that this was a forest.

"Here's another forest," said Tom, as they came to more trees.

"No," said his father, "this is a wood. There are not enough trees here to call it a forest."

It was a long, long way to New York, and it was quite dark when they got there. Tom and his father went in a cab to the house of a friend, where they were going to stay.

At this house there was a boy named Fred, a little older than Tom. The two boys became friends at once, and Fred took Tom out to see the streets. Tom was full of wonder at what he saw. There were great crowds of people, filling the sidewalks of the streets. Then in the streets there were long lines of carts, vans, wagons, and buses driving along. At a busy corner Fred stood still. "We'll cross the street," he said.

"But how can we?" asked Tom. "We shall be run over. There is no room to pass."

"It will be all right," said Fred. "Wait a minute, and you will see."

Two or three ladies and some children now stopped near them.

"Look there," said Fred; and Tom saw a tall man, dressed in blue clothes, coming across from the other side of the street. It was a policeman. He stood in the middle of the street, and held up his hand. All the drivers stopped their horses at once. Then those who wished to cross the street went over in safety.

Tom soon found out the way in which he liked best to see the streets. This was from the top of a bus. It was fine fun when his father took him and Fred for a long ride on the Fifth Avenue stage.

On the top there were rows of nice little seats, and the boys tried to get a seat in front. There they sat, looking down on the people in the streets, and seeing all that went on.

"How strange it seems," said Tom, "to go miles and miles, and see houses all the way! Look at the rows and rows of stores as well. Where do all the people come from to buy things in so many stores?"

"Oh," said his father, "there are, very, very many people here, so they need many stores."

"Why are there so many people here?" asked Tom.

"People must live where they can find work," said his father. "In a big city there are many great workshops. There are factories and workshops where thousands of men and women are working for one master. These places cause large numbers of people to live near each other, and thus a city is formed."

"In the country there is not so much work in one place. Six or seven men can look after a large farm. So the people live far apart in small villages."

Just at that moment, Tom saw a thing which pleased him very much. They were near a very large, tall building, when big crowds of boys and girls began to run out of it.

"What are those boys and girls doing there?" asked Tom. Fred began to laugh.

"Why, Tom," he said, "don't you know a school when you see it?"

"Is that a school?" cried Tom. "I never saw a school so big as that before. It is ten times as big as ours."

"Yes," said his father; "they need very big schools in a large city, because there are so many children. Such a school as you go to at home would be of little use here. In the one we have just passed there are more than a thousand children."

It would take too long to tell you about all the things that Tom saw in New York. He saw the big rivers which run on either side of the city, with their ships and bridges. He saw the palaces in which the millionaires live, and many other grand

places. But there was one place he liked best of all, and that was "the Zoo."

Captain Bell took Tom and Fred there one day. Tom had often read about lions and tigers, bears and elephants. Now he saw them, and many other strange beasts and birds as well.

One of the first things Captain Bell did was to buy a bag of peanuts for each boy. These were for feeding the animals, and Tom and Fred had great fun.

They saw a little donkey coming down a wide path. On his back he was taking children for a ride. As he walked past Tom gave him a peanut. Later Tom and Fred had a ride on this and another donkey, and then they went to see the bears. The bears were very fond of peanuts and crackers, and held out their paws for them.

Some of the bears sat up like dogs, and held their mouths wide open to catch the things which the boys threw to them. In one den there were two great white bears.

"What long, shaggy coats they have!" cried Tom.

"They need them in the land which is their home," said his father. "The white bear comes from the frozen north; from a land of ice and snow. His thick, white fur keeps him warm in that cold country."

Not far from the bears was the house where the monkeys were kept. Here Tom and Fred stayed a long time, laughing at the funny tricks of the monkeys.

One had an apple, and two or three others tried to take it from him. He ran up the side of the cage with the apple in his mouth,

jumped from bar to bar, and swung himself here and there by his tail. The others ran after him, and tried to catch him.

"Now look at the fur of the monkeys," said the captain to the laughing boys. "See how thin it is, and how short is the hair! They come from warm countries, where thick fur is not needed."

The lions and tigers were in a big house. Here they were shut up in dens with iron bars in front of them. Tom and Fred went into the house at feeding-time.

The keepers gave the animals big pieces of raw meat. When the lions saw the keepers coming, they began to roar, till the house was filled with a noise like thunder.

Then the boys saw the hippopotamuses with their big mouths and the sleepy-looking alligators. In another place the boys saw the ostrich, the tallest bird, with its thick, strong legs, its small head, and its long neck.

One house seemed to be full of parrots. They were of all colors, red, and blue, and green. And what a noise they made! They were chattering and screaming so that the boys could hardly hear each other speak.

One house was very warm, and this was where the snakes were kept. There were snakes of all sizes, big and little, and they were twisting their bodies into all kinds of shapes. As the bite of many of these snakes would cause death, they were safely shut up in strong glass cases.

Tom never forgot his day at the Zoo. It was the best part of his visit to New York.

POLICEMEN AND POSTMEN OF MANY COUNTRIES

"What a lot of policemen there are in New York!" said Tom to his father, as he and Fred walked round the city with Captain Bell seeing the sights. "There is one at nearly every corner."

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "there are many policemen here, because there are many houses and stores to take care of. In our village we have only one policeman, and he has to look after the country all round as well."

"And in New York there are many bad people," said Fred. "The policemen have to watch them. Sometimes they have to fight with rough men who wish to do them harm."

"Does a policeman fight with that long stick he carries?" asked Tom.

"Yes, and he also has a short, strong stick in his pocket," said Captain Bell. "But he does not often use them. As a rule, he can do his work very well without them."

"I have read of places where policemen carry swords," said Fred.

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "but not in our land. I have seen black policemen, brown policemen, and yellow policemen, but they all had sticks."

"Where did you see the black policemen, father?" asked Tom.

"In South Africa," said his father. "There

are plenty of them there, and they do their duty very well.

"They are very fond of carrying a stick with a big round knob at the top. At one time they used these sticks to fight in battle with other black men. Now they use them to keep order.

"If another black man does wrong, they go after him at once, and catch him, if they can. Then they take him before the white judge, who hears the case.

"Sometimes the trial is in the open air, or in a native hut. The white man hears all that is to be said on both sides, and then he sets the man free, or sends him to prison, as he sees right."

"Where are the brown policemen, Captain Bell?" asked Fred.

"In India," said the captain; "and fine fellows they are. They do their duty well, and keep good order in the towns and villages.

"The yellow policeman is a Chinaman," went on Captain Bell. "We call him yellow because he has a yellow skin."

"What sort of policemen do they make?" asked Tom.

"Very good ones," said his father. "They are quiet and steady, and do just what they are told.

"They are very brave as well. They always do their duty, and if a man does that, it does not matter if his face be white, or black, or brown, or yellow."

Just as the boys and Captain Bell came to the door of Fred's home, the postman walked up. The postman knew Fred, and gave him the letters for the house.

"Here 's one for you, Captain Bell," said Fred.

"Thank you, Fred," said the captain, and took the letter.

"It is from mother," said Tom. "I know her writing."

"Yes," said his father; "now we shall hear all about home."

After tea, the talk was about postmen. "I

dare say, Captain Bell," said Fred, "that you have seen some strange postmen, as well as policemen."

"Yes, I have, Fred," said the captain. "Not long ago, a letter from Mrs. Bell was carried nearly two hundred miles for me by one of the oddest postmen you ever saw."

"How was that, father?" asked Tom.

"My ship had left one port in Africa when the letter came," said his father. "But I was going to call at another place along the coast. So the letter was sent by a black postman, who ran all the way."

"With the letter in his pocket?" said Fred.

"No," said Captain Bell, "he had no pocket, nor did he carry it in his hand. That would have made the letter too dirty."

"Then how did he carry it?" cried the boys.

"At the end of a stick," said the captain. "The stick was split at the end, and the letter placed in the cleft.

"When a black postman has a number of letters and parcels to carry," went on the captain, "they are tied up in a strong bag, and the bag hangs on his back. Then he will carry them many, many miles, and never lose one.

"In far-off lands letters are carried in all sorts of ways. In India, I have seen the letter-bags carried on the back of an elephant. Up there they were safe and dry, while the big beast walked through rivers over which there were no bridges.

"That is how postmen work in hot lands. In cold lands the postman often gets some dogs to help him."

"Dogs, father!" cried Tom. "What can dogs do?"

"They can draw a sledge," said his father. "A sledge is a small carriage fixed on iron runners, like big skates. The letters and parcels are packed on the sledge, which is then drawn over the hard snow by five or six strong dogs. The postman runs beside them, and away they go, often running forty or fifty miles in one day."

PEEPS AT TRAVELING IN MANY COUNTRIES

While Tom was in New York with his father, Lucy and her mother went to stay at Meadow Farm, which belonged to Lucy's uncle, Mr. Bell. Lucy and her cousins Alice and Jack had great fun.

On the last day that Lucy and her mother were at Meadow Farm, they all went to a flower-show. The show was held at a little town some miles away, and all but Jack, who rode on his pony, drove in a trap.

As they drew near to the town, the road ran by the side of a river. On the other side of the river was a railway. Soon they saw a train puffing along. That, too, was going to the town.

In a short time they heard a noise behind them, which sounded rather like a train. But it was on the road, and not on the railway. Soon an automobile went past them.

The horse in the trap did not like automobiles. The toot of the horn and the loud rattle of the engine made him very much afraid. Mr. Bell had to hold him tight with the reins, for he would have liked to run away.

Jack's pony jumped about, too, but Jack patted his neck, and spoke kindly to him. When the car had gone out of sight, both the animals became quiet.

"Look at that little steamer on the river!" cried Jack. "It is taking people to the show."

"Yes," said his father, for Jack was now riding beside the trap, "we are all going to the show in one way or another."

"I should think we can see here almost every way in which people travel in this country," said Lucy's mother.

"Very true," said Mr. Bell. "There's my carter, Sam Brown, in front of us. He is walking to the show, and walking is the oldest way of all."

"Yes, father," said Alice, with a laugh, "and the automobile has just passed him. That's the newest way."

"My way is an old one, I know," cried Jack.

"Yes," said his father, "men learned to ride long before they learned to drive in a carriage. See, there is another very old way," he went on, pointing with his whip to the river.

"Do you mean the steamer, father?" asked Alice.

"Oh, no," he said; "I mean that boat which has its sails set, and is being driven by the wind. The other boat, which two men are rowing with oars, is a still older way."

"In how many ways people are going to the town!" said Alice's mother. "If a balloon came over with a few people in the car, then we should see nearly every way there is."

"Old and new all at once," said Mr. Bell. "To walk, to ride, to drive in a carriage, to sail or row in a boat, are the very old ways.

To go in a train, a steamer, a balloon, or an automobile, are the new ways."

The day after the flower-show, Lucy and her mother went back to their home. On the same day, Tom and his father came home from New York. So they all met once more, and they had plenty to talk about.

Lucy told her father and her brother of the visit to the show, and how people went to it in many ways. Captain Bell at once began to look among his collection of travel pictures.

"Can you show us some new ways of travel, father?" asked Lucy.

"Well, no, Lucy," said he, "I cannot do that, but I can show you some strange ways. Here is a picture of some red Indians moving from one place to another. They make a carriage of the poles which help to form their tent."

"Is that a carriage, father?" cried Tom. "Why, it has no wheels. The poles just drag along the ground."

"A carriage is not bound to have wheels," said Captain Bell. "I dare say men rode upon some sort of carriage long before they made wheels for it. But wheels, of course, make a carriage much better."

"Here is another picture of a carriage with no wheels," went on Captain Bell. "These are black people, and they are moving house, going from an old hut to a new one. The carriage is formed of two trunks of trees, and a number of posts are set up so that neither the people nor the goods shall roll off. You see they have a pair of oxen to draw it."

"What slow work it must be!" cried Tom.

"Very slow," said his father; "but they are in no hurry, and are quite happy. They have not the least wish to spin along as fast as an automobile."

"What a strange carriage!" said Lucy. "There are none like that in our country."

"Oh, yes, there are," said her father. "In some parts of thickly wooded regions the people use sleds to carry logs."

"A sled is made of two strong wooden runners joined by bars. The load is placed on the bars, and the horses drag these sleds over country where wheels could not go."

"I wonder who made the first wheel!" said Tom.

"We do not know that," said his father. "But it was a great move forward. The first wheels were cut out of a solid block, and a wheel was just one round piece of

wood. Such wheels are used to-day in many places. Here is a picture of a cart with solid wheels, and this, too, is drawn by oxen.

"Now for a picture of a cart in a hot country," went on Captain Bell.

"Well," said Lucy, looking at a picture, "the people in that cart have plenty of shade."

"They need it," said her father, "for the sun is very hot in that land."

"Those wheels are nearly solid," said Tom.

"Yes," said Captain Bell, "they are very strong and heavy. If they were not, the oxen could never drag their load through the deep mud which is found on many of the roads of that country."

"Deep mud is very bad for wheels," said Tom. "When we were at Meadow Farm, uncle told me that last spring a wagon stuck fast in a muddy lane. He put four horses to drag it out, and one of the wheels broke right off."

"Mud is very bad for wheels," said his father, "and so is snow. In cold lands, where there is much snow in winter, wheels are of no use. They sink too far into the snow. So people put their carriages on iron runners, and then they glide along quite easily."

"Just like those sledges which the dogs draw!" cried Tom.

"Just like those," said his father. "Men often ride in dog sledges, but the big sledges drawn by horses are called sleighs. The last time I was in Canada I had a long drive in a sleigh, and I liked it very much."

"Two fine horses drew the sleigh, and the day was very bright and clear. On the necks of the horses were many little silver bells, and these rang gaily as the horses trotted quickly over the smooth snow."

"Here is a picture of a man going over the snow," said Tom; "but what are those things on his feet, father?"

"Those are snow-shoes," said Captain Bell. "They are long and broad, but very light. Without them, a man would sink in soft snow, but with those on his feet he can go where he likes, even over snow which has just fallen."

"Now, what animals have you seen which help men to travel?" asked Captain Bell.

"Horses and ponies," said Tom.

"Mules," said Lucy.

"Yes, those are the animals we use," said their father; "and you have just seen pictures where dogs and oxen are at work. But men use many other animals to help them to travel."

"There is the elephant!" cried Tom.

"Yes," said his father, "there is the elephant. In India they make great use of that big creature. He carries men on his back, he drags logs out of the forest, and he draws wagons. He will do all that his driver tells him."

"In India, too, I once saw a great man driving out. He had a very fine carriage which had been made in England, and it was drawn by four camels."

"Camels!" cried Tom. "I thought camels were only used by men who had to cross deserts."

"What are deserts?" asked Lucy.

"Places where very little water is to be found," said her father. "Few trees grow there, and no green fields are to be seen. Very often there is nothing but stones and sand for many, many miles. The camel is so useful to men who have to travel in such places, that he is called the 'ship of the desert.'"

"He has a broad foot, so that he does not sink into the soft sand, and he can go for a long time without water. Very often he carries a sort of tent on his back, in which a person is safe from the rays of the hot sun."

"In the north of India a kind of ox is used, both to carry loads and to ride upon. It is not at all like our ox, for it has long hair, as fine as silk, and a mane and a tail like a horse."

"Not only is it useful to carry loads, and to draw the plow, but its flesh is eaten, and a thick, warm cloth is woven from its hair. The name of this animal is the yak."

"The reindeer, too, is just as useful to the people who live in the cold lands of the north. It draws its master's sledge over the snow, and it gives him milk. When it is dead, its flesh is used as food, and its skin is made into clothing."

PEEPS AT SCHOOL IN MANY COUNTRIES

"School begins again to-day," said Tom, one Monday morning. "Are you sorry, Lucy?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "not at all. We have had ever such a nice time, but school is nice, too. I shall be glad to see my teacher again."

When breakfast was over, Tom and Lucy started for school, and got there in good time. While they waited for the bell to ring, the children were talking about what they had seen during the holidays.

"Where have you been, Tom?" asked Joe Green. "I have not seen you since school broke up."

"I have been to New York with my father," said Tom.

All the boys looked at Tom. No other boy in the school had been to New York.

"What did you see there?" asked Joe.

Tom at once began to tell the boys of all the fine things he had seen.

"What are the schools like?" asked one boy.

"Not a bit like ours," said Tom. "They are very big places, ever so much bigger than ours. Some of the playgrounds are very small, and have high walls and houses all round them. Other playgrounds are on the roofs."

"When school is over, the children come out in crowds. Father told me there were often more than a thousand children in one school."

"They will not need many schools so big as that," said Joe Green.

"Oh, yes, they do," said Tom. "There are so many children that these big schools are quite near to each other."

"And I," said another boy, whose name was Sam Bird, "have been to a place where the schools are so far apart that some of the children cannot walk to them."

"Where was that, Sam?" asked Tom.

"I have been staying with my aunt, who lives about forty miles from here," said Sam. "She lives in a very little village, where there are only about a dozen children, and they go to a school more than four miles away."

"So, every morning, a man comes with a horse and carriage, and takes them to school. At night he brings them home again."

"Oh, what fun!" said the boys. "That would be nice, to have a fine ride every day."

At that moment the boys heard a voice behind them.

"Well, boys, what are you talking about?"

The boys looked up and saw their teacher, Mr. Lee. Joe Green told him what they had been saying, and Mr. Lee smiled.

"Yes, boys," he said, "there are many kinds of schools in our own land, some big, and some little. But, as a rule, they are doing the same kind of work in almost the same way."

"Now, how would you like to hear of strange schools in other lands, where black boys, brown boys, red boys, or yellow boys, are busy with their lessons?"

"We should like it ever so much, sir," cried the boys.

"Very good," said Mr. Lee. "I will tell you about them this morning; and I am sure the girls, too, will like to hear about such schools."

When the time came for the lesson about strange schools in far-off lands, the children were all very quiet.

"Well, children," said the teacher, "how would you like a school where there were no desks, no slates, no pens, and no pencils? And no school-room either?" he added.

The children began to laugh. That seemed a very odd school indeed.

"Yet it is a school for all that," went on Mr. Lee. "Children go there, and are taught to read and write. Such schools are found in some parts of Africa. They are held in places where no school has ever been before."

"As a rule, the teacher is a black man. He has been to a school taught by a white man, and has learned some English. Then he tries to teach the little black children, who have never before heard of such a thing as a school."

"The teacher has a blackboard, and he writes words on it, for the children to spell and read. He also uses large reading-sheets. When it is time to write, each child is given a little stick with a sharp point. With this, he writes on smooth sand, or in the dust where he sits."

"The school is held in the open air, for those lands are very hot. It is much nicer



A GIRL OF OLD JAPAN.



A FLORENTINE PRINCESS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

to sit in the shade of a big tree than to stay indoors.

"The clever boys and girls often go from this school to a higher school, where they are taught by a white man. There they have books and papers, pens and pencils, and many of them become good scholars."

Mr. Lee now put up a picture before the children.

"Here is the kind of school to which the black children go next," he said. "This school is taught by a white man; and not only children, but men and women go to it also. You see that they are still in the open air. They have a roof to keep the hot sun off, but nothing else."

"Now," said the teacher, "let us see how the brown boys go to school in India. Here is a picture of them in school. Tell me any strange things you see in this picture."

Tom Bell put up his hand. "The boys have their hats on, sir," he said.

"They have taken their shoes off," said Joe Green.

"There are no desks. They are sitting on the ground," said Sam Bird.

"Yes," said Mr. Lee. "All those things seem very strange to us. Here, the boys leave their caps in the porch, and keep their shoes on. There, the boys leave their shoes in the porch, and keep their caps on."

"As for desks like ours, they would not know what to do with them. At home, they always take their shoes off, and sit on the floor, so they like to do the same at school."

"But they do not sit on the ground, as Sam said. If you look, you will see that they are sitting on a large mat. Some of them have little desks to hold their reading-books."

"All the lessons in this school are learned by heart. The boys go to the teacher one at a time, and try to say the lesson which they have been told to learn. The boy who can say it without missing a word is said to be the best."

"The school is full of noise when the boys are at their lessons. Each boy shouts out the words he has to learn. He seems to think that the more noise he makes, the better he will learn."

"There are other schools in India, where desks and tables are used. At these schools the children keep both their shoes and their caps on. When they begin to learn their letters, the teacher writes five letters on sand with a stick."

"The children then write these letters many times, until they know them well. Next they learn five more letters, and so on until all the letters are known. Very often they use the broad leaf of a tree in place of sand, and write upon the leaf with a sharp stick."

"Now we will see how the yellow children go to school," said Mr. Lee. "These are the children who live in China and Japan. In China, there are many schools for boys, but there are very few for girls. The girls almost always stay at home, to help in the house."

"Every boy in China wears a pigtail—that is, a long tail of hair hanging down behind. His head is shaved except for a piece at the back. Here the hair grows very long. He plaits it into a long tail, and is very proud of it. If another boy pulls it, he is very angry."

"When he goes to school, he has a desk all to himself. Here he sits, and learns his lessons. He, too, makes a great deal of noise."

"The teacher thinks that a boy is idle if he is quiet. So each boy shouts out at the top of his voice, to show that he is hard at work."

"The teacher has a stick and a broom to whip the bad boys. The Chinese boy does not mind how much he is beaten with the stick, but he fears the broom very much."

"This is not because the broom hurts him more than the stick. He thinks that a beating with the broom will make him unlucky for the rest of his life. So he does his best to keep out of the way of the broom."

"When he knows his lesson, he goes up to the teacher, and turns his back upon him. We should think it rude to do so, but the Chinese do not. Then the boy shouts out the lesson he has got by heart."

"When he writes, he uses ink, but no pen. In place of a pen he has a brush, and paints the letters. He begins to write at the top right-hand corner of his paper, and puts the words one under the other."

"Thus he goes on from top to bottom, working from right to left. We go across the paper, and not down, and work from left to right."

"The book he reads from is printed in the same way as he writes. He turns to the back of the book to find the first page, and he ends where we begin. When school is

over, each boy walks up to the teacher, and makes a low bow before he goes home.

"In Japan, the girls go to school as well as the boys. When they meet their teacher, they make a very low bow, so low that their heads are close to the ground. The teacher also bows to the children.

"In the schools of Japan, the children sit on the floor, with their books on their knees.

They use a brush to write with, like the Chinese children. Like them, too, they write from top to bottom, and from right to left.

"In Japan, the teacher does not need either a stick or a broom for the bad children, for there are none. They are all very quiet and good, and do as they are told at once."

PEEPS AT PLAYTIME IN MANY COUNTRIES

When recess-time came the children in school went into the playground. There they played all sorts of games. The boys played with marbles, and with bats and balls, and some of the big boys kicked a football about.

The girls played "Puss in the corner," or tossed a big, soft ball to each other. One girl had brought her doll to school, and was showing it to her friends.

"Have you seen my new kite?" said Joe Green to Tom Bell.

"No; where is it?" said Tom.

"It is on the porch. Come and have a look at it."

The two boys ran to the porch. There Joe had hung up his kite in a safe place. It had a long tail, and there was a large ball of twine with which to fly it.

"What a fine ball of twine you have!" said Tom.

"Yes," said Joe; "when the string is all out, the kite will be very high up in the air. It will look like a little bird in the sky."

"When are you going to fly it?" asked Tom.

"In the dinner-hour," said Joe. "It is of no use to bring it out at playtime. The time is too short."

Joe Green lived a long way from the school, so he had brought his dinner with him.

When Tom had had his dinner that day, he ran back to school at once. He was in the playground long before the time when the bell would ring.

There he found Joe Green flying his kite. The kite was very high up in the air. A good wind was blowing from the sea, and the wind had taken the kite up and up till Joe had no more string to let out.

"I never had a kite which flew better than this one," said Joe. "Just feel how it pulls, Tom!"

Tom took the string, and felt that the kite was pulling at the cord as if it wished to fly higher still. At that moment Mr. Lee, his teacher, came across the playground.

"Well, Joe," he said, "your kite is flying well."

"Yes, sir," said Joe, "it is pulling hard, as if it would like more string."

"I dare say it would," said Mr. Lee. "It flies as well as the kites sent up by some of the strange foreign boys of whom I told you this morning."

"The black boys, sir! Do they fly kites?" asked Tom.

"No, Tom," said the teacher; "I mean the yellow boys. The boys in China and Japan are very fond of flying kites, and are very clever at it.

"I think that as I have told you how they spend their time in school, I must next tell you how they spend their time in play."

"Oh, sir, we should like to hear about that!" cried the boys. So a few days after, Mr. Lee told the children about playtime in other lands.

"I will tell you first about the kites," he said. "In our land, you see only boys flying kites, but in China you may see old men as well. Their kites are of every size and shape. Some are in the form of birds or fish, others of men, and some look like big boxes.

"In Japan, the boys make their kites fight with each other. They take a piece of glass, and break it up very fine. They mix the glass with glue, and rub it on the strings of the kites. When the strings are dry, they become very sharp and hard. Then the boys go out to fly their kites.

"One boy will now try to cross his string over that of another, and make the one rub against the other. In this way, one of the strings is soon cut. The boy whose string

is cut is the loser, and he has to give up his kite as a prize to the winner.

"As for the girls, they play with dolls, just like girls in every other land. In Japan, there is one time of the year set apart for the girls and their dolls.

"It is called the Feast of Dolls. During that time, the girls get out their dolls and dolls' houses. They show them to each other, and play with them. At the end of the feast, the best dolls are packed away again till the next year.

"Besides kites and dolls, the yellow boys and girls have tops, and balls, and drums. There is plenty of fun on the other side of the world, in China and Japan, just as there is in our own land.

"In some lands," continued Mr. Lee, "the boys are very fond of playing with bows and arrows. This is fine fun, and it is very useful to them as well. When they grow up, they will be hunters, and use bows and arrows to kill animals for food.

"In Africa there live some very little black people. They are so small that the men and women among them are no bigger than boys and girls in our land. These little people can shoot very well with bows and arrows, and the boys can shoot well, too. One boy will hold his hand up in the air, with the fingers spread out. The other boys will shoot arrows between his fingers, and not one arrow will touch him.

"Our red Indian boys are very fond of bows and arrows, too, and play with them a great deal. They are also fond of the 'stick and ring' game. They have a ring like a small hoop, and they roll this along the ground.

"Each boy has a stick, and he tries to throw it through the ring while it rolls along. But each boy tries to knock the other boys' sticks aside, so that it is not often that a stick is sent through the ring.

"The little red girls play at ball with the boys, and run races with them. Then the girls have dolls, and they dress them and undress them, and put them to bed, just as the girls of this school do.

"In India, the brown boys are very fond of football. But their ball is neither so big nor so heavy as the ball you play with. You see, they do not wear any boots or stockings, and so a heavy ball would hurt their toes.

"They make their football of strips of cane. It is very light, and will bounce well, so they have great fun in kicking it about.

"But in the lands where the brown boys and the black boys live, it is at times so hot that they do not care to play. You are better off in that way, for it is not often that you find it too hot to play. Nor do you often find it too cold to play," went on the teacher. "But now we must see how the children play in the very cold lands."

"What is the best way to keep yourself warm in winter?" asked the teacher.

"Sit by the fire, sir," said a lazy boy, named Fred Pitt.

"No, sir," said Joe Green; "the best way is to go for a good run."

"Joe is right," said Mr. Lee. "It is much better to get warm by a good walk or run than to sit by the fire. Now, the children who live in the very cold lands know that well.

"They do not like to stay in their snow houses, or their rough huts made of stones and wood. They love to come out, and race over the snow and ice, and play all sorts of games with each other. They have great fun with their sledges, too. These are like the sledges which the Eskimo dogs draw, but are much smaller. The runners fixed to the bottom are made of long, smooth bones.

"The boys and girls drag their sledges to the top of a hill. Then they sit or lie on them, and start them down the slope, over the hard, smooth snow. Down go the sledges, faster, faster, faster, until they seem to be flying through the air. At the bottom of the hill, they shoot out over the flat ground. At last they come slowly to a stop, and the children jump to their feet, and drag them once more up the hill.

"Sometimes the sledges turn over, and the children roll in the snow. But they only laugh at that. The snow cannot hurt them, for they all wear thick clothes made of skins, and the girls are dressed just like the boys.

"They are very fond of playing at ball. They play hockey, and use long bones for sticks. Often their ball is made of bone as well. They make good footballs, and kick them a long way over the smooth ice and snow.

"But there are times of storm when they have to stay in the house for days. Then the girls nurse their dolls, which are made of wood. The dolls' clothes are made of skin, just like the little girls' own clothes.

"Sometimes the children have a jumping race round the house. They kneel down on the floor, and all hold their toes with their hands. Then they jump along as fast as they can go, till they reach a mark. The one who gets there first is the winner.

"When their father kills a bear, the children have a fine feast. The flesh is cut up, and cooked over the lamp, which lights and

warms the house. They sit round the lamp, and eat as much of the meat as they wish. If it is very fat, they like it all the better. People who live in cold lands eat a great deal of fat. It helps to keep them warm. Good boys and girls often get a piece of fat as a reward. They are just as fond of it as you are of sugar candy, or a piece of cake. They look upon it as a great treat."

PEEPS AT SHOPPING IN MANY COUNTRIES

When Tom and Lucy went home from school one afternoon, their mother said to them, "I want you to go to the store to get me some wool."

"Yes, mother," said Tom.

"Going to the store, are you?" said his father, who had just come in. "Well, here is a penny each for you to spend there."

"Oh, thank you, father," said Tom. "I shall buy some marbles. I lost nearly all mine to-day, playing with Sam Bird."

"Thank you, father," said Lucy. "I shall buy some sweets."

The two children took a little basket to carry the wool, and went to the store. On the way, Tom told Lucy about the fine stores he had seen in New York.

"They are not a bit like the store in the village," he said. "You know that in our store you can buy all sorts of things. But in New York they often sell only one kind of thing in each store.

"One store is full of shoes, and another is full of clothes. I saw one which was full of flowers. They sold nothing but flowers in that place."

"How strange, to sell flowers!" said Lucy. "Who bought them?"

"Why, the people who live in the city," said Tom.

"But why did they not pick the flowers in their own gardens?" asked Lucy.

"Many of them have no gardens," said Tom. "When I was on the bus with father, we saw many, many houses with no garden at all. Father says they cannot afford to give space to gardening.

"Are the stores bigger than the store in the village?" asked Lucy.

"Ten times bigger," said Tom; "and some of them have only one pane of glass for a window."

"What a little window it must be!" said Lucy.

"Oh, no, it is n't," said Tom, "for the pane is very big. I saw some panes that were as big as a barn-door."

"Do they ever get broken?" asked Lucy.

"I asked father that," said Tom, "and he told me that it was not very easy to break them, for the glass is very thick."

"I wonder what stores the black boys and girls go to," said Lucy.

"I don't know," said Tom. "We'll ask father about it."

After the children went home with the wool, they ran to the garden, where their father was sitting.

"Father," cried Lucy, "Tom has been telling me about the stores he saw in New York. Will you tell us, please, what kind of stores the little black boys and girls go to?"

Captain Bell smiled. "Well," said he, "many of them do not go to stores at all. Why should they?"

"To buy things, father," said Lucy.

"Yes," said he; "but not long ago, I was in a place where black people live, and there was not a store for hundreds of miles."

"What did they do, father?" asked Tom.

"Why, they grew or made all they wanted," said Captain Bell. "They had plenty to eat from their gardens, and from the woods. They made their own cloth, and built their own huts. So, you see, they could get along very well without a store at all.

"But in other places," went on Captain Bell, "there are markets, and we may look upon a market as a very big store. To these markets the black men and women come from a long way round.

"They bring fruit and cloth to sell, or the

skins of animals which they have killed. Very often there is not one piece of money, of the kind that we know, in the market."

"How do they buy and sell without money?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes they give their own goods for those of others," said his father. "The man with fruit gives some for a piece of cloth, and so on. But, as a rule, they have things which take the place of our money.

"I have seen people buying and selling with beads, shells, beans, nuts, little lumps of salt, pieces of gum, or bits of beeswax. Each bead, or bean, or piece of salt was worth so much fruit or cloth, or what there might be to sell. In this way the people got on very well."

"What queer money!" said Tom. "How odd to go to market with a pocket full of beans or nuts to buy all you might want! What is the place like where the black people hold their market, father?"

"Just a wide, open space," said Captain Bell. "There are few stalls or buildings of any kind. Those who have something to sell, lay their goods on the ground, and sit beside them. Those who have come to buy, walk about till they find what they want.

"In India," went on the captain, "the land of the brown boys and girls, there is a big market-place in every town. You must go there to buy all you need. You will find many stores of all sorts built side by side. Some of the stores are very small, and it is not often that you see a large one. The place is always very busy.

"People go to it not only to buy and sell, but to hear the news, and to meet their friends. So the narrow streets between the rows of stores are always filled with crowds of men and women, boys and girls."

"What do they sell in the stores, father?" asked Lucy.

"Some sell pieces of cloth and silk, and

some sell fruit. In the fruit-stores you will see all kinds of strange fruits that grow in those far-off lands. Then there are always stores where dolls and toys are sold, and stores which sell rice-candy and many other kinds of sweets. When the brown boys and girls have any money, they soon find their way to these places."

"What sort of money do they use, father?" asked Tom.

"Oh, they use money something like ours," said his father. "As a rule, their money is made of silver or copper. Their chief coin is about the size of our quarter; of their smallest coin it would take several to make a penny.

"Now," went on Captain Bell, "let me tell you of the clumsy money which the yellow people use. In China, they make their money of copper, and it is called cash. Of course, each cash is not worth much, and so, if you have to pay a large sum of money, you must take a great many cash with you.

"In order that you may carry the cash easily, each piece of copper has a hole in the middle. You slip the cash on to a long piece of cord, tie the ends of the cord together, and then your money is safe."

Tom began to laugh. "Then in China," he said, "when you want a purse to hold your money, you buy a piece of string."

"That 's it, Tom," said his father. "And if you have much money to carry, you need a very long piece of string. Once I was in China, and I went to buy a few chests of tea to bring home with me. It took such a number of cash to pay for the tea, that I had to hire a man to carry them.

"So off we went to the house of the tea-dealer. I walked in front, and the man walked behind, with a great load of copper money on his back. He was a strong man, but it was just as much as he could do, to carry the price of a few chests of tea."





MANY KINDS OF LITTLE GIRLS

THE MYSTERY

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

ELIZABETH and Mary are the most peculiar girls!
Elizabeth has braided hair and Mary bobbing curls;
But that 's the only difference between the happy pair,
And when you see the swinging braid you know the curls are there.
They live across the roadway and they wave a fond "Good-night,"
And they call across "Good-morning," at the very earliest light.
They do their work together and they study and they play,
And they have to see each other at least twenty times a day!

They talk and laugh and chatter till you 'd think that they had said
Every single thing that could be found within a small girl's head.
But when they sleep together after talking all the day
They have to wake each other up—they have so much to say!
You 'll scarce believe this story, but in all the tongues we speak,
Whether French or German, English, Latin, Portuguese or Greek,
Sufficient words are lacking, and a language all their own
Has this clever pair invented for their use when all alone!

They let me hear it one day, and my brain it simply whirled
To hear them glibly saying each unutterable word!
Yet they tell me Mary cannot learn a single Latin noun—
And Elizabeth in German has been seven times sent down!
When I ask them if they 'll kindly clear the matter up for me
They simply stand and giggle, and then say, "Why don't you *see?*"
I know they think me stupid, though they 're always most polite,
And they sometimes come and tell me when they 've had a little fight.

I see them walking slowly with their heads an inch apart—
I find them in the orchard cutting up an apple tart;
I see them making bonfires or a very shaky swing,
And I fear I sometimes hear them when they 're madly quarreling!

But what I really want to know and never can find out
Is what on earth that couple has to talk so much about!



THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

"WHAT can that noise be all about?
Perhaps they 've let the sixth grade out.
To-morrow our vacation comes
But we must stay to do our sums!"



THE RUBAIYAT OF A CAT AND A GIRL IN A FLAT

BY KATHARINE HART

i. Do you know Patty Pratt?
Well, she lived in a flat;
An elegant, modern and up-to-date flat,
With grilles, hardwood floors, and stained glass, and all that.
Patty wanted a cat;
Just one dear little cat;
Not a great, big, old cat,
But a little, wee cat;
A soft, fuzzy, gray cat;
A cat she could love and could pet and could pat.



ii. But the landlord said that
Could n't be in *his* flat;
His handsome and modern up-to-date flat;
His beautiful, hand-painted, marble-tiled flat.
Not one little, small cat
Would he have in his flat.
Will you just think of that?
In that large, modern flat
Not a place for a cat;
Just one little, dear little, gray little cat!

iii. So there poor Patty sat,
And she mourned for a cat;
And all the whole time she just longed for a cat.
You know how it feels when you *must* have a cat.
Oh, she wanted a cat,—
She just longed for a cat!
And she knew that a rat,
A most terrible rat,
Made his home in that flat,
And just waited there to be caught by a cat.



iv. Well, one night Uncle Nat
Came to visit the flat,
And heard Patty coaxing so hard for a cat;
A dear little, sweet little, gray little cat.
So that kind Uncle Nat
Smuggled into the flat
Such a tiny, small cat!
It would go in your hat,
And room over at that;
That dear little, sweet little, gray little cat.

v. But the landlord said that
 Should n't be in his flat;
 That elegant, modern—but you know all that;
 They must give up their home, or give up the cat.
 But of course Mr. Pratt
 Said he could n't do that;
 For they all loved the cat,
 That dear little, gray cat;
 And it loved Patty Pratt.
 He must have his child, and she must have her cat.



vi. So they kept the small cat;
 And they moved from the flat,
 With its rugs and its grilles, its glass and all that,
 That handsome—but surely you 're tired of that—
 To a house near the flat
 (That just suited the cat,
 Both the girl and the cat;
 That dear little, small cat;
 That wee, tiny, gray cat),
 With plenty of room for a girl and a cat.

vii. Such a tiny, small cat;
 Such a very small cat;
 A dear little, sweet little, gray little cat;
 So fuzzy, and cuddlely, and gray,
 and all that;
 Such a wee little cat;
 A dear, cozy gray cat;
 A small, purring, wee cat!
 Here 's the end of this "Yat."
 Do you understand that?
 If not, you must ask Patty Pratt and
 her cat.





OUR TROUBLES

BY ISABEL LYNDALL

THE birds, when they get up at dawn,
Give their feathers a jolly good shake;
The cat, with a stretch and a yawn,
Runs outdoors, for she's quite wide awake.

But *we* have to wash and then dress,
Brush our hair and our teeth and the rest;
While all Nature's other live things
Wake up, in the morning, all dressed.

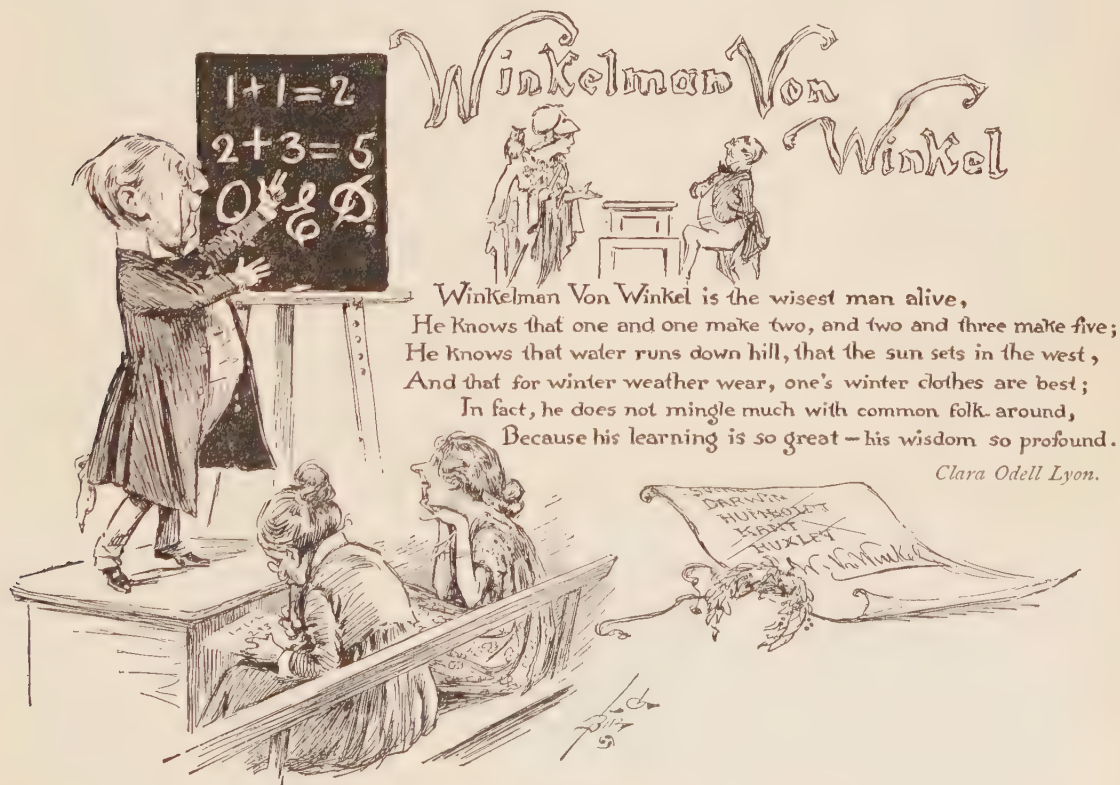


The Wish of Priscilla Penelope Powers

Priscilla Penelope Powers one day
Took tea at a neighbor's just over the way,
Two pieces of pie they urged her to take.

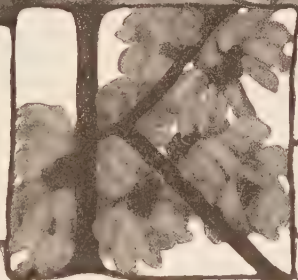
And seven whole slices of chocolate cake!
"Oh, dear," sighed Priscilla Penelope Powers,
"I wish I was your little girl 'stead of ours!"

Mrs. John T. Van San



Winkelman Von Winkel is the wisest man alive,
He knows that one and one make two, and two and three make five;
He knows that water runs down hill, that the sun sets in the west,
And that for winter weather wear, one's winter clothes are best;
In fact, he does not mingle much with common folk around,
Because his learning is so great — his wisdom so profound.

Clara Odell Lyon.



KATRINA

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN

KATRINA came to our school,—
Her seat is next to mine,—
She used to live in Germany,
Beside the river Rhine.

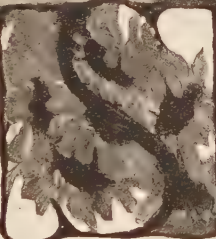
Her cheeks are pink as cherry blooms,
Her lips ten times as red;
But none of us could understand
A word Katrina said.

Her eyes are like my best big doll's,
Her hair is just the same;
I'm sure I never *could* pronounce
Her father's funny name.

She's such a different kind of girl
And from so far away
You'd think she would feel sad and strange
And lonely all the day.






 he fixes our hair ribbons straight
 he pins us when we tear.

But no ! Katrina always smiles ;
 She 's made us all her friends,—
 When anybody's pencil breaks
 Her own she always lends.

She fixes our hair ribbons straight,
 She pins us when we tear.
 I never saw a little girl
 So useful everywhere.

She always comes to school on time ;
 Her desk is just as neat !
 I 'm sure I 'm twice as careful
 Since Katrina shares my seat.

It makes me have some new, new thoughts,—
 Some kindlier thoughts !—to know
 That, though I cannot speak to her,
 I love Katrina so.



THE JINGLE OF THE LITTLE JAP

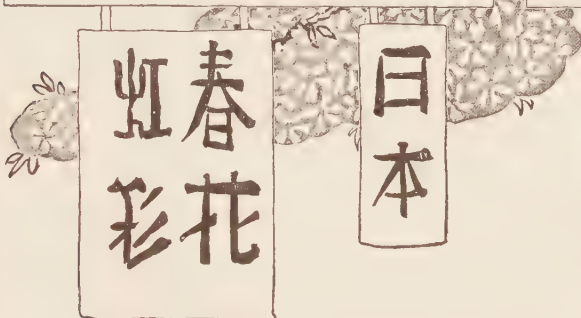
BY ISABEL ECCLESTON MACKAY

THERE lives in a town that is called Chu-Bo
A little Jap girl named Nami-Ko.
She learns to spell and she learns to write,
But her A B C's are the *oddest* sight!

For *this* is the way that the letters look
In her neat little, queer little copy-book:

When this little Jap girl goes out to call
She wears no hat—but a parasol!
And her little Jap mother wears one too—
In fact it's the way that the Japs all do.

And *this* is the curious parasol
Which the little Jap girl wears out to call:



This little Jap girl has shoes most neat
To put on her tiny Japanese feet;
But O! They are *queer*—such heels, such toes!
You'd think she would fall on her little Jap nose!
And *these* are the shoes—beware of mishap
If you wear what belongs to a queer little Jap!



This little Jap girl, when she goes to bed,
Has no soft pillow beneath her head,
For little Jap girls have to take great care
Of their smooth little, black little Japanese hair!

And *this* is the pillow! Imagine, chicks,
A pillow like this—and as hard as bricks!



RHYMES WITH A WARNING

THE CARELESS CHILD

ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

THERE was a careless little maid
Who sat with toes turned in,
Until it really grew to be
Her most besetting sin;
Which mortified her mother,
And horrified her brother,
And caused the deepest sorrow
to her Kith and Kin.

What cured her of this dreadful trick
You scarcely could surmise—
An instantaneous photograph
Which took her by surprise
With feet well in the foreground!
Where they 'll be never more found,
She says, "in *that* position" till the
day she dies!



POLLY PIGEON-TOES' SHOES

BY INA BOLES MORTON

Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do!
It seems a perfect sin,
The moment I forget my feet
My toes straightway turn in.

But when we 're playing 's worst of all,
Somebody always goes
And shouts out loud and spoils my fun,
"Oh, Polly Pigeon-toes!"

This morning as I lay in bed
I heard the pigeons coo,
And this I 'm sure is what they said,
"We walk like you,—like you!"

Then quickly out of bed I slid
To flee their mocking din,
And, staring straight at me, there stood
My shoes with toes turned in.



A MYSTERY

BY ROSAMOND LANG



I PLAYED at being tall to-day,
And practised from a chair;
How can grown people pick up things?
I don't see how they dare!



FURS FOR FLAXILOCKS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I 'm going to buy my doll some furs
That she in winter cold may wear,
But just what kind
She has in mind
I do not know, though I 'm inclined
To think that she 'd look well,
And rather "swell,"
In "Teddy-Bear."





A-BUSY

hold, her winter's knitting
 linda has gun.
 yond a doubt, it will long
 To Mama, when 'tis done.
 linda now must rise times
 And work fore the sun.

And I will sit side her
 cause loved is she.
 And then, sides, if I seech,
 Who knows?—on happy me
 It might fall that she'd stow
 A present, too, may!



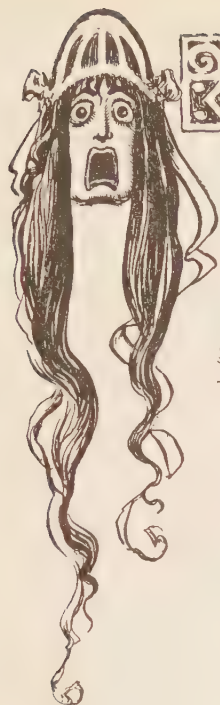
LUCY'S DEFECT.

BY MARY A. GILLETTE.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—
 She's straight, and strong, and pretty,
 We think her so;—we know her mind
 Is clear, and quick, and witty.
 And Lucy is a pleasant child;
 Her grandmama says of her,
 "In warp or woof you'll not a trace
 Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has
 A goodly share conceded,
 Yet something is amiss; her friends
 All see how much 'tis needed.
 Grandpa allows she's true and good,
 And owns he loves her dearly;
 And were it not for this defect
 He'd think her perfect,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,
 There isn't much the matter:
 But Lucy's ever busy tongue
 Will chatter, chatter, chatter.
 Her brother Bert, this very day,
 With a boy's bluntness told her,
 "My little sis, the thing you lack
 Is just a *good tongue-holder*."



A TRAGEDY



BY DORIS WEBB

THIS is the short, sweet, sorrowful tale
Of Jessica Jenkins Jones;
She planted a packet of seeds with pride
While her dog looked on with his head on the side
And thought, "She's burying bones."



When Jessica left, he dug like mad
In search of the luscious bones,
So Jessica's garden it does n't grow,
And Jessica's dog is cross, and so
Is Jessica Jenkins Jones.





A Hundred Years from Now

THERE 's a picture in the window
Of a little shop I know,
With boys and girls dressed as they were
A hundred years ago.
And since I saw it, I have thought,
And keep on thinking how
The children, maybe, will be dressed
A hundred years from now.

By
Sarah
Noble
Ives

Will girls wear caps or farthingales,
Or hoops in grand array?
Will they wear bows like butterflies,
Just as they do to-day?
Will boys wear jackets short, or tie
Their hair in queues? Just how
They 'll really look, I 'd like to know—
A hundred years from now.

What do you think the girls and boys
Will eat in those far days?
Will they be fed on breakfast foods
In many sorts of ways?
Will all the good and tasty things
Be worse for them than rice?
Will ice-cream soda make them sick,
And everything that 's nice?

Will children's books have pictures then,
Or just all reading be?
Perhaps they 'll be hand-painted and
Most beautiful to see.
But when I think of those I have,
I truly don't see how
They can be any prettier
A hundred years from now.

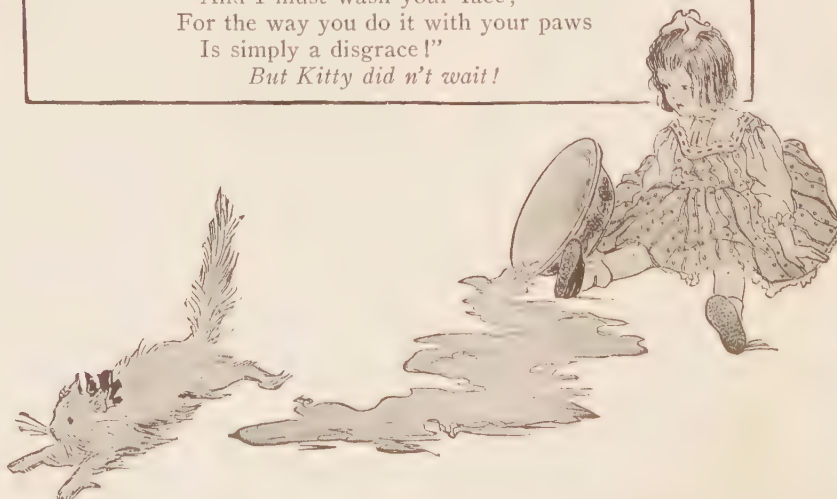




DISOBEDIENCE

"WAIT, Kitty; here's soap and water,
And I must wash your face;
For the way you do it with your paws
Is simply a disgrace!"

But Kitty did n't wait!





Little Good-for-Nothing Me

BY FRANCES SHAW

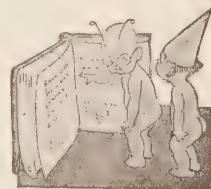
OH, little good-for-nothing me,
My sums I cannot do;
I'd love to please Miss Jones, you see,—
I always smile when she looks at me.
(There's a tiny bird in the apple-tree:
It's blue—it's blue—it's blue!)

My mother 'll be so 'shamed of me—
Why ever can't I think?
I left my hat at home, you see,
And my curls are mussed as mussed can be.
(There's something else in that apple-tree:
It's pink—it's pink—it's pink!)

The page? Why, it's something thirty-three;
I guess mine is n't right:
I was drawing elves in my book, you see,
So I could n't hear when you spoke to me.
(There's a cloud just over the apple-tree:
It's white—it's white—it's white!)

I'm just as sorry as I can be—
I'm 'fraid you 'll have to scold:
I learned the little poem, you see,
Instead of the words that begin with T.
(There's a wonderful light in the apple-tree:
It's gold—it's gold—it's gold!)

Poor little good-for-nothing me,
I've got to turn my back
To shut them out and away, you see,
Those lovely things in the apple-tree,
And the mark she has to give to me,
It's black—it's black—it's black!



HISTORY STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Now, we think, our very young readers will be glad that we give them some simple rhymes—they do not look like poetry, and they are not poetry, but only rhymed prose—telling about many of the same things elsewhere told of, and good for helping one to remember them.

THE BRITONS

Once upon a time, people did n't build houses made of bricks. ∞ They lived in little huts, made of wattles and sticks. ∞ They did n't wear clothes like ours, but mostly they were wrapped ∞ in the hairy skins of the beasts that they had hunted and trapped. ∞

They fought with bows and arrows, and sometimes with spears and shields. ∞ Their children never went to school, but just ran about in the fields. ∞ There were n't any churches or theaters, and not a shop to be seen ∞ in the land of the ancient Britons. How funny it must have been! ∞

THE ROMANS

But then some Roman troops came in ships across the sea, ∞ and their general, Julius Cæsar, a very great man was he. ∞ He said, "It's a beautiful country; I shall take it for my own!" ∞ And he fought with the Ancient Britons, and at last they were overthrown. ∞

Then the Romans set to work to do the land some good. ∞ Roads and castles they made, as nicely as ever they could. ∞

They taught the people to build with stone, instead of with sticks and heather, ∞ and after a little while, they got on very well together. ∞

The Romans had to go back at last, to see to things at home. ∞ And the Britons were rather unhappy, when their friends

had returned to Rome. ∞ For over the blue North Sea some people called Saxons came, ∞ and robbed, and killed, and burned things. Oh! dear, what a dreadful shame! ∞

THE SAXONS

Thousands and thousands of Saxons came pouring into the land. ∞ The Britons tried to stop them, but they could n't, you understand. ∞ And at last the Saxons were masters of England's woods and vales, ∞ and the poor unlucky Britons had to hide in the mountains of Wales. ∞

However, as time went on, the Saxons all settled down; ∞ they built little houses made of wood, and here and there a town. ∞ And a very nice man, named Augustine, came over to see them, from Rome, ∞ and said, "You'd better be Christians, the same as we are at home." ∞

And the Saxons said, "Very well then," they rather thought they would. ∞ So they all by degrees were christened—and it did them no end of good. ∞ For instead of fighting each other, which was what they liked before, ∞ they planted fields and gardens, and grew better, more and more. ∞

First, they'd ever so many kings, one king after another, ∞ who were nearly always quarreling—it must have been such a bother! ∞ But at last they were all under one king—Egbert, an excellent prince. ∞ And Briton was now named England: and so it has been ever since. ∞

THE DANES

The English, as now we may call them, were getting on perfectly well, ∞ when, just as they did n't expect it, a dreadful trouble befell. ∞ Pirates, called Danes, or vikings, in curious ships with beaks, ∞ came burning, and robbing, and killing, on the coasts and up the creeks. ∞

KING ALFRED

And the English fought them bravely, but the Danes were much too strong. ~ In the end they were masters of England, as they 'd wanted to be all along. ~ And this went on for many years, till at last King Alfred came, ~ —the King who let the cakes get burned.—I expect you 've heard his name. ~

He pretended to be a harper. To the Danish camp he went, ~ and heard their plans for battle, and found out all they meant. ~ Then he returned to his own men, and put on his armor bright, ~ and defeated the Danes altogether in a most tremendous fight. ~

KING CANUTE

So, after this, for a good many years, the Danes all kept away. ~ But presently, in their long-oared ships, they began to come back and stay. ~ And they took all England bit by bit, and were kings, in power and glory. ~ The best of all the Danish kings was Canute—do you know his story? ~

His nobles kept on flattering him, and saying, "You are so great, ~ even the sea would obey you!" "We 'll see, at any rate!" ~ said King Canute; "so, if you think so, just you take my chair, ~ and put it down on the sands: I 'll find if the sea obeys me there!" ~ The rolling tide came in, and he bid the waves go back; ~ but of course they did n't. And then, the courtiers looked very black, ~ when he told them all how silly they were, to say such things could be, ~ when everyone knows it is God alone who can rule the waves of the sea. ~

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

There were other Danish kings as well, some greater and some lesser; ~ but at last there was an English king, called Edward the Confessor. ~ He buildd Westminster Abbey, which some day perhaps you 'll visit, ~ so I hope you 'll try and remember his name—it is n't difficult, is it? ~ But he made great friends with the Normans, from Normandy over the water, ~ and then he fell ill: and he said to his people, "I 've neither son nor daughter. ~ I shall choose Duke William the Norman to be king when I am dead. ~ So it 's all arranged and settled." ~ That 's what King Edward said. ~

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

But Earl Harold, an English noble, said,

"No, that cannot be. ~ We don't want any Normans here: and you promised the kingdom to me. ~ Whatever Duke William may say or do, I 'll be King of England first. ~ And, what 's more, I 'm ready to fight for it, if the worst comes to the worst!" ~ And so at last it happened, for the Normans came in a host, ~ and landed, singing and cheering, down on the Sussex coast. ~ And they fought the battle of Hastings, and somebody there let fly ~ an arrow, which killed King Harold—it struck him right in the eye. ~

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

So now Duke William was king, and a very stern king was he. ~ He treated his English subjects as crossly as ever could be. ~ They called him William the Conqueror; and they held him in terrible dread. ~ He took their lands and their money, to give to his nobles instead. ~

And after him came his son, and he was a worse king still. ~ He was known as William Rufus, which just means Red-haired Will. ~ And down in his great New Forest, where the deer and the fox and the squirrel ~ may still be found, he was shot, in mistake, by his knight, Sir Walter Tyrrell. ~

HENRY I. AND STEPHEN

Then King Henry began to reign, and he was n't half so bad ~ as William the First and the Second, the last two kings they 'd had. ~ But he lost his only son—the tale 's as sad as true— ~ in a beautiful ship called the White Ship, which sank with all her crew. ~

After him came Stephen. There was fighting up and down, ~ just like the Lion and the Unicorn a-fighting for the crown, ~ everywhere over England—a horrible state of things, ~ till the time of Henry the Second; the fifth of the Norman kings. ~

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

And then came Richard the Lion-heart. He was a very brave man: ~ there has n't been any one braver, perhaps, since the world began. ~ He went to fight in the Holy Land, in a war which is called the Crusade, ~ where people had flags with crosses on. And a very great name he

made, ∞ fighting single-handed against any number of men, ∞ with his battle-axe or his mace, for they did n't use rifles then. ∞

But on his way home to England he passed through his enemy's lands. ∞ Leopold, Duke of Austria, and fell right into his hands. ∞ He was kept shut up in a castle, there was no one to set him free. ∞ And his subjects tried to find him: but they could n't think where he could be. ∞

Then his harper, whose name was Blondel, said, "I've a very good plan. ∞ I shall find King Richard, I think, if any one can!" ∞ And he wandered in different countries, singing loud and clear ∞ all the favorite songs that King Richard loved to hear. ∞ And at last he sang one verse of a song, and somebody sang the second, ∞ out of a castle window—it was Richard, just as he'd reckoned. ∞ So the folks at home, they ransomed the King, raising all the money they could, ∞ and I hope they thanked the harper for being so clever and good. ∞

KING JOHN

When Richard was killed in a fight, which was sure to happen some time or other, ∞ the crown of England was seized by John, his wicked, cowardly brother. ∞ And he ruled the land so badly, that his nobles could stand it no longer. ∞ They rebelled, and he grew weaker while they grew stronger and stronger. ∞ And at last they drew up a paper, and came and said with one voice: ∞ "You must sign this paper, or not be king—so there, you can take your choice!" ∞

This paper was called Magna Charta. The barons stood round the King, ∞ and he signed it, very crossly, of course, for he simply hated the thing. ∞ For this is the long and the short of what the paper was written to say: ∞ "Whether you're king, or whether you're cat, there are laws you must obey!" ∞

After this King John was crossing over some sands which are called "The Wash," ∞ riding with all his army through the mud and the tide, splish-splish. ∞ And the sea came in so suddenly upon him and all his men, ∞ that he lost his great crown jewels, and they've never been found again. ∞ So when Henry, his little boy of nine, became king after John was dead, ∞ there was n't a crown: but his mother lent him her golden bracelet instead. ∞

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

After this there were fightings and wars in England for many a year, ∞ and wars with other lands, about which you won't care to hear. ∞ So I shall tell you what people were like. The barons were great and rich. ∞ They each had a big stone castle, with a deep broad moat or ditch. ∞ And when they were n't fighting in earnest, they kept on fighting for fun, ∞ in what were called jousts or tournaments—you should see a picture of one. ∞

The poorer people were very poor, they had little enough to eat, ∞ just roots and herbs, and black rye bread, and never a scrap of meat. ∞ And if they shot a deer in the wood, they were hanged, which was very bad. ∞ They really belonged like slaves to the barons—they, and all that they had. ∞

So some of them ran away, and lived in the woodlands wide, ∞ which were then all over England—splendid places to hide. ∞ And there they had bows and arrows, and lived on deer and game, ∞ like Robin Hood in Sherwood—he did just the same. ∞ He was a famous archer, in the days of Richard and John, ∞ and still we talk of his doings, though hundreds of years have gone. ∞

EDWARD THE FIRST

Henry the Third, of whom you've just heard, who had a bracelet for crown, ∞ was rather silly: but Edward, his son, was a king of great renown. ∞ He collected a great big army, we are told in olden tales, ∞ and he tried to conquer Scotland, and he really did conquer Wales. ∞ You remember the ancient Britons, who fled when the Saxons came, ∞ and hid in the lonely mountains? Well, Welsh was now their name. ∞ King Edward fought them, up and down, for seven long years, and more, ∞ and then they said, "Well, we'll give in: we are very tired of war." ∞ So he called his little baby boy the Prince of Wales—that's how ∞ the eldest sons of English kings are called, since then till now. ∞

THE BLACK PRINCE

Of Edward the Second, there is n't much you'd care to hear or to learn; ∞ but Edward the Third was a very fine man, tall and strong and stern. ∞ And his son, the famous Black Prince, when he was only sixteen, ∞ won the battle of Crécy—how brave he must have been! ∞

And there he found the banner of a king who was killed in fight, ~ with a picture of ostrich-feathers—three, all curly and white: ~ and he took them for his crest, no doubt in books you have seen ~ the Prince-of-Wales's feathers with this motto "I serve," "Ich dien." ~

The Black Prince never was king, for he died; but Richard, his son, ~ became the king at eleven years old—just think what a little one! ~ And he did n't get on very well—in the end he was sent away, ~ and shut up fast in a castle, and there he was killed, they say. ~

MADCAP HARRY

And his cousin, Henry the Fourth, reigned for a short while next. ~ He 'd a son called Madcap Harry, with whom he was often vexed; ~ he would n't behave like a prince, but went about making a noise, ~ with a lot of bad companions, and mischievous idle boys. ~

One day when the King was ill—in fact, they thought he was dead, ~ the prince took up the crown, and tried it upon his head. ~ And when the King awoke, and said, "Who has dared to carry ~ my crown away?" he was sad to find it was his son, Prince Harry. ~

But the prince said, "Do forgive me—I've not behaved well to you, ~ but I mean to be very much better now." And he kept his promise, too: ~ and when he was king—Henry the Fifth—he sailed from Southampton port, ~ and won a victory over France; the battle of Agincourt. ~

THE BABY KING HENRY VI

The next King was the youngest one of whom you have ever been told. ~ Henry the Sixth, when he began, was a baby nine months old. ~ Of course a poor little baby, like that, can't sit upon a throne. ~ So the nobles managed the country, as if it had been their own. ~

Meanwhile there were always wars going on, and the English had to fight, ~ whether they wanted or not, if they thought it wrong or right. ~ When the English archers said good-by to their children dear and their wives, ~ thousands never saw them again, never in all their lives. ~

And the English kings were always saying, "France belongs to us." ~ Of course the Frenchmen did n't like that; they made no end of a fuss. ~

JOAN OF ARC

But they mostly had to put up with it, till a wonderful leader came, ~ who helped them win great victories—Joan of Arc was her name. ~

She was just a simple village girl, who was kneeling under a tree, ~ when she heard (as she thought) an angel say, "You must go and set France free." ~ And she got a horse and armor, and fought the Englishmen ~ and they all were driven out of France, and never came back again. ~

But one day the Maid was pushed from her horse by a cruel English archer, ~ and her soldiers fled from the enemy, who off to a jail did march her. ~ She was taken to court and called a witch by judges her case who tried. ~ She served her France as no other could do, and for this the brave girl died. ~ They carried her out to the marketplace, where the people were wont to trade, ~ and her enemies burned her at the stake—Joan of Arc, the noble Maid! ~

For hundreds of years they talked and wrote about this wonderful girl; ~ some singing in praise of her and her deeds, while others abuse did hurl. ~ But at last, when half a thousand years have made us better acquaint ~ with Joan, the girl whom most admire, there are many that call her a saint. ~

Poor Henry, the feeble English king, had trouble through all his reign, ~ and Margaret, his wife, with a stronger hand, tried ruling, but all in vain. ~ A great civil strife raged many a year—'tis called the Wars of the Roses—and thousands must suffer and thousands die before such a conflict closes. ~ Each army had a rose for its badge: King Henry's rose was red ~ but his enemies—there were many of them—wore a white rose instead; ~ and this is the reason, as you can see, that named for roses the wars should be. ~

King Henry lost his kingdom at last, for his foes took his crown away; ~ and the poor King died in London's Tower—somebody killed him, they say. ~

You must not think that fighting was all the people were doing then, ~ for among them were more than I can tell who loved their fellow-men; ~ and schools and colleges were built, and many things were done ~ to help the folks to learn and live more wisely under the sun. ~

THE STORY OF A LOAF OF BREAD

If you should stop by a baker's shop,
Does it ever come into your head,
How wheat must grow, before it can show
In the shape of a loaf of bread?

Do you ever think, how the wee grains sink
In the earth and seem to be dead,
Before the wheat in the August heat
Is reaped for your loaf of bread?

Do you know what labors a lot of your
neighbors
Must do, that you may be fed?
Oh! you never could guess the half, unless
You read of this Loaf of Bread!

I

THE PLOWING

The Plowman drove his plowshare edge
Over the field, from hedge to hedge,
And he told his horses, "Get on! Gee
Whup!"
Till the soil was properly broken up.

II

THE SOWING

The Sower came, and the grain he flung;
A seed-basket round his neck was hung;
He scattered the wheat both wide and deep,
And it fell into chinks, and went to sleep.

III

THE GROWING

The Farmer came in his heavy boots;
The field was full of little green shoots;
He said, "At present it 's doing well,
But it may get spoiled—you never can tell!"

IV

THE RIPENING

It grew a bit bigger from day to day,
And thicker and stronger, strange to say,
In spite of the Bunnies who came to eat
The juicy stalks of the springing wheat.

And when it was only six months old,
The wheat had turned as yellow as gold;
Waving and nodding, in sun and rain,
Its beautiful heads of golden grain.

V

THE REAPING

When August came it was ready at last;
The Reapers sharpened their sickles fast;
It was reaped, which perhaps seems cruel,
but
It did n't care—it was made to be cut.

VI

THE HARVEST HOME

The Farmer looked at the sheaves on the
stubble,
And said, "I 'm repaid for all my trouble,"
He had songs and supper for all his men—
Harvest Home had come round again!

VII

THE RICK-BUILDING

They carted it home, and they built it all
Higher and higher, extremely tall;
They founded and rounded it, and thatched
Into four big ricks—very prettily matched.

VIII

THE THRASHING

So it stood in ricks; but it had not been
There very long, when a thrashing machine
Came to work, out of which one saw
A stream of grain and a pile of straw.

IX

THE MARKET

The Farmer drove to the market town
With a packet of grain, all hard and brown,
Showed it to people, and said, "You try it;
It 's splendid wheat—you had better buy
it!"

X

THE MILL

And somebody said, "Very well, I will,"
And he bought the wheat, and went to the
mill,
And said, "My wheat will be here in an
hour;
Get it ground into sacks of flour!"

XI THE WAGON

The Miller's wagon the very next day
Carried the sacks of flour away:
A heavy load, but it did n't stop
Till it came to the door of the Baker's shop.

XII THE MAKING

The Baker made bread of the wheat; at least
He mixed it up with water and yeast,
And he set his men to work in a row
To knead the flour, which was now called
dough.

XIII THE OVEN

Then they shoved the loaves with a long,
long pole
In at the mouth of a hot dark hole—
The oven, you know; and they shut it fast,
Till the bread was properly baked at last.

XIV THE BAKER'S BOY

And then, when they had finished their task,
it
Was taken round in the baker's basket.

The boy came knocking at our back door,
And said, "Will you have one loaf, or
more?"

XV BREAD AND MILK

And now the end of the wheat we see,
It is here at breakfast for you and me,
In steaming bowls, and we're eating some.
What a lot of trouble it's had to come!

THE END

Now the tale of the loaf is told,
From grain to green, from green to gold,
From gold to white: that's flour, you know.
From dry to wet: from flour to dough.

The plowman tall and his horses, too
Have helped the wheat to travel to you;
With sower and reaper, thrashing and mill,
The wheat has never been standing still.

For even while it grew in the sod,
It always could rock, and wave, and nod.
Now it has ended its journey, this wheat;
Cut the fine loaf and let every one eat.

THE STORY OF A WOODEN SOLDIER

This is to tell you, girls and boys, ∞ some things you may not have known ∞ of the long, long travels of wooden toys, ∞ before you have them your own. ∞ This is how people in other lands ∞ have worked in the sun and shade, ∞ and labored hard with their heads and hands, ∞ before your toys could be made. ∞ This is how men must chip, and chop, ∞ and chisel, and paint, and glue ∞ the beautiful toys you see in the shop, ∞ before they can come to you. ∞

There was once a tree in a German wood; ∞ flowers and grasses around it stood, ∞ the birds in the boughs flew to and fro, ∞ and the bunnies had picnics down below. ∞ But the bunnies saw the woodman stop, ∞ and they heard him say, "This will do to chop!" ∞ and they sadly whispered, and turned their backs, ∞ while he chopped it down with his very sharp axe. ∞ Then on a sledge the tree was drawn ∞ down to a sawpit, where it was sawn ∞ into dozens

and dozens of boards and planks, ∞ which were all piled up on the sawpit banks. ∞ Next, some watermen brought a raft, ∞ and loaded the timber fore and aft, ∞ and took it along, at a very slow pace, ∞ to land it again in another place. ∞

The carpenter passed. "I like that wood," ∞ he said, "I think it's extremely good;" ∞ and he said to his children, "Make haste and come ∞ to help me carry some timber home!" ∞

The toymaker, who was old and gray, ∞ came to the carpenter's door one day, ∞ and asked if he'd give him a few small pieces, ∞ to make some toys for his nephews and nieces. ∞ He sat and he chipped and carved away ∞ at a bit of wood, until, strange to say, ∞ it looked like a man, and he chipped so fast ∞ that like a soldier it looked at last. ∞ Of course it was n't yet nearly done; ∞ he had to glue on its arms and its gun, ∞ and the little green stand, all

round and neat, ~ that is under a wooden soldier's feet. ~ And when it was painted, its tall cap black, ~ and a nice red coat on its wooden back, ~ the toymaker said, with pride and joy, ~ "I call this really a beautiful toy." ~

A toy-merchant came, and was rather grand ~ in his motor-car. He 'd a purse in his hand, ~ and said: "If you 've any toys to sell, ~ give them to me, and I 'll pay you well." ~ So the soldier-man in a box was put, ~ spick and span from head to foot; ~ and eleven more by his side were laid, ~ and a little while in a shop he stayed. ~ But one day somebody stopped and bought him, ~ and home to his children kindly brought him; ~ on the nursery

table his travels ended— ~ a wooden soldier, is n't he splendid?

I 've told you now, as well as I could, ~ how a toy begins to be; ~ just a bit of a plank of wood, ~ a piece of a cut-down tree. ~ And you have seen what amazing trouble ~ men took to make it right, ~ sawing, and stooping, and bending double, ~ And toiling by day and night. ~ So, if your soldiers could only speak, ~ most wonderful tales you 'd hear! ~ for they 'd tell you more in a single week ~ than you could learn in a year. ~

Wooden toys, now understand, ~ are also made in our own land; ~ and some from Switzerland there be, ~ from Austria, Holland, e t c. ~

THE WAYS OF THE RED INDIANS

The Indians hunted long ago
The bison—called the buffalo.

With whoop and cry their bows they drew,
And swift and straight the arrows flew.

A chieftain great, so we are told,
Would oft a peaceful council hold,

When e'er a white man came to treat
For furs and skins, and corn and wheat.

Through forest dark, with stealthy tread,
The feathered warriors quickly sped;

And, creeping softly, they would pass
Across the waving prairie-grass.

The Indian children of to-day
Delight with dolls and toys to play.

The baby's cradle is, you know,
A hammock swinging to and fro.

The Indian's wife is called a squaw;
A better wife one never saw,

A most unselfish helpmeet she,
Who follows him devotedly!

The Indian women mostly wear
A feather in their long black hair;

And many plumes are gaily spread
Around the warrior's dusky head.

Upon their backs the mothers bear
The little babes with tender care.

The boys, at quite an early date,
Are taught to aim an arrow straight.

In North America is found,
In forests, or on marshy ground,

The moose, a deer of noble size,
Which Indian hunters greatly prize.

The hunter's dog, when in the chase,
The scent of game can keenly trace;

And in the mountains, far away,
He tracks the bear and other prey.

The wary Indian fain would know
A stranger for a friend or foe.

The prairie cattle hunters seize
By lassos, thrown with skill and ease.

Returning warriors from the fray
Soon wash the war-paint all away;

And then, when strifes and contests cease,
They sit and smoke the pipe of peace.

The forest pine-trees oft have been
The Indian's safe and sheltering screen.

Where streams and rapid waters flow,
In quaint canoes the Indians go.

For war the chiefs their feathers don,
And lay the war-paint thickly on.

The warrior's little son, with pride
Will oft behind his father ride.

The little children love to go
On wooden sleighs across the snow.

An artist of the Indian race
Paints other things besides his face.

The Puritans in days of old
Oft found the Indians overbold;

And whizzing arrows through the air
To them were sounds by no means rare.

From bear and deer, and birds and fish,
The squaw makes many a tasty dish.

The little boys to school now go,
To learn to read and write, you know.

The squaws dress furs and polish beads,
And make strong baskets from the reeds.

The little Indian boys can run
As swift of foot as any one.

'Tis said the white man suffered much
When once within the Indian's clutch;

But little maidens' hearts we find,
In bygone days, as now, were kind.

The little boys, when all the land
Is gripped by winter's cold white hand,

With copper-colored cheeks aglow,
Toboggan down the hills of snow.

With war-whoops, mingled with the beat
Of many swiftly marching feet,

With arrow, tomahawk, and spear,
The Indian file approaches near.

Before they come, these Indians red,
You 'd better toddle off to bed.

WHAT PEOPLE DO IN HOLLAND

We talk and hear of Holland much;
The people there are called the Dutch.
The land is flat, the pasture good,
The horses sometimes made of wood!

The little boys and girls you meet
Are strong and sturdy, sound and sweet;
And every way you look you see
A windmill turning merrily.

"Ho, ho!" the white-capp'd women say,
A busy time is washing-day;
And when their clothes are wash'd they cry,
"Come, let us hang them out to dry!"

The smiling little folks we see,
Who dwell beside the Zuyder Zee,
Are just as fond of fun and jokes
As any other little folks.

The boys in Holland all declare
The girls are sweet and wondrous fair!

Old ladies living in this land
Are fond of pets, we understand;
An upturned basket, so they say,
Makes a good seat on market-day.

A bowl of milk is baby's fare,
And pussy always gets a share.

A goose might scare you very much
If it should say "Quack, quack" in Dutch!

The children often take their boat
Upon the Zuyder Zee to float.

The Dutch have shown themselves to be
A people full of industry,
And all the little maidens know
The way to knit and neatly sew;
And while the men are out at sea,
Or working in the factory,
The little girls are busy, too,
With socks to knit and lots to do!

When fishing-boats have sailed away,
The children may be sad all day;
But how delighted they will be
When Daddy 's home again from sea!

When fishing-boats come in from sea,
The women marketing must be.

When winter comes, with ice and snow,
The little people skating go.

Now rides a soldier without fear,
And sounds the bugle loud and clear.

On market-day whoever pleases
May buy the famous round Dutch cheeses.

The milkmaids milk the cows each day,
And carry pails of milk away.

The little folks look sweet when dress'd
In nice new frocks for Sunday best.

An early breakfast is the rule,
Then off the children go to school.
When school is over, lessons done,
The little people have some fun,
And over dikes and marshy land
They run and scamper hand in hand!
But though they chatter and they shout,
You 'd wonder what it 's all about ;
You would n't understand them much,
Because they even laugh in Dutch!

The Dutchmen always wisely say
A horse needs exercise each day.

The milk and cream, in richest store,
Are brought by women to the door.

The old folks fish with rod and line,
And think the sport is very fine.

The little Dutch girls, bright and gay,
With skipping-ropes delight to play.

One sees bright tiles, and many such,
Inside the houses of the Dutch.

The shoes the peasants always wear
Are just a simple wooden pair;
And when they run, the girls and boys
Make such a clatter, such a noise!
A wooden shoe should really fit,
Or you might walk right out of it!
Sometimes the rain in torrents pours,
Then little folks are kept indoors;
But surely this is true as much
Of other folks as of the Dutch.

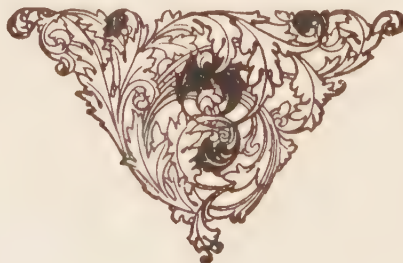
Beside the sea young maidens sit,
To watch for Father while they knit.

The people on the Sabbath day
Are dress'd in all their best array,
And walk to church, demure and slow,
The girls in caps as white as snow.
By red-til'd houses on they pass,
Across the fields and soft green grass;
While, with their mellow distant chime,
The bells make music all the time.

The fishermen that sail the sea
Are brave and gallant as can be.

There 's nothing lovelier to the girls
Than wooden dolls—no wax nor curls;
No others do they prize so much
As dollies that are really Dutch.

But boats, to all the little boys,
Appear to be the best of toys.



FUNNY PICTURES AND VERSES

A KINDERGARTEN LESSON.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.



"THREE rings as bright as silver,
And seven cut in half,
And such a funny man appeared
He really made me laugh.
'Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha!' said he.
'I'm Mr. Jollyboy, you see.'"

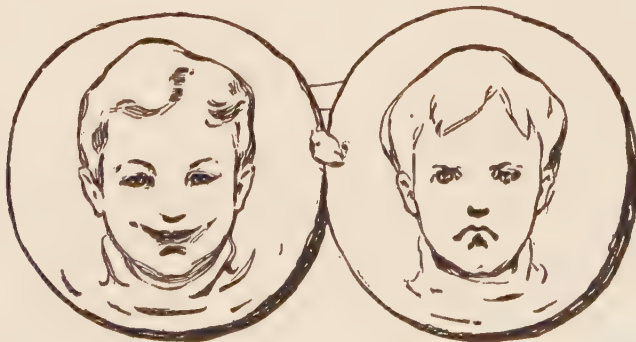


MR. JOLLYBOY.

Then Dorothy bethought herself
A little change to try,
And lo! so doleful was the face
It nearly made her cry.
'Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!' wept he.
'I'm Mr. Sorryboy, you see.'"



MR. SORRYBOY.



A PUZZLE

By C.F. LESTER.

Oh dear! I am so puzzled!
How I can really be
So very many different things
Is more than I can see.

Now, Mother often says I am

"Her ownest darling little -

But when I hug her, she'll declare,

"My sakes! Why, what a little -

The other day old Mrs. Scrimp

Cried, "My! That child's a perfect -

Whene'er I come within her reach,

Nurse wants to kiss "her little -

I know that I have often heard

My uncle say, "That boy's a -

My brother Tom said, when we slid

Down hill one day, "Now hang on, -

And yesterday, when I was sick,

Dear Grandma cried, "Poor little -

And so I am most puzzled!

How I can really be

So very many different things

Is quite too much for

ESTER





JANE'S ANSWER.

With umbrella and rubbers to keep off the rain,
 On a very moist morning I met little Jane.
 "Are you well?" I inquired. "Oh no, can't you see
 I'm dreadfully *under the weather*," said she.

C. F. Lester.

A FUNNY FIDDLER.

WHAT a smart little fellow a cricket must be!
 For if what they tell us is true,
 When he seems to be singing, he's fiddling in-
 stead,
 Which must be much harder to do.

But then if a cricket should happen to feel
 Like dancing, how fine it would be!
 For with two of his legs he could fiddle the
 tune
 And dance with the others, you see!

Henrietta R. Eliot.

A Rhyming Riddle



The Mighty Explorers

By John Ernest McCann

Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see t'other side of the moon.

Not a word! not a sound! it was very late—
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its rune,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten.
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!



JINGLES

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

THERE was a man in our town,
And all he did each day
Was to skip and hop along the streets
And on a trumpet play.



A MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT

THE most wonderful sight I ever did
see
Was an owl on the branch of our old
oak-tree;
His eyes were so large and his head
was so small
That he seemed all eyes and no head
at all.





A DILEMMA

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH

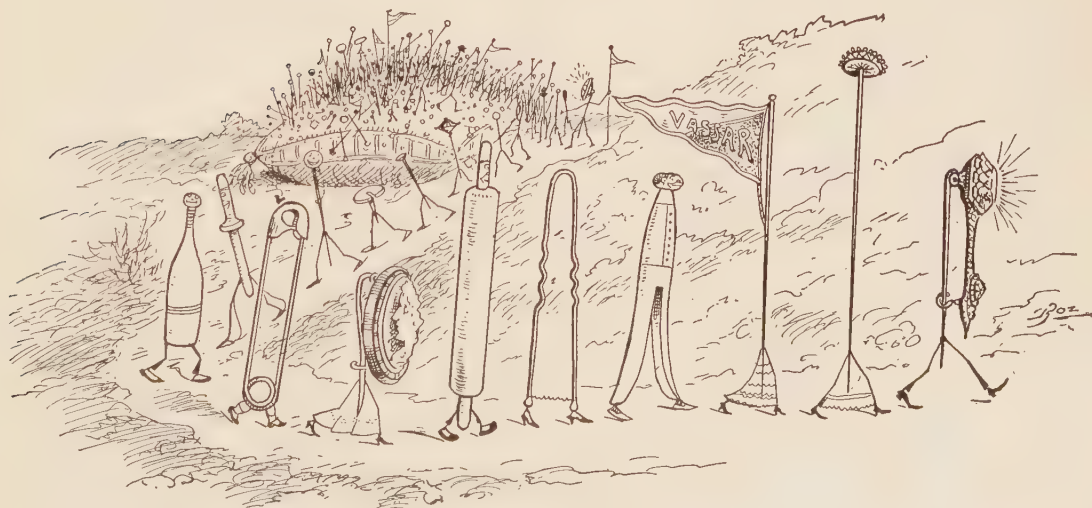
LITTLE man Noah lies all in the dark,
 For Nannie has left him alone in the ark;
 His cows are astray, his sheep are both lost,
 His elephant over the sofa has crossed;
 His chickens and birds in a frightened heap lie,
 With a couple of foxes staring close by;
 His horse has dropped down with two legs broken short,
 His pigs are all prisoned in Johnny's block fort,
 His camel lies helpless, tripped up in the mat,
 The rocking-chair rocks on his one spotted cat;
 His wife in the coal-hod, his sons in a shoe,—
 Pray, what in the world can the poor Noah do?
 Do you hear me, my darling? Run quick as you can,
 And out of the ark let that poor little man!



A HARVEST-HOME PROCESSION IN LILLIPUT-LAND.



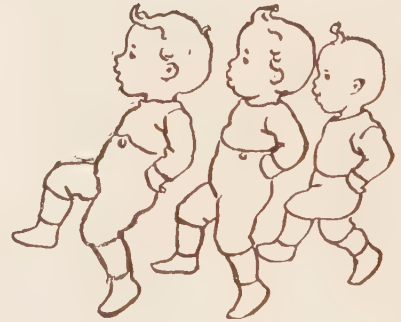
JOHNNY'S DREAM THAT MADE HIM VOW HE WOULD NEVER CATCH FLIES AGAIN.



THE ANNUAL PARADE OF THE GREAT PIN FAMILY.

CIRCUS-TIME

(THE EFFECT ON THE BOYS OF BOYVILLE)



THE HUMAN PYRAMID.



OH, THIS IS EASY!

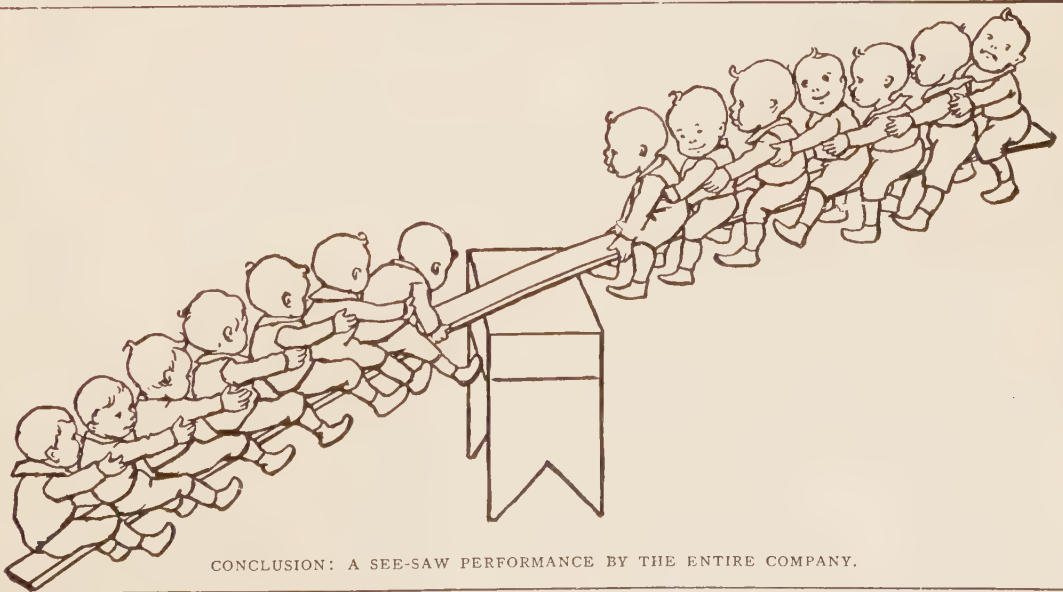


OH, LOOK AT THOSE CLOWNS!

HEY, STOP YOUR PUSHING THERE!



NOW, SOMEBODY MAKE HIM GO!



CONCLUSION: A SEE-SAW PERFORMANCE BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY.

At the County Fair in the Congo



FARMER HIPPO: "COME NOW, I'VE BOUGHT MY TICKET, AND YOU MUST LET ME GO UP WITH YOU!"

"A Word to the Wise"

By Louise M. Laughton

LITTLE owl in the glen
I'm ashamed of you;
You are ungrammatical
In speaking as you do.
You should say, "To *whom!* To *whom!*"
Not, "To *who!* To *who!*"

Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
May be *green*, 't is true,
But you never hear *her* say
"Katy *do!* She *do!*"

WHO 'S WHO IN THE ZOO ?

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

A is for the Antelope,
A beast that I have never met;
They say he jumps the skipping-rope
And makes a charming household pet.

Well, as to that I cannot say;
But A is for him, anyway.



C is for Codfish. He must be
The saltiest fish that swims the sea.

And, oh!

He has a secret woe!
You see, he thinks it's all his fault
The ocean is so very salt!

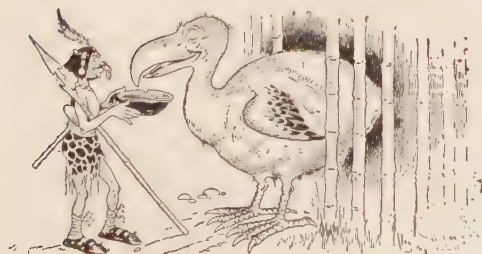
And so,

In hopeless grief and woe,
The Codfish has, for many years,
Shed quarts of salty, briny tears!

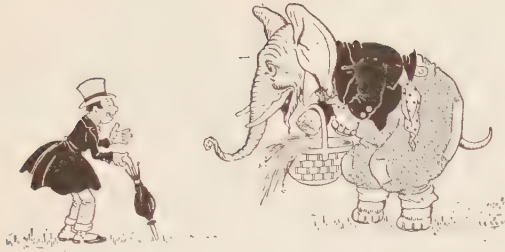
And, oh!

His tears still flow —
So great his grief and woe!

B stands for Bajjerkeit; maybe
You've never chanced this beast to see;
So I'll describe him to you. Well,
There is n't very much to tell.
One day I idly chanced to look
Within a Natural History book,
And there I saw his funny name,
And thought I'd hand him down to fame.



D stands for Dodo. He's a bird
That is n't known to many;
And this the reason, I have heard —
Because there are n't any!
The Dodo, who once blithely blinked,
Is now exceedingly extinct;
And does n't it seem rather nice
To think that D stands for him twice?



F is Flamingo. All please note
 His wondrous height and girth;
 He has the longest legs and throat
 Of anything on earth.
 Such throats are trying, are they not?
 In case one catches cold;
 Ah, yes! but just think what a lot
 His Christmas stockings hold!



H is for Hippopotamus.
 If you desire a pet,
 He is, it really seems to us,
 The best that you can get.
 Train him to follow at your heels
 Whene'er you walk abroad,
 And note with what delighted squeals
 The lookers-on applaud!



J stands for Jay. This little fellow
 Is blue. Sometimes I think
 I'd like him better were he yellow,
 Or even reddish pink.
 I know, of course, it is absurd
 To mind the color of a bird;
 And, now I think of it, I've seen
 Some Jays that were exceeding green.

E is for Elephant. I know
 He is n't natty, trim, or trig;
 His eyes are rather small, and, oh,
 I fear his ears are far too big!
 But there's a well-attested rumor
 That he has quite a sense of humor;
 So crack a joke whene'er you meet
 An Elephant upon the street.



G stands for Gnu. Of course that's right,
 but then,
 It seems as if it *should* begin with N.
 I could select some other beast as well —
 Say, Goose or Grampus, Gadfly or Gazelle;
 But seems to me the Gnu is more attractive,
 He is so merry, frivolous, and active.



I is for Ibex. This fine creature
 Is favored well in form and feature.
 And I is for Ichneumon, too —
 But what is that to me or you?
 But Ibex answers just as well,
 And is n't near so hard to spell.



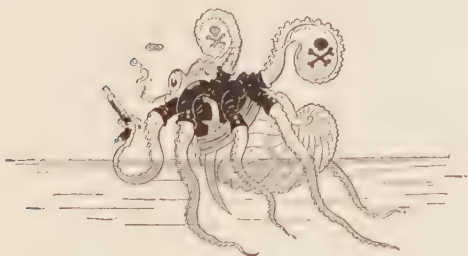
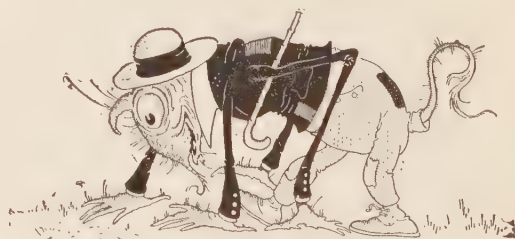
K stands for Kangaroo. I've looked all round:

A better beast for K cannot be found.
The Kangaroo can hop and hop and hop;
Somehow he never seems to want to stop.
What more could one desire of him, I pray,
Than just to hop around and stand for K?



L is for Leopard. Do you know
He's very, very vain?
And sometimes quite dejectedly
He mopes along the plain.
At these sad times the Leopard's heart
Is filled with angry passion,
Because his spots are out of date,
And Zebra stripes in fashion!
But other years, when fashion-books
Say spots are all the style,
The Leopard proudly stalks abroad
With most complacent smile.

M is for Microbe. This bad beast
Is very, very small;
Some people say — or think, at least —
He is n't there at all!
He's smaller than the mitiest mite;
The only way he comes in sight
Is when he's pictured in a book,
Or through a microscopes you look.



N is for Nautilus, and he's
A pirate, bold and gay;
He dashes madly through the seas,
A-searching of his prey.
He's just a sort of silvery mass,
All spotted blue and pink;
And with his eye, which looks like glass,
He winks a wicked wink.

O stands for the obsequious Ounce,
Who weighs full many a pound;
At you he playfully would bounce,
If you were walking round.
Approach him and the Ounce you'll see
Spring like a catapult;
Just try it once, and you will be
Surprised at the result.





P stands for Puma. His sleek paws
Go softly pit-a-pat;
His teeth are sharp, and sharp his claws;
He's just a great big cat.
There were some Pumas in the ark;
There are some also in the park:
But, strange to say, in Montezuma
They do not raise a single Puma!

Q stands for Quagga. We've been taught
Nothing was ever made in vain;
But even after serious thought
The Quagga's use is not quite plain.
Though, stay! — ah, yes! at last I see
Why the queer Quagga has to be:
Were there no Quaggas, how would you
Find any beast to stand for Q?



R 's for Rhinoceros. You see
His clothing does not fit;
Yet so indifferent is he,
He does n't care a bit.
Although it does not seem to us
The unconcerned Rhinoceros
Has any claim to wit or grace,
We must admire his earnest face.

S stands for Sponge. You'd scarce suppose
This could be called a creature;
It has n't any eyes or nose —
Indeed, it has no feature.
And, though this may cause some surprise,
The mermaids, I dare say,
Will set a Sponge at night to rise,
And make sponge-cake next day.



T stands for Tiger. In the south
He roams his native heath.
He has a wide, capacious mouth,
And long and glistening teeth.
'T is not worth while your time to spend
To cultivate him as a friend;
But to your house, so warm and snug,
Invite the Tiger as a rug.

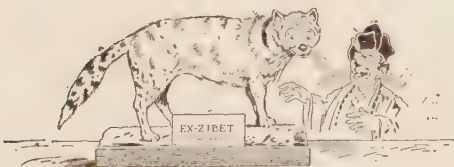
U is for the Unicorn,
 The dearest little thing;
 Though he has but a single horn,
 And not a single wing.
 A Unicorn of any age
 Is nicer, so I've heard,
 To keep within a gilded cage
 Than a canary-bird.



W is for Whale. He's in
 The oceans, north and south.
 He does n't have a dimpled chin,
 Nor yet a rosebud mouth.
 Yet he is very fond of fun,
 And has wide smiles for every one.



Y is for Yak,
 Who is not very tidy;
 And he's lazy, alack!
 He sleeps all day Friday.
 About a yard wide
 The Yak is, precisely;
 With fringe on each side
 He's trimmed very nicely.



V is for Vervet. From his name
 You'd be inclined to think
 This creature rather mild and tame,
 In color somewhat pink.
 But not at all; the Vervet's green,
 And very cross and spunky;
 In fact, it's plainly to be seen
 The Vervet's just a monkey!



X stands for Xiphias; he's a fish.
 If you a Xiphias should wish,
 Don't let him roam around the grass,
 But keep him in a globe of glass.
 His name, as everybody knows,
 Is *Xiphias Gladius*. I suppose
 That means the Xiphias is glad
 Because he was n't born a Shad.



Z stands for Zibet. I've been told
 This beast was much esteemed of old;
 But, latterly, most people think
 They'd rather have a moose or mink.
 In a museum that's in Tibet
 They have one stuffed—he's an Ex-Zibet!

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE SITTER OBJECTS, BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS THE PICTURE.



LITTLE NATURE LESSONS

LESSON I—ABOUT THE AIR

Tom and Dick were twin boys. They lived at a farm-house in the country.

They went to the village school, and were in the same class. They were very fond of their school and their lessons.

When school was over for the day, their father, the farmer, liked them to tell him about their lessons.

"What have you been learning to-day, boys?" he would ask.

One evening Dick said, with a laugh, "We had a lesson to-day about something we can't see. Guess what it was, father."

But his father only began to scratch his head. At last he said, "That 's too big a puzzle for me, Dick. Give it up."

"Well, it was about the air, and we can't see that. Can we?" said Dick.

"Teacher pushed the mouth of an empty bottle down into the water. But he could not make the water go right up, and fill the bottle, till he slanted it. Then bubbles rose, and the water rushed in.

"The bottle was not really empty, as it seemed to be. It was full of air, you know. So there was not room for all the water to get in. It was the air from the bottle that made those bubbles. As the air passed out, it made room for the water."

"Yes, teacher says there is air everywhere," added Tom. "He pushed a dry sponge down into the water, and bubbles rose up from that. As the water filled up the holes in the sponge, it forced out the air that was in them. That air made the bubbles."

"Yes," said Dick, "air is a real thing, and it is everywhere. We cannot see it, and we do not feel it, when we sit still. But we can feel it when we move about."

"We feel it, too," said Tom, "if teacher waves a fan in front of us, or blows the bellows in our faces. We feel the air then because it is moving. When the air moves,

it makes other things move, too. The bellows moved the air, and the moving air sent a little boat along on the water."

"You say air is a real thing," said his father. "Now all the real things I know, such as stones, wood, clay, and water, weigh something. Does this air you are talking about weigh anything?"

"Yes, father, it does," said both the boys. "We saw teacher weigh it."

"Oh, how did he manage that?"

"Well, he put a big glass bottle into the scales," said Tom, "and weighed it, just as we weigh other things."

"Don't forget," said Dick, "the bottle was not really empty. It was full of air."

"Yes, of course it was," said Tom. "And when teacher stood it over the spirit lamp, we thought every minute it would burst. But it did not burst, and when he weighed it again, it was not so heavy. The air had been forced out of it, and that made it lighter than it was at first.

"Of course, this proves that the air weighs something. Does n't it?"

"Do you know what would happen if all the air could be forced out of this room?" asked their father.

"We should choke and die," they both replied. "We breathe air. We could not live without air."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. There is air everywhere, although we cannot see it.
2. Air is a real thing and takes up room.
3. Air, like every other thing, has weight.
4. Air can be felt when it is moving about.
5. When air moves it makes other things move.
6. We breathe air.

LESSON II—THE SKY

One morning the two boys were at play, when their father came along.

"Shall we go for a ramble?" he asked. "I hear there is no school to-day."

Dick and Tom were ready in a moment. They liked nothing better than a ramble with father. He could always find something new to show them. He told them there was much to learn, even from common things in the roadway and in the fields.

Some people would pass by these things without notice. But he used to say he wanted his boys to learn to go about the world with their eyes open.

It was just the sort of day for a long ramble. They walked on and on, chatting as they went, till father said:

"Let us sit down on this fallen tree for a rest; you must be tired."

"What a lovely blue sky," said Dick, as they sat there. "It looks to me like a big blue basin placed upside down. It seems to cover the earth all over, like a great round roof, and we are sitting just under the middle of it."

"What is the sky made of?" asked Tom.

"Why, the sky is only the air, which is all round us," said his father. "It stretches up and up, ever so high. But do you know what those white patches are in the sky?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom. "They are clouds; rain comes from the clouds. When it is very cold, the clouds send us snow and hail instead of rain. The clouds cover the blue sky, and hide it from us when rain is coming."

"Yes, and they sometimes hide the sun, too," said his father. "It is warm and bright now, because the sun is shining. But when the clouds shut out the sun, it is cold and dull. The sun, you know, gives us warmth and light."

"Yes, and at night when we cannot see the sun," said Dick, "the moon and stars shine in the sky, and give us light."

"The moon is not so bright as the sun," said Tom. "It is white and silvery. We can look at it without hurting our eyes, but we cannot look at the bright sun. It is like a great round ball of fire."

"The moon, you know, changes its shape," said their father. "Take this chalk, and draw the moon as we sometimes see it. When it is this shape, we call it a New Moon. This one we call a Half Moon, and when it is round like a ball, we call it a Full Moon."

"I think the stars are like tiny lamps dotted over the sky," said Dick. "They shine and twinkle all night long. What a number of stars there are in the sky."

"Yes," said his father, "but sometimes the clouds shut out the moon and stars, and then the night is very dark."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. The air all round us reaches high above our heads and forms the sky.
2. Clouds float about in the sky. They send the rain.
3. The clouds sometimes send hail and snow.
4. The sun warms us and gives us light in the daytime.
5. The moon and stars give us light at night.

LESSON III—THE SUN

"Would it be always dark and cold, father, if we had no sun at all in the sky?" asked Dick that evening. "It always gets dark and cold at night."

"Ah, my lad," said his father, "without the sun this world of ours would be a very cold, dark, dreary place indeed. Nothing could grow, not even a blade of grass. No creature could live in it. It would be a dead world."

"I want you to be up with the lark in the morning," he added. "We will have a scamper before breakfast, and learn something about the sun."

So away they went to bed, and before daylight they were trudging across the fields with their father.

All at once he stopped, and pointed straight in front of them.

"Look," he said; "our friend the sun is just getting up. Stand still, and watch the great round ball come up, little by little. We say the sun is rising. I know where to look for it," he added, "for it always rises in the same place. We call that the east. The sun is very low down, near the earth now, but it is not always low down like this. In fact, it has been getting higher, ever since we first saw it."

"Yes," said Dick, "and we sometimes see the sun very high in the sky."

"Do you know when the sun is highest?" asked his father. "It reaches its highest point in the sky at twelve o'clock every day. That part of the day we call noon."

"Then I suppose fore-noon means before twelve o'clock, and after-noon after twelve o'clock," said Tom.

"Right," said his father. "Now where do we see the sun in the evening?"

"It is low down in the sky then, near the earth," said Dick.

"True," said his father, "but we do not

find it then in the east part of the sky. Point to the sun now with your right hand, and then stretch out your left hand in a line with it. Your left hand is now pointing to the part of the sky where you must look for the sun in the evening. We call that the west.

"Every day it seems to travel across the sky in a great curve. It reaches the top of the curve at noon, and all the after-noon it gets lower and lower.

"Then as the evening comes on, it sinks down out of sight in the west. We say the sun sets in the west.

"So the sun rises every morning in the east, and sets every evening in the west.

"When you look toward the sun at mid-day you are facing the south. If then you turn your back to the sun, you will have in front of you the north, where the sun is never seen."

"The clouds must be nearer to us than the sun," said Dick, "for they sometimes hide it from us altogether."

"Yes," said his father. "Sometimes the clouds cover the whole sky, but the sun is up there behind them, shining just the same, though we cannot see it."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. The sun is a great round ball of fire.
2. The clouds are nearer to us than the sun.
3. The sun rises in the east every morning, and sets in the west every evening.
4. The sun is at its highest point in the sky at noon.
5. It is then in the south.
6. When we look toward the south, the north is behind us.
7. We never see the sun in the north.

LESSON IV—THE STARS

"Why does the sun go down?" asked Tom, one evening, as they were coming in from the field.

"Well," said his father, "the earth on which we live is round, and when the sun appears to go down, it is shining on another part of the earth. The other people have day when we have night."

"I do dislike the night," said Dick; "everything is so dark when the sun goes down that we cannot see anything."

"That is a mistake," said his brother. "At night we can see the beautiful stars, those little diamonds which shine all night long."

"Suppose," said their father, "we look at the stars after supper."

Nothing could have pleased the boys bet-

ter, so after supper they all went out on the porch and looked at the sky. The moon had not risen, and the entire sky seemed to be filled with stars.

"Look toward the north," said their father, "about half way up from the earth. Do you see four stars like the corners of a box that look very bright?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I see them, and there seem to be three others near them."

"That is right," said his father. "These seven stars make what is called the dipper, because together they look something like a dipper. The two front stars are called the pointers, because they point to another bright star right north. That is called the north star. That star does not seem to move, and mariners when at sea look for that star at night, so they can tell which way they are going."

"What are those four bright stars over our heads? They look like an oblong which had been bent out of shape," said Dick.

"You mean like a rhomboid," said his father. "Those stars with a number of others make a group called in olden times Leo, that is, the Lion. It always appears over our heads in April. The sun rises near it in July, and as the heat is then very great, the people thought that this group of stars caused it, and they called the group the Lion because that animal is so fierce. Now look and see if you can find three very bright stars in a row not quite over our heads in the west."

"Yes, I see them," said Dick, "and there seems to be another star which is brighter on one side."

"I see a brighter star on each side," said Tom. "What are those stars?"

"Those five stars, with others, make a group called Orion. This group is named for a very famous hunter of olden times. The three stars form his belt. They also point, and if you will notice to the south you will see a very bright star, brighter than any others. Do you see it? It looks as if it were just above the trees."

"Yes, I see it," said both boys at once. "It looks pure white."

"That is right," said their father. "That star is Sirius, the largest star in the heavens. It is hundreds of times larger than our sun."

"What makes it look so small, then?" said Tom. "I thought these stars were very small. They look like little diamonds."

"Yes," said his father, "they do, but they

are so far away that only a little light gets to us."

"Are the stars shining all the time?" asked Dick. "I thought they came out only when the sun went down."

"They are shining all the time," answered his father; "but, because we get so much more light from the sun, we cannot see them—just as, you know, you cannot see the light of a candle in the daytime. At night, however, as soon as the sun goes down, their light shines out."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. When the sun is shining on the other side of the earth, it is night here and day there. Why is that?
2. Why are the two stars of the dipper called pointers?
3. Why does the mariner want to see the north star?
4. Why do the stars appear to be so small?
5. What is the largest star you can see?
6. Why can you not see the stars in the daytime?

LESSON V—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

At noon the next day the two boys were standing in the road watching the sun, when their father came along.

"There," said Tom, "that part of the sky, where the sun is now, we call the south; behind us is the north."

"Don't stand out there in the hot sun, boys," said their father, as he came up. "It is nicer and cooler in the shade."

"What makes the shade?" asked Dick.

"Well," he replied, "the sun cannot shine through trees and walls. It throws a dark patch on the ground. This dark patch is a shade, or a shadow. Go and stand where you were standing just now."

"Why, that must be my shadow on the ground," said Dick.

"Of course it is," said his father. "The sun cannot shine through your body, and so it casts a shadow."

"Why is it cool as well as shady under a tree, father?" asked Tom.

"Because the heat of the sun is shut off, as well as its light," said his father.

"It is just twelve o'clock now," he added. "You know the sun is always at its highest point in the sky at noon. Stand still, and I will measure the length of your shadow on the ground."

"There," he said. "Now, this afternoon you shall measure each other's shadow from time to time."

Evening came, and their father said, "Well, boys, what about the shadows?"

"We took the measure ever so many times, father," said Dick, "but each time it was longer than it was before."

"Yes, my boy, your measure was all right," said their father. "The shadows grew longer, because the sun was getting lower in the sky all the afternoon."

"At noon, when the sun was high up above our heads, it cast short shadows. But just before sunset, when the sun was low down, it shone full on your body, and so threw a long shadow. The noon-day sun in winter is not nearly so high in the sky, as it was at noon to-day. What sort of shadows will you expect to see then?"

"Long shadows, father," said Dick.

"Quite right, my lad," said his father; "and now I don't think you will ever forget that short shadows mean long days, and long shadows short days. The sun mounts higher at noon in the summer, than it does in the winter. It rises much earlier and sets much later. The days are longer and warmer in summer than in winter."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Bodies, through which the light cannot pass, cast shadows on the ground.
2. Bodies which shut off the light of the sun shut off its heat also.
3. When the sun is low in the sky the shadows are long; when the sun is high the shadows are short.
4. The noon shadows in summer are shorter than they are in winter.
5. The sun rises earlier and sets later in the summer than in the winter, and it also mounts higher in the sky at noon.
6. That is why the days are longer and warmer in the summer than in the winter.

LESSON VI—CLOUDS IN THE SKY

"There will be no going out to-day," said Tom as he stood at the window. "It *is* coming down, and no mistake."

"Yes, I think it is set in for a wet day," said his father. "The sky is covered with thick clouds. Sometimes, you know, there are only a few little white patches of cloud, dotted about over the blue sky."

"How pretty those light fleecy clouds look," said Dick. "They seem to me like loose white wool, or feathers."

"So they do," replied his father; "and they are often called feather clouds."

"I like to watch those great curly clouds, which are sometimes piled up, heap upon heap, in the sky," said Tom.

"Ah, those are called heap clouds," said his father, "and when the sun breaks through them, they look very grand and beautiful. Some clouds are not piled up in curly masses, but stretch across the sky, low down, in beds or layers. Those are known as layer clouds."

"What are clouds made of, father?" asked Dick.

"I will show you," he said. "The kettle is singing on the stove. There, what do you see now coming out of the spout?"

"Oh, that is steam," they both said.

"Well, it is really a little cloud," he replied. "The heat of the fire changes the water into a cloud of steam."

"Take this wet plate, and hold it in front of the fire. The heat of the fire is making another little cloud."

"What would happen if we stood the wet plate out in the hot sun?"

"The plate would soon get dry," said Dick. "The wet clothes get dry, when they are hung out on the line."

"Yes, the heat of the sun changes the water, which makes them wet, into a little cloud. The cloud floats away, as this one does," said his father.

"And now, can you tell me why the cloud floats away?"

"I suppose it is because the cloud is lighter than air," said Dick; "all light things float."

"Yes," said his father, "the cloud is light, and the heavy air forces it up. That is why clouds float in the sky."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. There are feather clouds, heap clouds, layer clouds, and rain clouds.
2. Heat changes water into cloud.
3. Clouds float in the sky because they are lighter than the air.
4. The heavy air forces the light cloud upward.

LESSON VII—CLOUDS AND RAIN

"Are all the clouds in the sky made of steam, like the steam that comes out of the kettle, Maude?" asked her little sister Ella. "Dick says they are."

"So they are," said Dick. "Father told us that the steam, which comes from the kettle, is a real little cloud."

Maude was the eldest of the family at the farm-house. The younger children all looked up to her, for she was so clever, and knew so much about things.

"Ah, wait a bit, Dick," she said with a

smile. "Take this slate, and hold it close up against the little cloud, which is puffing out of the spout of the kettle."

"The slate is getting wet," he said, as he held it there. "Little round drops of water are rolling down it, and the water must have come from the steam."

"So it did," said Maude, "and yet that white cloud, which you see, is not steam. 'Look; we cannot see the real steam, when it first puffs out of the spout. We do not see it till it begins to change back into water. Then it forms a cloud, some distance from the spout. This we call vapor—water vapor.'

"The air of the room is not so cold as the slate. It could not change the steam into drops of water at once, as the slate did. But it is cold enough to make it begin to change, and in that state it forms a white cloud of water vapor. The heat of the sun changes water into vapor like this. It is vapor—not steam—that rises to form clouds."

"When this vapor of the clouds gets cold, it changes into drops of real water. Water cannot float in the air as vapor does, because it is heavier than the air. It falls in drops of rain."

"I caught some rain-drops on a dusty board, when it was raining, and watched them roll about," said Ella. "The little balls of water do sparkle in the sun."

"Ah," said Maude, "you have all seen a rainbow in the sky. It is the sun shining on the drops of rain, as they fall, that makes those beautiful colors in the rainbow. It is because every little rain-drop is a round ball of water, that the bow itself is curved or round."

"There is just one thing more," she added. "You have seen the big clouds chasing one another across the sky. Do you know what makes them move? It is the wind that blows them along from one part of the sky to another. This is a good thing, you see, for the rain does not all fall in one place."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Steam cannot be seen, but vapor can be seen.
2. Vapor changes again into drops of water when it gets cold.
3. Water is heavier than air. The drops of water cannot float in the air. They fall as rain.
4. Rainbows are formed by the sun shining on the round drops of rain, as they fall from the clouds.
5. The wind blows the clouds about from one part of the sky to another. Hence the rain does not all fall in one place.

LESSON VIII—THE WIND AND THE WEATHER

"I know why father has that funny cock-a-doodle on the roof of the barn," said Dick. "It is a weather-cock. It tells him what weather to expect."

"It must be a very clever bird," said Tom. "How does it do that?"

"I will tell you," said his father.

"You see, first of all, there are four arms with the letters N. E. S. W. at the ends of them. These arms are fixed. One points to the north, one to the east, one to the south, and one to the west.

"The bird, you know, is not fixed. It moves round on that spike. Wait a moment. I will make you one."

So saying, he cut out a paper figure of the weather-cock. He then made two small slits in it, and pushed his lead pencil through the slits.

"There," he said; "now blow as hard as you can against the bird, and you will see how it works."

"That 's funny," said Tom. "The bird spins round, and looks me straight in the face. Here, you try it, Dick."

Dick took it and blew. Then his father had a try. But it was still the same. The bird again spun round, and faced him as he blew.

"Can you tell me now why the cock-a-doodle on the roof of the barn spins round?" he asked.

"The wind must blow it round," said Dick.

"Yes, it does," he said, "and you can tell which way the wind is blowing, for the bird always faces the wind."

"But why does it face the wind?" asked Tom. "That 's just the puzzle."

"Well, you see, our paper bird is fixed on the pencil much nearer the head than the tail," said his father. "When we blow, we must blow the big broad tail part away from us, so the head always faces the wind. The weather-cock is fixed in the same way. It must face the wind."

"But what has the wind to do with the weather, father?" asked Tom.

"I will tell you," he said. "The north winds come from a part of the world where there is ice and snow all the year round. They are cold biting winds.

"You know the little song—

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

"The south winds blow from hot lands, where ice and snow are never seen. They bring us warm weather. The winds from the ocean bring us rain, the winds from land usually are dry winds."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. The weather-cock tells us which way the wind is blowing.
2. The head of the bird always faces the wind.
3. When we know the direction from which the wind is blowing, we can tell what kind of weather is coming.
4. The north wind brings cold weather; the south wind warm weather.
5. Winds from the ocean bring rain clouds.

LESSON IX—THINGS THAT GROW IN THE GROUND

One morning the two boys watched Maude, as she came along the garden path, with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"What lovely flowers," said Dick.

"Yes," she replied, "they are lovely indeed. I have just cut them for the table. I am so fond of flowers."

"So am I," said both the boys.

"Well," she said, "my garden work is done for to-day. Shall we have a little chat about flowers now?"

"Oh, yes, please," they replied.

"I think every one must love flowers," she said. "They are so beautiful. Look at them. They are white, red, yellow, blue, pink—all sorts of colors, and all sorts of shapes. How soft and smooth and tender they are, too. They would soon wither.

"Run and get some water to put them in, Ella, or they will die," she added.

"What, do you mean to say they are alive?" said Dick.

"Yes, Dick," replied Maude, "all the flowers in the garden are living things. They live and grow in the ground. Let us walk down the garden, and look at some of those living things. Here is one. Do you see anything else on it besides flowers?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "there are leaves as well as flowers."

"Of course," she replied; "and you see the leaves on this one are not the same shape as those on the next, although they are all the same color—green. The leaves grow on stalks, and the stalks come from the stem, which springs up out of the ground.

"So, you see, these living things are made up of many parts." As she spoke, she pulled one of them up, and shook it.

"Here is another part," she said, "which we could not see while it was in the ground. It is the root. All things that live and grow in the ground are plants. The garden flowers, the green grass, the crops in the fields, and the great tall trees are all plants. The root holds the plant firmly in the soil. But it does more than that. As the plant is a living thing, it must have food, or it would die. The root finds food for the plant in the soil."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Things which live and grow in the ground are called plants.
2. Plants have many parts, and one part is not at all like another.
3. The root feeds the plant with food, which it gets out of the soil.
4. The root holds the plant firmly in the ground.
5. The stem supports the plant.
6. The leaves grow on stalks.

LESSON X—THROUGH MARSH AND WOODLAND

"We have still a good walk before us; we must start out," said the farmer.

So Dick and his cousin Frank followed the farmer, who was Dick's father. Frank never forgot his first walk in the country. At nearly every turn his uncle had something to show him. And it was all so new and strange to this boy, straight from the crowded city where he lived.

Once they came to a place, where the ground was wet and sloppy. The boys could not walk on it.

"Look out," said Dick, "there is water just under the grass here. Your feet will sink in."

"Ah, this is not really grass," said his father. "It is much too coarse for grass. We call it sedge, and it always grows on these marsh-lands or bogs. The stalks of the sedge, you see, are thick. There is more stalk than leaf. The cattle would not eat this."

"But you told us that the best grass grows in the meadow, because the soil is moist there, uncle," said Frank.

"Yes, my lad, but you may have too much of a good thing," said the farmer. "Grass wants some moisture in the soil. Good grass will not grow in dry soil. But no grass of any kind would grow in this wet swampy land.

"One of these days you will see the men laying down drain-pipes in the ground. They are to drain off the water from my

fields. If I let the rain-water settle in the soil, the land would get wet and sloppy like this. Then neither corn nor grass would grow in it."

"May we go into the woods now, father?" said Dick. "I know Frank wants to go."

Of course they went, and Frank thought he had never seen anything so lovely.

"Look," said Dick. "The trees in the wood grow tall, but they do not spread out wide. I wonder why that is."

"Well, you see," said his father, "in many parts of the wood the trees are so close together, that there is not room for another one to grow. There is no room for them to spread out. They grow tall instead."

"But why do they grow so tall, father?" asked Dick.

"Because plants cannot live without plenty of sunshine and air," he replied. "Each tree tries to lift its head above the others into the sunshine. Do you know what use we make of the trunks of trees?"

"They are sawn up into planks of wood or timber," said Dick.

"Which trunks give the best timber?"

"Those that are straight, thick, and tall," said Dick.

"Right," said his father. "We grow trees in a wood, because they grow taller there, and make the best trunks."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Marsh-land is wet, swampy soil.
2. Rushes and sedge grow there; but no grass for pasture.
3. Woodland is land covered with trees.
4. Trees grow tall and straight in a wood.
5. They grow tall, because they are all trying to lift up their heads above the rest, to get into the sunshine.
6. These trees give the best timber.

LESSON XI—SOMETHING ABOUT MILK

Milking-time was another great treat for Frank. The cows were driven home from the fields to the farm-yard morning and evening, to be milked.

When he first saw them coming in, he asked Maude what it all meant.

She pointed to the great swollen udders of the cows. "The udder is big, because it is full of milk," she said. "If the cows were not milked at the proper time, they would be in great pain.

"Do you see how quietly they stand while the milking goes on?" she added. "When it is all over they feel easy. The cow-boy

will then drive them back to the meadows. But he will bring them in again toward evening, for they must be milked twice a day."

Day by day after that, Frank was sure to be seen in the farm-yard about milking-time. Perhaps he was looking out for the glass of rich warm new milk, which the maid always gave him.

One day Maude sent Frank to the dairy for a glass of milk. He thought she wanted it to drink.

"No," said Maude; "you may drink the milk by and by if you like. But we are going to have a chat about it first."

So Frank ran off to fetch his two cousins, and they all sat down together.

"Now," said Maude, "look at the milk. What is the first thing you notice?"

"It is a liquid," said Tom. "It flows about like water."

"What color is it?" she asked again.

"White," they all cried out.

"Is the water in this other tumbler white, too?"

"No," said Dick; "water is not the same color as milk."

"Then what color is it?"

This was a puzzle. They could see the milk was white sure enough, but they could not tell the color of the water.

Just then Maude made some of the water red, green, blue, and black. It was very easy. She only had to drop a little color into the water each time.

"There," she said, "I can change the water into all sorts of colors. But real water has no color at all."

Then she held up a penny behind the glass of milk.

"Can you see this penny?" she asked.

"No," said Dick, "we can see it through the water, but not through the milk."

"Right. We cannot see through milk; we say milk is an opaque liquid."

She next showed them a glass of milk that had been standing. There was a thick cream floating on the top of it.

"Now," she went on, "let us find out what this cream is."

She poured a little milk on a sheet of clean white paper, and some water on another sheet. Then she held both sheets before the fire to dry. The milk left a greasy stain, but there was no stain from the water on the other paper.

"Milk, you see, is a fatty or greasy liquid,"

she said. "If our eyes were sharp enough to see, we should find that the milk is full of tiny balls of fat. These balls of fat are lighter than the rest of the milk. That is why they rise to the top. They form the cream."

"See, I can skim the cream off the top of the milk with the spoon."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Milk is a white opaque liquid.
2. Everything we cannot see through is opaque.
3. Milk is full of tiny balls of fat.
4. These balls of fat are lighter than the rest of the milk.
5. They rise to the top and form cream.

LESSON XII—BEES

"I do like to listen to the bees humming round us, as we sit in the garden," said Frank. "Don't you, Maude?"

"But, I say," he added, "do those little things make all the nice honey, which we eat on our bread? And can they do it all, without any one to help them?"

"Ah, I see," said Maude, "you want me to talk to you about the bees. Well, find the boys, and we'll have a chat."

"Let me see," she said, as they all sat down under a tree, "where shall I begin? Suppose I begin with the bee itself. The bee is an insect. This means that its body looks as if it were cut through in two places. The word 'insect' means 'cut into.'"

"It has two pairs of very thin wings, and six legs, three on each side. But the strangest part of the bee is its long tongue. It is covered with hairs like a brush. The bee can push it down to the very bottom of the flowers."

"But why does it want to do that, Maude?" asked Frank.

"Because at the bottom of most flowers there is a tiny drop of sweet juice," said his cousin. "The bee sucks up this sweet juice with its long tongue, and it goes down into a little bag in its inside, which we call the honey-bag."

"The bee visits flower after flower, and sucks up the sweet juice, till the bag is quite full of honey. Then it flies away to the hive to store it."

"Oh, now I see it all," said Dick. "The honey is in the flowers, and the bees go round and gather it."

"Yes, but bees get something else from the flowers besides honey," she went on. "As they push themselves in to reach the

honey, they get covered with fine yellow dust from the inside of the flower. They carry this home, as well as the honey. They use it to make food for their young ones. We call it bee-bread."

"What clever little things they must be, Maude," said Frank.

"They are indeed," she replied, "and they work very hard, too."

"I wish I could have a peep inside one of the hives," said Dick.

"Well, as you can't do that," said Maude, "I will tell you about it. Thousands of bees live together in one hive, and all have their work to do.

"As soon as they settle in the hive, they start building row after row of little boxes, or cells. These cells are to hold the honey, which the other bees bring home. When the cells are built, they form a number of walls side by side. We call these walls of cells the honey-comb. They always build their cells the same shape, with six sides. They build them with wax, which they make from the food they have eaten. And they close up the cells with wax, when they are full of honey."

"Why do they store the honey up in that way?" asked Frank.

"Well, they seem to know there will be no flowers in winter," said Maude. "They store honey all the summer to last them till the flowers come again. They are wise as well as clever, you see."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. There is honey in the bottom of most flowers.
2. The bee sucks up this honey with its long tongue.
3. The yellow dust in the flowers mixed with honey makes bee-bread to feed the young bees.
4. Thousands of bees live together in the hive.
5. They build their honey-combs in the hive with wax.
6. They make walls of little cells or boxes side by side, to hold the honey.
7. They store honey in the summer to keep them alive during the winter.

LESSON XIII—MORE ABOUT BEES

"Shall we have another chat about the bees to-day, boys?" asked Maude.

"Oh, yes, I love the busy bees," said Tom. "So do I," said the other boys.

"Yes, but they don't all deserve that name," she said. "Some of them are big, heavy, and lazy. They want the others to work for them. Those are the male bees or drones. They spend a roving life all the

summer, living on the honey which the workers gather. But before winter comes, the other bees set upon them, and sting them to death. They won't let them live in idleness on the food they have worked hard to get.

"The busy bees, or workers, gather the honey and build the cells. Then there is in every hive one bee, which is the mother of all the rest. She is the Queen Bee. She never leaves the hive to get honey, for she cannot fly far. The other bees pay her great respect. They do whatever she wishes, and go wherever she goes.

"The queen, as the mother of all the rest, lays thousands of eggs from day to day. Some of the cells are set apart as nests to hold the queen's eggs."

"Yes, but how do all the young bees find room in the hive?" asked Frank.

"That is just what I thought you would ask," said Maude. "I will tell you. Among the thousands of young bees, that come from the eggs, there is almost sure to be another queen hatched. That means, of course, two queen bees in the same hive—two queens in the same country. That could never last long.

"One of them must leave. So out that one goes, and a large number of the other bees go with her. They follow her wherever she goes, to find a new home.

"The queen bee has small wings, she cannot fly far. So she soon settles on a branch of a tree. The other bees will not leave her. They swarm round her in thousands. They look like an immense bunch of grapes, as they hang there.

"Then the bee-keeper catches them. He puts a new hive, with some syrup or honey in it, just below them, and gently shakes the branch. The swarm quietly drop down, and make their way into the hive, to get to the syrup. If the queen is with them, they will stay there, and the man can take the hive home with them in it. But if not, they will fly away, find her, and swarm again.

"You must not go too near the bees when they are swarming. They sometimes get angry, and then they sting. The man himself has to be careful."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. There are three kinds of bees in the hive—the Queen, the Drones and the Workers.
2. The Drones are lazy; they do no work.
3. The Workers build the cells and gather honey.

4. The Queen is the mother of all. She lays eggs in some of the cells. There must be only one queen in a hive.

5. When the eggs are hatched, there is sure to be another queen among the young bees.

6. When a queen bee leaves the hive large numbers of the others follow her.

7. They swarm round her wherever she goes.

8. They form a new hive.

LESSON XIV—A LUMP OF COAL

"Draw your chairs round the table," said Maude. "We will have a talk about this lump of coal. Shall we?"

"Now," she began, "take the coal in your hands, Frank, and see what you can learn by looking at it."

"It is like a lump of smooth, shiny, hard, black stone," said Frank. "It feels heavy, too," he added, "and the blackness does not come off on our hands. Look."

"Right. Now hit the coal with this hammer, and you will see that it easily breaks up into pieces," said Maude.

"So it does," said Dick; "it must be brittle as well as hard."

"It is," said his sister. "Now, Tom, you shall hold a piece of the coal in the flame of the lamp with the tongs."

Tom did so, and they all watched what took place. The coal did not burn. "The coal will burn, though, if put on burning wood. We cannot make it light with a lamp flame or a match," said Maude.

"Don't we get coal out of the ground, Maude?" asked Dick.

"Yes. But why do you ask?"

"Because coal must be a mineral, like stone, chalk, clay, and things of that sort," said Dick. "But none of those things burn. I can't make it out."

"Ah, it is true we dig coal out of the ground now," said his sister. "But for all that, coal is not a mineral, in the same sense as stone, chalk, and clay.

"Coal was not always in the ground, as they have been. It was made in a very strange way from trees and plants, that grew thousands of years ago.

"Here is a picture of one of the forests, that grew on the earth in those old times. These forests sank down, and got buried in the ground. Since then they have been changed, from wood and leaves, roots and branches, into this new kind of stuff, which we call coal. You can see the marks of those old leaves still on this piece of coal."

"Ah, now I can see it all," said Tom. "It

is the plant matter in the coal that makes it such a good thing to burn. The minerals, which we dig out of the ground, will not burn; but coal is not really a mineral after all."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Coal is a black, shiny, hard, brittle substance.
2. It burns and throws out great heat; we use it for fuel.

3. Coal is dug out of the earth. It was formed from trees and other plants which once grew in the ground. It is not a mineral.

LESSON XV—ABOUT METALS

"Come, boys, I have something to show you," said Maude. "Look," and she threw a piece of lead into the fire.

The lead melted into a liquid, and ran through into the ash-pit below.

"What happens to coal, when we put it in the fire?" she asked.

"It burns away till it is all gone."

"Does clay burn away, too?"

"No, clay bakes hard like a stone."

"Lead then is not like either of these things," she said. "It melts in the fire, and so will this piece of tin."

As she spoke she put the tin in an old iron spoon, and held it in the middle of the fire. The tin soon melted, and began to flow about in the spoon like water. But when it got cool, it became a solid lump once more.

The lead in the ash-pit too was solid again by that time, and the boys had a good look at both the things.

"See," said Maude, "I will rub the lead and the tin with this piece of sandpaper. That makes them shine. The more I rub the brighter they shine.

"Gold, silver, copper, iron, and zinc are like lead and tin. They melt with heat, and they have a shiny surface."

"We get all these things out of the earth, don't we, Maude?" asked Dick.

"Yes," replied his sister.

"Then they must all be minerals."

"Yes, they are all minerals," said Maude. "But minerals like clay, chalk, stone, and slate do not shine when we rub them, nor do they melt in the fire. Gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, tin, and zinc we call metals, because they all melt, and all have a shiny luster."

"But the spoon is made of iron," said Tom, "and that did not melt."

"No," she replied. "Our fire is not hot enough for that. All the metals melt, but

some want more heat than others. The heat which melts lead and tin cannot melt iron, copper, silver, or gold."

"This knife was bright once," said Dick. "But there is no luster in it now."

"No, it has been left out in the damp, and has got rusty," said Tom.

"But see, I can soon rub off the brown rust, and bring back the luster with the sand-paper," said Maude.

"Iron and steel rust very quickly. Gold and silver do not rust at all. My gold chain, you know, is always bright. We call gold and silver the precious metals."

"I should like to dig up some of these metals out of the ground," said Frank.

"Ah," said Maude, "you would not think much of them if you saw them. They look like lumps of rough stone. They are called ores. Each ore contains metal of some sort, but it is mixed up with rock, and other useless things. The ore is put into a very hot fire to melt the metal that is in it. This heavy melted metal sinks down, and flows away from the ore, and so we get the pure metal for our use."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Metals are minerals, which have a bright luster.
2. Most metals lose their luster, and get rusty, if they are left in the damp.
3. Silver and gold do not rust. We call them the precious metals.
4. All metals melt when heated, but some want more heat than others.
5. Most metals are found mixed with earth, stone, and other things. In this state we call them ores.
6. The pure metal is got by putting the ore in a very hot fire.

LESSON XV—A COAL-MINE

"Have you ever been down a coal-mine, father?" asked Dick.

"Yes, Dick, I have," said his father, "and a queer sort of place it was, too."

"Oh, do tell us what you saw down there," the boys all cried.

"Well, I don't think you would like the journey down," he said.

"Let me see. They first took us into a room, and gave us a big coat, to cover us up well. That, of course, was to save our clothes from getting dirty. Then they put us all into a sort of cage, and the next moment we could feel that the cage was sinking down, down, down, at a fearful rate. What an awful rushing noise it made, too.

"Of course, it was all as dark as pitch, as we rushed down the shaft. Far above us we could see the mouth of the pit, which seemed to get smaller and smaller every moment. Well, we reached the bottom at last, but what a time it seemed, to be sure. Then we found we were hundreds and hundreds of feet down in the earth."

"Yes, father, what next?" asked Tom.

"The first thing we saw, as we got out of the cage, was a great fire at the bottom of the shaft," he went on. "The men looked so strange as they moved about in the light; for a little way off from the fire everything was pitchy dark.

"Well, they gave each of us a lamp to carry, and then a man led the way, and told us to follow him. We soon found we were walking along a sort of tunnel or underground road. This road stretched for miles, and there were tracks along it like those on the railway.

"As we walked along, we could hear a sound like the tramping of horses' feet. Then we heard the rolling of wheels, but it seemed a long way off. We could not see anything in the darkness, till by and by we caught sight of a moving light. Then a car, loaded with coal, passed along the track to the bottom of the shaft.

"Soon after this an empty wagon came along. It was going the way we were going, so we got in, and had a ride along this strange road. Yes, they were real horses that drew the cars. Once they are taken down, those horses never come up again. The stables, in which they sleep, are dug out in the sides of the road.

"You want to know what the road is like? Well, the road itself, the sides, and the roof are all coal. Wherever the men dig, in making these roads, they follow the coal-seam. So all the stuff they dig out is coal. This of course was the main road. But there are other roads, streets, lanes, and alleys leading from it on both sides."

REVIEW OF THE LESSON

1. Coal is found in beds or layers deep down in the earth.
2. The layers are called seams of coal.
3. The coal-pit is called the shaft. It is like a great deep well.
4. The men go down in cages.
5. There are roads, streets, and lanes cut out in the coal.
6. Horses and cars run along these underground roads.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER DOLL

WEEK-DAYS IN DOLLY'S HOUSE

BY JOHN BENNETT

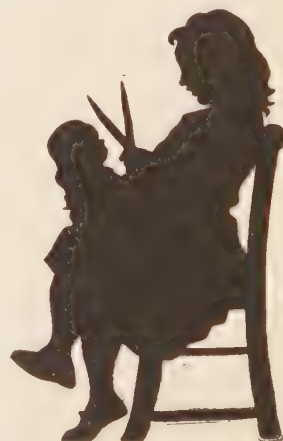
On Monday morning Dolly's clothes
All need a thorough tubbing;
So Prue and I put in the day
With washing, rinsing, rubbing;
With boiling, bluing, bleaching, too,
As all good washerwomen do,
Till Dolly's clothes are clean as new
And we have finished scrubbing.



On Tuesday comes the ironing,
The starching, sprinkling, pressing;
For doing gowns up prettily
Is half the charm of dressing.
And from our irons all the day
We have to coax the cats away,
For with them they will try to play—
And that would be distressing!



On Wednesday thread and needle fly
With basting, whipping, stitching;
With hooks and eyes and buttonholes
To keep our fingers twitching.
And while the scissors snip, snip, snip,
We patch and darn and mend and rip,
Till all is trim from tip to tip,
And Dolly looks bewitching.



On Thursday afternoon
we take
A recess from our
labors,
Dress Dolly up in all
her best
And call upon the
neighbors;
So she may learn to sit
up straight,
Nor come too soon,
nor stay too late,
And always think to
shut the gate
At Tompkins's and
Tabor's.

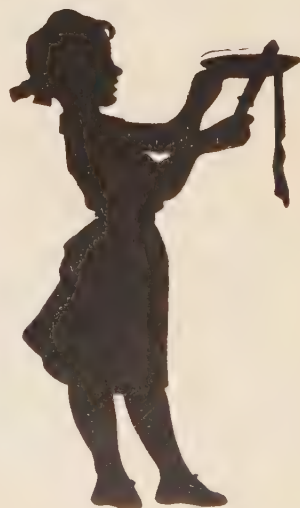


On Friday, dusting-rag in hand,
We hurry up the sweeping,
And air the household furniture
While Dolly still is sleeping.
We dust the mantels
and the chairs,
The closet-shelves and
kitchen stairs,
And shake the rugs
and portières
Like truly-true
housekeeping.



On Saturday we bake our bread,
Enough to last till Monday,
With sugar-pies and apple-
tarts

For Dolly's dinner
Sunday;
With doughnuts round
as napkin rings,
And cookies fit for
queens and kings—
For oh! it takes just lots of
things
To feed a dolly one day!

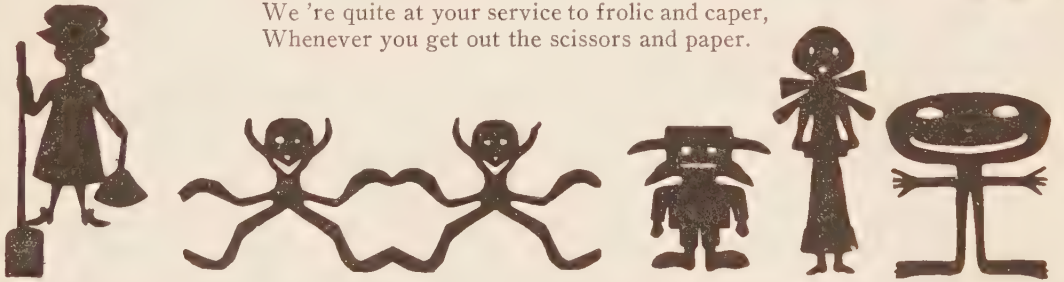


PAPER-DOLLS

BY RUTH INGRAHAM



HERE we come, little folks, spandy and new,
Ready to give you all something to do.
We 're quite at your service to frolic and caper,
Whenever you get out the scissors and paper.



AN ARTFUL WISHER

ONE wish only I give to you:
Make the best of it, little one.



What do you most wish to come true,
Of all the wishes under the sun?

One wish only I have from you?
I wish all my wishes to always come true!

PHILEMON AND ESTELLA

PHILEMON JOHN and his sister Estella,
When walking out, carefully share their um-
brella;

And that both may be equally safe from the
weather,

Each holds out a hand as they walk on to-
gether,

To make sure, you
see, that it really
is blowing

Or shining or rain-
ing or hailing
or snowing;

For otherwise they
would scarce
need their um-
brella,

Philemon John and
his sister Es-
tella!



THE CLAM-DIGGER



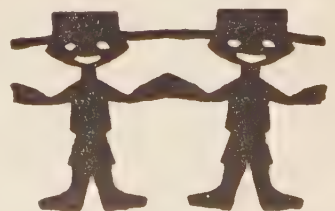
HERE is a clam-digger, basket and spade;
 Hat could n't be bigger, very fine shade.
 Oh, what a proud snigger!—he's just been
 paid.

GRANDPA AMES

Good Grandpa Ephraim Silas Ames
 Goes walking out each sunny day;
 He loves to see the children play,
 He calls them fondly by their names:



They all wear broad-brimmed hats
 pulled low,
 They all wear frank and open smiles,
 And are quite free from wicked
 wiles;
 No wonder grandpa loves them so!



THE DANCING LESSON

HERE is a happy little one
 Who's having just the best of fun!
 Who would n't be
 In greatest glee
 To have a little fairy
 girl
 Come in and teach
 her how to whirl
 With steps so light
 and airy?



To skip and dance and turn and twirl,
 And spin about in merry whirl,
 To slide
 And glide
 From side to side—
 Oh, would n't any one of you
 Be glad to have a lesson, too,
 From a "really truly" fairy?

Lizette Gertrude Evangeline,
 Azalia Gazelle Clementine,
 And little Zelda Antoinette;
 Stephen Percival Alphonso,
 Fitzjames Summerville Alonzo,
 And young Jerome Eliphalet.

Rock-a-bye the Round World



BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, now night-time is near!
But your mother's beside you, there's nothing
to fear.

Like a bird snowy white,
In your nest you alight;
So we chime the rhyme that we sing to her
here!

Rock-a-bye, baby, on hemlock or spruce!
Your bed is a board gaily trimmed for your
use;
Oh, so swings another,
While low sings the mother
Of the Indian baby, the little papoose.

Rock-a-bye, baby, out under the sky,
In your Mexican home where your hammock
hangs high!



THE LITTLE PAPOOSE.



THE MEXICAN.

But the sun shall not shock you,
The moon shall not mock you,
But the winds will come whispering a sweet
lullaby.



THE ESKIMO.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in lands of the snow!
Here 's a funny brown baby, the small Es-
kimo.

In his mother's fur hood
He thinks it is good
To cozily cuddle to dreamland to go.



THE JAPANESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in gentle Japan!
On the back of your sister, poor tired little
man ;

But a fine tum-tum drum
When you waken shall come,
So sleep, little brother, as well as you can.



THE CHINESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in China the great!
In your big bushel basket you 're blinking too
late ;
For cakes fresh and nice,
And rare dumplings of rice,
And a grand dragon boat in your dream-gar-
den wait.



IN INDIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in India abed!
Here they sing to the baby of sugar and
bread.

From the ceiling he 's swung
Where his square cradle 's hung,
And with jewels he shines from his feet to his
head.



IN TURKEY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Turkey, now say ;
All wrapped up-and strapped up, and so tucked
away!
O'er a bar overhead
Then a thick cloth is spread,
And the cradle goes rocking all night and all
day.



IN SYRIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Syria near!
We 'll croon to her soon of a kind cameleer.

We 'll kiss and caress her,
And then we 'll undress her,
And lay her to rest in her little *sereer*.

Rock-a-bye, baby, swung up in a shoe!
For that is in Lapland the cradle for you;
Made of wood and of skin,
With moss stuffed within,
And you 'll lie there, on high there, the drowsy
hours through.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on Finland's far shore!
Now see, little redbreast, Sleep stands at the
door.

She says: "Are you here,
Little field-bird? I 'm near,
And gladly you 'll slumber, for play-time is
o'er."

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Hungary, now!
From the rainbow the angel will robe him, I
trow;
A star drops a kiss,
A breeze brings him bliss,
And a butterfly bevy will fan his bright brow.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Germany, then!
Now sleep, little women, and sleep, little men;
The stars are the sheep,
Which the fair moon doth keep,
Till the long night has gone and the light
comes again.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Italy bright,
The joy of your mother, her dearest delight!
Eyes slowly closing now,
Baby is dozing now,
Hush-a-bye, baby; now, baby, good night.

Rock-a-bye, baby, where sunny France lies!
"Come, *Souin-Souin*!" the little one cries;
The baby would sleep,
No longer she 'll weep,
So come, *Souin-Souin*, and shut up her eyes.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, my plaything, my pride!"
Sing the pretty dark mothers in Spain who
abide;



IN LAPLAND.



IN FINLAND.



IN HUNGARY.



IN GERMANY.



IN ITALY.



IN FRANCE.

They speak of the Stranger
Once laid in a manger,
And tell of the saints who kept watch at his side.



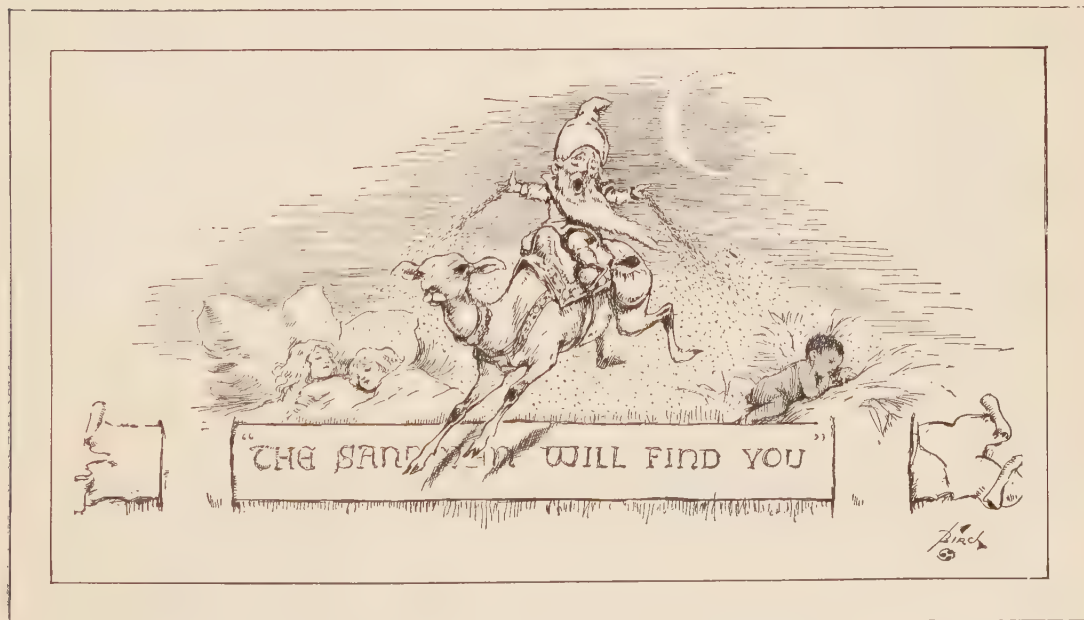
IN SPAIN.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on mother's broad back!
The African baby shall ride pick-a-pack;
His arms and his neck with
beads she will deck,
And soundly he'll sleep as they
trudge on their track.



IN AFRICA.

Rock-a-bye, babies, anear and afar!
Where the soft breezes blow, or beneath the
north star;
Eyes black, blue, or gray
Must close every day,
And the Sandman will find you wherever you are.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY



BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Of all the chairs of church or state,—
Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will,—
'T is written in the book of fate
The high-chair is the highest still.

Lolled in his office-chair, there sits
The master of a thousand mills:
Men toil or rest as he permits;
Men fail or prosper as he wills.

Perched on the polished bench, where strife
Cries to condemn or pleads to save,
Sits one, and blots the light from life,
Or nods another to the grave.



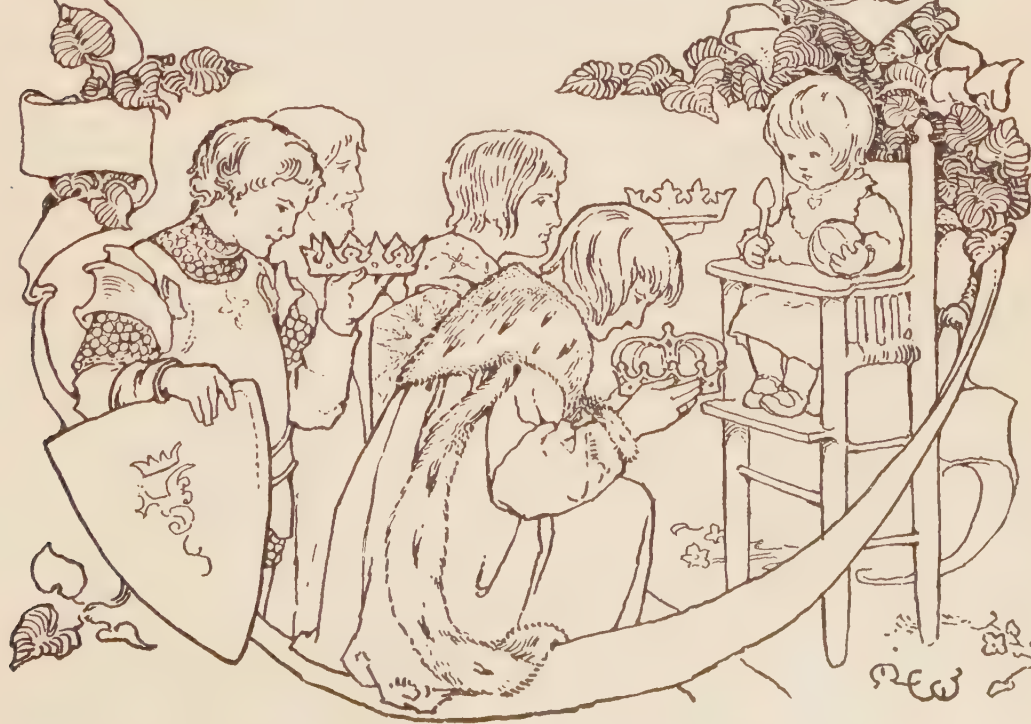
·INFANS · REX·

Throned in his place of power, behold
The monarch of a mighty land!
And destinies are lightly told,
Toyed in the hollow of his hand.

But over all and over each
Another reigns, who must be reckoned:
The eternal woman comes to teach
The first of men he is but second.

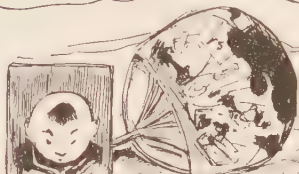
Yet hardly is her reign begun
Till she must learn as she has schooled:
For lo! there comes the helpless one
And rules the ruler of the ruled.

For chairs of church, or seats of state,—
Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will,—
Are only relatively great:
The high-chair is the highest still!



JAPANESE BABIES

来
天
海
外



BABIES

雅
子
房

A little bird sings from over the sea
I've been to a land that pleases me
Tis a fabulous land where babies don't cry
From the time they are born till the time they die

You queer little baby, way over the sea,
Tell us, oh, tell us, how can it be,
Aren't Japanese baby clothes ever too tight?
Don't Japanese babies wake up in the night?



Do Japanese teeth come through without pain?
Or Japanese children tease babies in vain?
Don't Japanese pins have points that prick?
Will Japanese colic make little folk sick?



You queer little baby, if secret there be
Send it, oh, send it way over the sea,
There is no such secret. Far off in Japan
Some babies can cry, and they'll prove that
they can!

JINGLE ● being words and pictures
by

This quaint little bit of a man
Insisted on using a fan
Until it was known
By some he had flown,
But others said sailed, for JAPAN.

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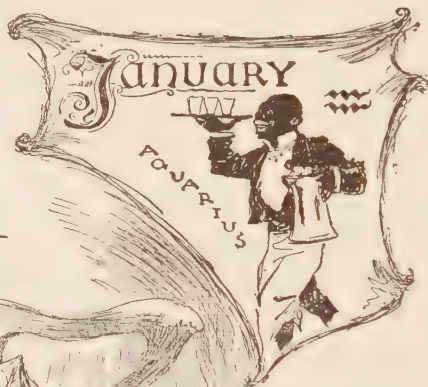




A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

My darling Dolly is one week old ; -
 Her forehead is fair and creamy ,
 Her cheeks are pink and her hair is gold ,
 And her eyes are dark and dreamy .
 She's lovely and sweet as she can be ;
 She's Santa Claus' own little daughter ,
 But she came to me on the Christmas Tree :-
 How glad I am that he brought her !

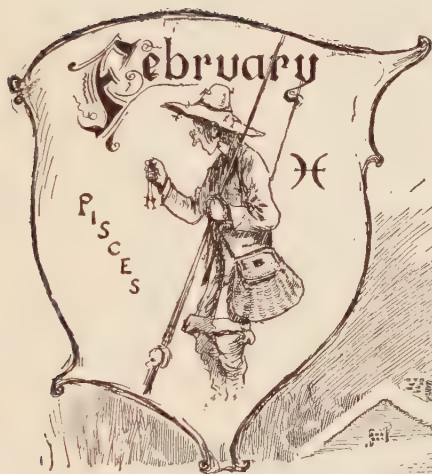


I never am lonely since she came ,
 And the only trouble with me is
 That I haven't been able to find a name
 One half as pretty as she is .
 Mama's in favor of "Isabel" ;
 And papa says "Betsy or Polly !"
 And I've thought and thought and maybe -
 I guess I shall call her Dolly. [well,



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly went to ride in a sleigh,
And I was the horse to draw her;
She tumbled out - I was running away -
And O there was nobody saw her;
But I found her at last in a bank of snow,
All so smiling and rosy,
Just as patient and good, you know,
As if it were warm and cozy.



I took her in and put her to bed -
I was sure she must be freezing;
I rubbed her feet and I rubbed her head
For fear it would set her sneezing.
Now she will soon be well, no doubt,
But I've made a resolution
To take more care when she goes out
Of my Dolly's constitution.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

I keep my Dolly so warm and nice
This cloudy, stormy weather,
My Dolly and I are quiet as mice
Whenever we play together.
And yet we have the pleasantest play -
Would you like to ask "What is it?"
Why, over and over, every day,
My Dolly and I "go visit."

Sometimes on "Towser" we like to call,
Or travel to see the Kitty;
'Tis Grandpa's farm just out in the hall,
And the parlor is Boston City;
'Tis mama's house in the corner there,
And then, when the lamps are lighted,
My papa's at home in his easy chair,
And Dolly and I are invited.



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



We went for a promenade today,
My Dolly and I together ;
The sun came out and, I'm sorry to say,
We were April-fooled by the weather ;
For while we walked to the end of the lane
The clouds were quietly slipping
Over the sky, and they poured the rain
Until we were cold and dripping.



Mama was ready to change my clothes
And set poor Dolly a-drying ;
But the drops ran down her cheeks and nose
Till it seemed as if she were crying ;
And her feet were wet, and her hair was down
And blown in every direction ;
And it nearly ruined her nicest gown
And her delicate wax complexion .

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

Under the trees, in the loveliest place,
Where the shadow and sun were playing,
Fanny and Lida and Lottie and Grace
And Dolly and I went maying;
But the flowers were lost or hidden away
So safe we could scarce find any -
So we made the Dolly Queen of the May
Cause she wouldn't need so many.

May

II

GEMINI

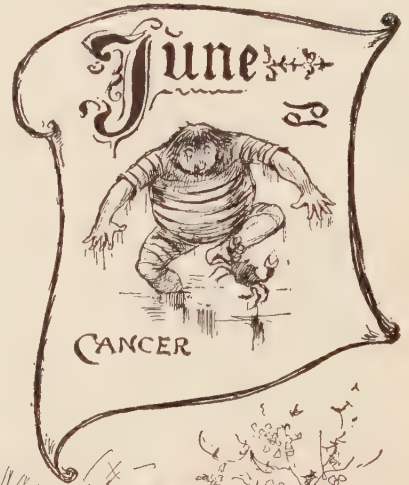


We gathered moss for a throne of green,
And with violets blue we crowned her;
We played that she was a Fairy Queen,
And gaily we danced around her.
A robin sang to us overhead,
A squirrel capered and chattered; -
Then a little gray mouse popped out of his bed,
And O how we jumped and scattered!

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

The air was warm and the clouds were few,
The birds were chirping and hopping;
And everything was pretty and new
When Dolly and I went shopping.
Our money-bank was yellow and sweet
With its dandelion dollars,
So we hurried away to Garden Street
To look for some cuffs and collars



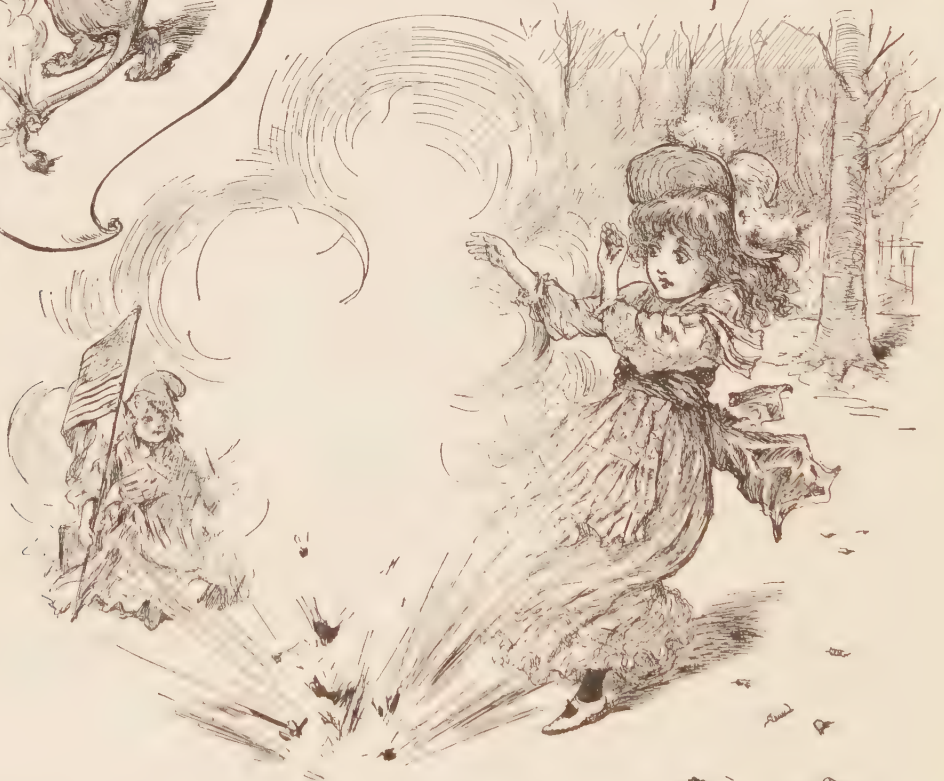
For a cap I bought her a great red rose,
I'm certain it gave her pleasure -
And for lady-slippers to fit her toes
I was careful to leave her measure;
And I told the spiders to spin some lace
As strong as other folks make it,
And to sew the beads of dew in place,
And then we'd be glad to take it.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly went to the Fourth of July --
I never should have allowed her --
We both were careless, Dolly and I,
And came too close to the powder.
I don't know how it happened, myself --
'Twas something about the fuses --
But Dolly and I were laid on the shelf
With blisters and bumps and bruises.



I wasn't hurt very much, you know,
- Tho' mama declared it shocked her;
My troubles were cured, long, long ago
Without once calling the doctor.
But Dolly will never again be fair
Where the horrid powder shot her,
And it frizzled and singed her golden hair
Till she's balder than Uncle Potter.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead

We slipped thro' the gate this afternoon
When Bridget forgot to latch it ;
A cricket fiddled a queer little tune ,
And we hurried along to catch it .
I wish we'd stayed in the yard and played ,
For we've wandered and turned and crossed
Up and down all over the town ,
Till Dolly is 'fraid we're lost .



I wish I'd minded mama just right ,
And thought of her smiles and kisses ,
For if we were forced to spend the night
In any such place as this is ,
My Dolly would die - and so should I -
But the only plan I see
Is just to stay till they come this way
And find my Dolly and me .

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly has been so quiet and sad
That nothing appeared to rouse her ;
So I thought perhaps it would make her glad
To give her a ride on Towser.
I pushed him off the step in the sun -
He looked so lazy and idle -
For a saddle I fastened my apron on ,
And my ribbon sash for a bridle .



Then Dolly sat on his back to ride ,
And he neither growled nor grumbled ;
I held her hand and walked by her side
Till I suddenly tripped and tumbled !
Poor Dolly fell with a dreadful crash -
For of course I couldn't hold her -
One arm and one leg went all to smash ,
And a great crack came in her shoulder .

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

The sky is blue and the weather is fair,
But Dolly is sick and ailing;
In spite of all my trouble and care,
I can see that her health is failing.
The weather is fair and the sky is blue,
And there's naught to trouble or fret her,
But, spite of all I can say and do,
She's worse in the place of better.



I've given her baths both hot and cold,
I've regulated her diet,
And every remedy, new or old,
I've hastened at once to try it.
So many errands for her I've run;
I've tended and trotted and rocked her;
If she does not improve with all I've done,
I really must send for the Doctor.



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead

November

SACITARIUS



The Doctor came, and he said 'twas plain
That Dolly's trouble was chronic;
And he thought a ride on a rail-road train
Would suit her best for a tonic.
So I wrapped her up with the greatest care
And put on her Sunday bonnet;
And the engine, that was the rocking-chair
With Engineer Harry upon it.



I gave my Dolly all she would need
And propped her up with a pillow;
She was flying along at lightning speed
In her palace car of willow;
But all at once she fell on the track; -
O! 'twas a dreadful ending!
The engine rocker went over her back,
And I'm 'fraid she's past all mending.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



Doctor Mama knows what to do
When girls and dollies are troubled;
With needle and thread and a bottle of glue
My Dolly's strength she has doubled.
But she never can make her new and bright;
I'm almost ashamed to show her. -
If Santa Claus could see her to-night
I don't suppose he would know her.



Mama has said if I learn to be
A careful, kind little mother,
He surely will notice the change in me,
And maybe he'll bring me another;
But, dear little Dolly, you need not care
Nor be jealous one bit if I get her,
For tho' you may never be quite so fair,
I'll only love you the better.

ack
9



A MAY-TIME PORTRAIT.

LEARNING TO LOOK ABOUT YOU

EDITED BY PROF. W. S. CAMERON

I JACK FROST

It was winter time. The hills far away were covered with snow. The lawn and the trees were white, and everything sparkled with frost.

"I wish the spring would come, Uncle George," said Dolly. "Then we could go out for walks."

"Can't we go out for walks in winter also, Dolly?"

"Yes, but we do not see much outside in winter—nothing but bare trees and snow," cried Dolly.

"That is because you do not look about you," said Uncle George. "Come, let us go to meet the boys. I think you will find some things outside to look at and think about, even though it is winter."

Dolly clapped her hands with joy, and soon she and her uncle were walking along the road.

"How quiet everything is," said Dolly. "The birds do not sing in the wood, and even the brook is still."

"Most of our birds fly to warmer lands before winter comes on," said Uncle George. "The birds that stay with us in winter are too busy looking for food to have time for singing. You could not sing yourself, Dolly, if you were cold and hungry. The brook we cannot hear, because it is covered with ice."

"Where are all the flies and bees, Uncle George?"

"The bees are snug in their warm hive. They gathered enough honey in the summer to keep them in food all the winter."

"Flies, wild bees, and wasps are asleep. They will wake up when the flowers and the warm weather come."

"Even the plants are at rest under the

ground. When the frost and snow go away they will all spring into life. Winter is the season of rest and sleep."

"The trees and the hedges look very pretty in winter," said Dolly. "They put me in mind of the picture of Fairyland in my new story-book."

"Yes, Dolly, it looks as if the fairies had been busy covering every little twig with gems."

Uncle George took up a small piece of wood and showed Dolly that it was covered all over with little stars and bars of ice.

Just then they got to the horse-pond. Here they found Frank and Tom having a merry time. The pond was frozen over, and the two boys had made a big slide right across it. With what shouts of joy they slid over the ice! Dolly was glad to join them in their play.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Why is winter called the season of rest?
2. Where are many of our wild birds at this time?
3. Describe the woods, or the brook, in winter.
4. What makes the pretty gems on all the trees?

II HOLLY AND FIR

"Do you think winter a dull time, boys?" Uncle George asked this as he and Dolly and the two boys were coming home from the pond.

"No, winter is a jolly time," said Frank. "We have no bird music and no flowers in winter," said Dolly.

"But we have slides and snowballs," said Tom.

"And warm fires, and Christmas, and lots of other good things," added Frank.

"The trees are bare," said Dolly.

"Not all the trees, Dolly. Look at this one." Uncle George pointed to a tree as he

spoke. It was covered with bright green leaves. "Do you know the name of this tree?" he asked.

"Yes, it is the holly-tree," said Frank.

"That is right; but how do you know?"

"Because it has prickly leaves," said Frank.

"Because it has red berries," said Dolly.

"Because it keeps its leaves on in winter," said Tom.

"You are all right," said Uncle George. "But Frank's answer is the best. The holly is one of the trees we have with cruel spines on its leaves. We can tell most trees by the shape of their leaves. Look at the leaves near the top of the holly-tree. I will reach one down for you. There are no prickles on it; yet you could tell it was a holly-leaf by its shape.

"We must take a few of these leaves home and draw them.

"Red berries grow upon the holly-tree. But they are also found on a few other trees and bushes.

"Tom said 'Because it keeps its leaves on in winter.' Now we have other trees that keep their leaves on all through winter.

"Look at this one. It has its leaves on still. It is the fir-tree. How can you tell a holly-tree from a fir-tree, Tom?"

"The leaves of the holly are broad and flat. They have sharp corners. The leaves of the fir are long and round. They are shaped like large needles."

"That is quite right," said his uncle. "We can tell many trees by the shape and size of the whole tree."

"Now, Frank, it is your turn. Tell me all you can about the shape and size of the holly-tree and of the fir-tree."

"The holly-tree is not so tall as the fir-tree. It is rounder, too, in shape. Its branches and leaves grow very closely together. The fir-tree seems to grow anyhow. It sends out great clumsy branches very high up, and far apart."

"Very good, Frank; now let us look at these two trees more closely."

"Come over here and feel the bark of the fir-tree. It is very rough. The bark of the holly is smooth. The leaves of this holly-tree are bright green. There are many kinds of holly-trees. Some have leaves edged with yellow. Some have leaves without any prickles."

"Do the leaves never fall off the holly and fir?" Frank asked.

"Oh, yes, but they do not fall off all at once like those of most trees. If you look under the holly-tree, you will find many fallen leaves. These leaves fall off, one by one, all the year round. But new leaves come as old ones fall off. That is why the holly and fir are always green. Such trees are called 'evergreen' trees."

"Why are all the prickly leaves low down?" asked Tom.

"Can't you guess, Tom?"

"I know," said Frank, "it is to keep cows from eating them."

"Quite right," said Uncle George. "Up above, where the young branches and tender leaves grow, there are no prickles. These are out of the cows' reach.

"But now we must go home to tea."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Only the lower leaves of the holly are prickly. What is the reason for this?
2. Draw the holly-leaf from a real specimen. Compare it with the leaf of a fir.
3. What are evergreen plants and trees? Name some you happen to know.
4. What is the color of the holly berries?

III

THE CROW

"The crows have come back, Uncle George," said Tom. "We saw them at their old nests in the trees."

"Yes," said Uncle George. "They were walking behind the plow in the field to-day."

"Why do they follow the plow?" Tom asked.

"Oh, I know that," said Frank. "They find something to eat in the earth that the plow has just turned over. You can see them picking things out of the soil."

"I am glad you use your eyes so well, Frank," said Uncle George. "Many people would pass the birds without seeing what they were doing. At this time of the year crows help the farmer very much. They eat up great numbers of grubs."

"What are grubs, Uncle George?"

"Grubs are creatures like worms. They live in the soil, and feed on the roots of plants. These grubs do much harm to the farmer's crops.

"Let us go to the place where the crows build their nests, and watch them closely."

Uncle George and the two boys could hear the crows long before they came near their nests.

"Look!" said Frank, "There they are!"

Uncle George looked and saw a great number of them feeding in the newly plowed field. When Uncle George and the boys came near the field they flew off. Some crows were perched here and there round the field keeping watch. They let the others know when danger was near.

"Why does the farmer shoot the crows?" Tom asked.

"Because they steal from his fields and gardens."

"They never steal from our garden," said Frank. "How is that?"

"Because our garden is near their nests. The crow is a sly bird. He never steals near his home. If he did, his nest would soon be pulled down. He robs fields which are far away. The crow is a walking bird. He does not hop like most of our wild birds."

"Do they come back to the same place every year?" Frank asked.

"Yes. See, they are mending their old nests. Some of them are building new ones."

The boys could see the crows carrying little sticks in their big strong bills.

"A crow's nest is a very clumsy one," Uncle George went on. "It is built of small twigs, and it is nearly quite flat."

"Yes, I know," said Frank. "We saw a crow's nest last year when one of the trees was blown down. We saw five eggs. They were green eggs with dark blotches."

"One fine lesson the crows teach us," said Uncle George, "is to be kind to each other."

"The crow is very kind to his mate. He brings her food while she sits on her eggs. At night, he sleeps close beside the nest, and watches over his young ones with great love and care."

QUESTIONS

1. Where do crows build their nests?
2. Why do crows go far away from their nests for food?
3. How do crows injure the farmer?
4. What good do crows do the farmer?
5. What color are crows' eggs?

IV

THE WOODS IN SPRING

The next time Dolly and her uncle went for a walk, everything was changed. The fields were green. The trees were no longer bare. Most of them were covered with new green leaves. The cold days of lingering winter were past.

The sun was shining brightly. Its warm beams were waking up the plants from their winter sleep. Little lambs were skipping about in the fields, and daisies were peeping up from among the grass.

"Let us go to the woods," said Uncle George, "and see if the flowers and the bees are awake."

In the woods there was much to see and hear. The pretty wild flowers were opening to the sun. The air was full of bird-music.

Little Dolly could scarcely help feeling that she was a bird herself.

She gathered blue-eyed grass at the edge of the noisy little brook. She could not help singing all the time—she was so happy.

Everything was bright and gay. Even the brook seemed to be singing with her.

"How is it that every living thing is so happy in springtime, Uncle George?"

"How is it that my little girl herself is so happy?" asked Uncle George.

"I suppose it is because all things around us seem so bright," said Dolly.

"Yes, that must be the reason. Spring is the glad time of the year. It is also the busy time. After the long winter rest, plants and insects and birds are full of life and strength.

"Look at the birds, how they hurry about among the trees. They are busy building their nests. How happy they are! They only stop work to sing to each other.

"The bees fly from flower to flower gathering honey. Over the water of the brook you can see crowds of tiny flies. They have just come out of the water."

"Out of the water, Uncle George? How strange!" said Dolly.

"Yes, these flies have slept all through the winter at the bottom of the brook.

"In autumn they were little water-grubs. These little grubs went to sleep. During their winter sleep they changed into flies. Each fly was inside a little case. Now they are bursting those cases and coming out into the air to fly about."

"What a lot of pretty flowers there are," said Dolly. "Here are buttercups and violets and spring beauties all growing together."

"The flowers have woke up, too," said Uncle George. "On the trees the buds have burst and the young leaves have come out. Leaves are very pretty when they first come out of the bud. They are small and of a pale

green color. That is why the trees are so lovely in springtime. Leaves grow bigger and darker in color as they grow older."

"There must be a great many birds in the woods," said Dolly.

"In spring," said Uncle George, "many birds come to northern lands from warmer parts. They fly many hundreds of miles. They leave cold climes every year before winter comes on, because they cannot get food there in winter.

"But they come back again in spring, and build their nests and rear their little ones. They sing to people all summer, and leave again in autumn."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Where are the flies in winter-time?
2. Tell something you have noticed about the woods and fields in spring.
3. Name some spring flowers.

V

THE FIELDS IN SPRING

Dolly and her uncle walked along the borders of the farmer's fields. It was the month of April, and they wanted to see what the fields were like at this time of the year.

"How changed everything is," said Dolly. "The snow has gone. The hedges are putting forth their leaves. The birds are singing everywhere. And look, here is a pretty flower."

Dolly stooped to pick up a pretty white flower. "See, Uncle George, here is a flower without any leaves. I always thought every flower must have leaves on the stem."

"You are quite right in thinking so, and this is no exception, but the leaves have not come up yet. They will appear later. That is the hepatica, and is one of the first flowers to hail the spring."

"O, here is another!" cried Frank, "but it looks somewhat larger. See how pure white it is. What is that little bunch on the stem?"

"That is the bloodroot, and what you call a little bunch is the leaf coiled up. As soon as the leaf unfolds, the flower falls. You are very fortunate in finding it out, as it stays in bloom only a few days.

"See over on the rocks, those beautiful red bells. How gracefully they swing when the wind blows. Now look, and you will see that they have yellow centers. It is the flower of the wild columbine, and does not seem to be afraid of the sharp winds, for

it has strong roots, and knows it is safe. This beautiful plant ought to be cultivated, as it is valuable to any garden."

"Look at this plant with the pretty blue flowers!" Dolly pointed, as she spoke, to a plant under the hedge.

"That is the ground-ivy, Dolly. It is called so because it creeps along the ground. Near it you will notice another creeping plant. Its leaves are shaped something like birds' feet. It is called the creeping crow-foot. It is really a buttercup.

"Can you guess why these plants come out so early in spring and creep out from the hedge?"

Dolly shook her head.

"Because," Uncle George went on, "the ground here is covered with tall nettles in summer. You can see their faded last year's stems here now.

"The ground-ivy and the creeping crow-foot have to come out early in spring and creep beyond the nettle-bed. If they did not they would be choked by the strong growing nettles. But let us cross this field and see what the farmer's men are doing."

The farmer's men were plowing the field—slowly turning it from a green field to a brown one. There were two plows at work in the field. Each was drawn by three big strong horses. A man held each plow and guided the horses with long reins.

A great flock of crows and other birds followed each plow. They would settle on the freshly turned ground just behind the plow. Then, as the plow moved on, they would fly after it, cawing and screaming all the time.

"These birds are having a fine feast," said Uncle George. "They are picking up worms and grubs in the newly turned soil. They are the farmer's friends. For these grubs eat the roots of his crops."

"Why does the farmer plow his fields?" Dolly asked.

"Come into the next field and we shall see," said her uncle.

In the next field one man was scattering seeds over the plowed earth. Another man was raking the part that had been sown. This he did with large frames called "harrow," pulled by horses. The long iron teeth of the harrows broke down the plow-furrows and buried the seeds.

"After that the seeds must be pressed into the soil," said Uncle George. "This is done by rolling it with the huge roller you see at the end of the field. If we come back

in about a week we shall find this field quite green with the growing grain."

They next walked through a field of grass. Here many white lambs were skipping about, while their mothers nibbled the tender grass.

"Pretty little creatures!" said Uncle George. "I don't think any living thing enjoys the merry springtime so much as you do."

"The birds are happy, too," said Dolly.

"All is bustle and joy in springtime," said Uncle George, as they walked home. "The world has woke up from its winter sleep. Everything is glad. Every living thing is busy. The seeds are being sown in fields and gardens. The flowers are peeping out all around. The birds are building their nests. Bees, flies, and beetles come out into the warm sunshine. The woods, fields, and hedges grow greener and brighter day by day. Spring is the morning of the year."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Can you name any plants that put forth their flowers before their leaves?
2. Draw the leaf of (1) hepatica, (2) ground-ivy, and (3) wild columbine.
3. Describe how grain is sown in the field.
4. Why is springtime called "the morning of the year"?

VI

CHICKS

The old hen was sitting close on her eggs. She had sat there for more than two weeks, puffing out her feathers and spreading her wings, so as to cover her twelve large white eggs.

Only when Dolly's mother went to feed her would she leave her nest. Then she only left it for a very short time.

"Why is she so eager to get back to her nest, mother?" Dolly asked.

"Because her eggs must be kept warm. If they were left to grow cold, no chickens would come out of them."

"I wonder she is not tired of sitting there," said Dolly. "How long has she been sitting now, mother?"

"Nearly three weeks," replied her mother.

"And when will the chicks come out?"

While the hen was feeding, Dolly's mother took an egg out of the nest and handed it to Dolly. It felt very warm.

"Hold it to your ear, Dolly," she said.

When Dolly did so she heard "cheep, cheep, cheep" from inside the egg.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "there 's a chick inside. I can hear it chirping quite plainly."

Dolly's mother smiled. "Listen again, dear," she said, "and tell me if you can hear anything else."

"Yes, I hear 'tap, tap, tap.' The chick is pecking at the hard shell, trying to get out. Oh, mother, do let us break the shell and let it out."

Dolly's mother shook her head. "No, my child, we must not do that. It would die if we did."

"But it cannot break the shell itself," said Dolly.

"Oh, yes, it can. If you look at the egg with care you will see a little crack."

Dolly looked, and sure enough, near the broad end of the egg, she saw a little mark. It was not a crack, but a small star of tiny cracks.

"I thought," said Dolly, "that the mother hen cracked the shell to let the chicken out."

"Oh, no, Dolly, every chick breaks its own shell. You will see when the chicks come out, that every chick has a small hard scale on the point of its bill. This scale is shaped like a canary-seed. It is very hard. After the chick comes out this scale drops off."

"Then it must be there just for breaking the shell with," said Dolly.

Dolly's mother took up another egg. In this one there was a small hole, in just about the same part of the egg where the crack in the other was.

Looking into the hole, Dolly could see a little yellow bill with a hard white thing on the tip of it.

"But the chick can't come through that little hole, mother," she said.

"No, my dear, the chick moves round in the egg, and keeps tapping until the top part of the shell comes off. Then the chick comes out."

"That is very strange," said Dolly. "It can't have much room in there to tap."

"It has very little room. Its head is under its wing all the time it is tapping at the shell."

"Watch the hen getting back to her nest. See how gently she treads on her eggs; and how she tucks them all under her with her bill."

Next morning Dolly and her mother went to feed the old hen. When the hen came off

the nest, instead of twelve white eggs there were ten fluffy little yellow chicks to be seen.

Next day the hen left the nest, and all her chicks ran as fast as they could behind her. Dolly watched them nearly all day long. She threw crumbs to them, and the chicks ran to pick them up. She brought her uncle and her brothers out to see them.

"The hen is very kind to her little ones," said Dolly to Uncle George. "When she finds a big crumb, she calls her chicks and shares it among them. She teaches them how to scrape up the ground for worms and other food. She drives all other animals away; and when her chicks are tired, she takes them all under her wings."

"What a lot you have learned by watching your hen and chicks, Dolly!" said Uncle George.

QUESTIONS

1. How long did the hen take to hatch her chicks?
2. How does a chick manage to break the egg-shell?
3. Name some birds that can run about and pick up food soon after they are hatched. Can all young birds do this?

VII

WILD RABBITS

"Oh, Uncle George, we have something to show you," said Frank.

"What is it, Frank?"

"A wild rabbit's nest," said Frank. "Jim, the farmer's boy, showed it to us. It is in a hole far down in the ground. There are eight little rabbits in it, all quite blind."

"We must go and see it, Dolly," said Uncle George. "We will go to the rabbits' nest first. Then we will go round to the green hill where the big rabbits live."

When they came to the field, Frank and Tom went to point out the nest. It was in a hole in the ground. The mouth of this hole was hidden by a piece of dry turf, so that it was not easy to find.

"Mother rabbit is away from home," said Uncle George. "She always closes the door of her house when she goes out, to hide the place where her little ones are sleeping."

Frank took off his jacket and put his arm right down the hole. He had to lie flat on the ground to do this. He took out a tiny rabbit and gave it to Dolly to look at.

"Oh, what a dear little bunnye," said

Dolly. "Why, it is not a bit like a rabbit. It is quite smooth, and almost black. It has no fur. Its ears are short and its eyes are shut. May I take it home, Uncle George?"

"No, no, Dolly! It would be sure to die. No one but its own mother knows how to nurse and feed it. But we can come and see these little rabbits another time. Put it back into its warm nest with its little brothers and sisters, Frank."

"Now, let us go and see the big rabbits."

The place where the big rabbits lived was far away from the nest. It was a green hilly place full of big holes. There was a low wall in front of it. Uncle George and his three little friends hid behind this wall. They could see the rabbits hopping about.

When Uncle George clapped his hands, all the rabbits popped into their holes.

"Rabbits must be very timid," said Tom.

"Yes," said Uncle George, "they have many foes. Men shoot and trap them. They have no sharp claws or cruel teeth like the cat. So they have to run from cats and dogs."

"Is that why they make those long holes in the ground?" Frank asked.

"Yes, if they had not holes to run into they would soon all be killed."

"Fear makes them very cunning. They can smell their foes a long way off. With their great ears they can hear much better than we can."

"How do they make these deep holes, Uncle George?" asked Tom.

"The rabbit has very strong paws, Tom. With these paws he can scrape a hole in sandy ground very quickly. All these holes meet under the ground, so that a rabbit can go in by one hole and come out by another."

"Rabbits live together in large numbers. The place where the rabbits live is called a 'warren.'"

"Rabbits have so many foes that they are afraid to go far from their holes during the day. They steal out at night to feed."

A week after this the children went again to see the rabbits' nest in the field. A great change had come over the little rabbits.

They were now covered with brown fur. Their eyes were open, and their ears had grown very long. They had small white tails.

The next time they went they found the nest empty.

"Their mother has taken them to the



A HOLLAND BOY



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A SPANISH BOY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN AND CHILD LIFE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS—II.

warren," said Uncle George. "There they will learn the ways of the big rabbits."

QUESTIONS

1. Where does the mother rabbit make her nest?
2. Can you tell why the rabbit only comes out to feed at night?
3. Name the foes of the wild rabbit.

VIII

A USEFUL LITTLE BEETLE

One sunny day Dolly was playing in the garden. Her uncle was working among the flowers. All at once Dolly called out:

"Oh, do come here, Uncle George! There is such a pretty little creature on this branch."

Uncle George came to look. "Oh," he said, "that is a useful little beetle called a ladybird."

"A beetle, Uncle George? I thought all beetles were black."

"Oh, no, Dolly; we have brown beetles, yellow beetles, green beetles, and even golden beetles."

"This one is red, and there are, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven black spots on it," said Dolly. "But it is not shaped like a beetle, Uncle George. It is more like the half of a little red ball. It has no head."

"Oh, yes, it has," said Uncle George, laughing. "But its head is so close to its body, that head and body seem to be one. Look! It is crawling up the branch. Now, you can count its legs."

"It has three legs on each side—six legs in all," said Dolly.

"That is right," said Uncle George. Then he took the ladybird in his hand, and lo! it tucked its six legs under its body.

Uncle George turned it over. Dolly then saw that the underside of its body was flat and dark gray in color. It lay so still that Dolly thought it was dead.

Uncle George picked it up, and put it on the back of Dolly's hand. He then told her to hold it out in the sun and watch it closely.

While she was doing so, Uncle George sang:

"Ladybird, ladybird,
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire
And your children all gone."

Then a very strange thing took place. The red parts of the ladybird's body moved apart. Inside these, two large thin wings were neatly folded up. It spread out these

wings, and flew away into the bright sunshine.

"Well, that is funny," said Dolly. "I did not know that beetles could fly."

"Oh, yes, Dolly, nearly all beetles can fly. They keep their wings neatly tucked up out of sight. Those round red things with the seven black spots on them are the ladybird's wing-cases.

"Look! here is another ladybird. This one has only two spots on its wing-cases. So you see there is more than one kind of ladybird."

Uncle George placed Lady Two Spots on Dolly's hand also, and Dolly held it up to the light. In less than a minute, up went its red wing-cases, out came the big wings, and away it flew.

"It did not wait for me to sing the song," said Dolly.

"You don't need to say the rhyme," said Uncle George.

"Then what is it that makes it fly away?" asked Dolly.

"The bright sunshine, of course. Ladybirds only fly when the sun shines brightly. When the light is dull, they fold up their wings and creep about."

"You called it a useful little beetle, Uncle George."

"So it is, my dear. Look at this."

Uncle George pulled down a small branch of a rose-bush. It was covered all over with small green insects.

"Oh," said Dolly, "these are the little insects that spoil mother's flowers. She calls them greenflies."

"They would spoil everything in the garden if it were not for the ladybirds," said Uncle George.

"This useful little beetle eats the greenfly up, and stops them from doing too much harm."

"If there were no ladybirds, we should not have so many pretty flowers."

QUESTIONS

1. Where does the ladybird keep its wings?
2. Why are they covered up?
3. The ladybird is a useful insect. Can you tell how?

IX

WEEDS

"The garden looks prettier now," said Dolly, as she helped her Uncle George to carry a great heap of weeds to the end of the garden.

"I think I know now why we pull the weeds up. It is because they help to hide the flowers of the garden. Is it not, Uncle George?"

"Yes, our garden does look much nicer," her uncle replied. "No garden looks well if weeds grow in it. And the garden plants are better seen when the weeds are taken away."

"That is one reason why we pull up the weeds, Dolly! But it is not the chief reason. These weeds do more than hide the flowers."

"They rob them of their food."

"Our green plants take much of their food from the air. They also draw some food and all their water from the ground or soil."

"If we were to let the weeds grow up they would use this food, and our garden plants would starve."

"Besides this, they would by and by grow up around the garden plants and rob them of light and air."

"But our garden plants also grow up," said Dolly.

"Yes, but not nearly so quickly as the weeds, Dolly."

"How is it that the weeds grow more quickly than the garden plants?" Dolly asked.

"Because," her uncle replied, "they find conditions better for their growth. Our useful garden plants are strangers brought from other parts. They do not thrive quite so well as the wild plants, as they require more care to make them grow."

"We grow garden plants either for their beauty or for food, and so we must let them get all the plant-food and light and air they can."

"That is why we pull up the weeds."

"Are weeds of no use, then, Uncle George?"

"Oh, yes, dear! everything that lives and grows in the world is of some use."

"We only call them weeds when we find them growing in the garden or in the fields among our food-plants. We do not call them weeds when we find them growing in the woods or by the roadside."

"A weed is just a plant in the wrong place. We do not want thistles or daisies in our garden; but we like to see them growing outside. Our country roads, fields, and woods would be dull indeed if there were no weeds to make them beautiful."

Many of our common weeds are very beautiful flowers."

"Then most of our little birds feed upon the seeds of these wild plants. If there were no weeds these little birds would leave us. Then there would be no flowers and very little music in the woods."

"I should not like that," said Dolly. "Our walks would not be nice if there were no flowers or birds about."

"Besides that," said Uncle George, "weeds afford food for many animals. Some weeds are useful to us for food, and some are used for curing people when they are sick. Many of our best medicines are made from weeds."

"Let us see what we have in this heap which we are going to burn. Here is the daisy. In the fields it is one of our best wild flowers. Its seeds are eaten by birds. Near it are the dock, the thistle, chickweed, and groundsel. The seeds of all these form the food of our song-birds. Here is a plant very like the groundsel, but much larger and finer. It is the ragwort. This is a very lovely flower. If it were not so common in our fields we should prize it more than we do."

"Wild rabbits eat grass, dandelions, and clover, and we have all these in our heap of weeds."

"Here is a pretty little dog-violet. We should not call it a weed if we saw it growing by the brook."

"Some of our weeds have small flowers—so small that we do not often take the trouble to look at them. But the bees visit them always for honey."

"The shepherd's-purse is one of our most common weeds. It is a very pretty plant. It is a cousin to our beautiful wallflowers."

"Some of our garden flowers are the grandchildren of common weeds. Our fine pansies have come from the wild violet. Our roses have all sprung from the wild rose of the wayside. And I am not quite sure that the grand roses of the garden are half so pretty as our wild rose."

"The wheat, from which our bread is made, was once a wild-growing plant. In fact, most of our food-plants were at first weeds, and their cousins can still be found growing wild."

"The carrot, the turnip, the beet, the parsnip, the cabbage, and many other useful plants came from wild plants."

"Many of our finest garden flowers are found growing wild in other lands. In the

gardens of their native land they might be called weeds.

"Our apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, and raspberries have all come from the woods and wilds."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What are weeds? Name some common weeds, and tell if they are useful.
2. What useful food-plants come from wild plants?
3. Make a list of the wild fruits you have found.
4. What wild flowers growing in the fields can you name?

X

THE BUMBLEBEE

One evening Dolly was plucking wild flowers in a lane quite near her home. All at once a big bee came out of one of the flowers she had pulled. Instead of flying away, it went into another of her flowers.

"Oh, come here, Uncle George," she cried, "I have got a big bee, and it is quite tame."

As she spoke the bee flew to a mossy bank which was near. Before Uncle George came up it went into a small hole near the top of the bank. Then another large bee flew up and went into the same hole.

"You have found a bumblebee's nest," said Uncle George.

Dolly and her uncle sat near the hole and watched. As they watched they saw many bees enter the nest; while some came out and flew to the flowers.

There was a large flat stone on the top of the bank right over the little hole. Uncle George struck this with his hand. At once they heard a loud hum which came from under the stone. Many bees came out of the hole and flew angrily about.

Uncle George told Dolly to run home and fetch him a wine-glass.

When she came back, he caught one of the bees and put it under the glass. Then he lifted up the large flat stone from the bank. Under it Dolly saw a lot of dry moss.

"We must be careful not to spoil the nest," he said.

Uncle George then took some of the moss gently away. A great many large bees and some very small ones came flying out. Then Dolly saw, among the moss, a lot of finger-shaped cells. Some of these were filled with honey. Others had each a large ugly white grub with a brown head.

"These grubs," said Uncle George, "are the young bees."

"I thought those little bees were the young ones," said Dolly.

"Those are worker bees and soldiers," said Uncle George. "They never grow bigger. They feed the young and guard the nest. Sometimes they go out and gather honey."

"But they are getting angry. They will sting us if we trouble them much more."

Uncle George then put back the covering of dry moss, and gently replaced the flat stone. The bees flew about the nest for a long time. At last they went in, by the hole, one by one.

"Now," he said, "let us look at this bee in the glass; and then we will set it free."

"It is much larger than any of our hive-bees," said Dolly.

"Yes, and it is quite unlike them in color and shape."

"It is black in color," said Dolly, "and covered all over with silky hair. It has a broad yellow band behind its head, and another just under its wings. The end of its body is white."

"Go on, Dolly, that is very good," said her uncle.

"It has three pairs of strong legs. There are two things like slender horns sticking out from its head; and two large black eyes, one on each side of its head."

"Stop a minute, Dolly," said Uncle George. "These slender things are its feelers. By means of these it can feel and smell. Those two large black oval eyes are not like our eyes. Each of them is a number of small eyes all packed together. The eye of a bee is made up of hundreds of small eyes."

"What small clear wings he has. And what are those yellow patches on his legs?"

"His wings are very small indeed," said Uncle George. "In fact, it is a wonder that so big an insect can fly with such tiny wings."

"Do the bumblebees store up honey for the winter?"

"Alas, no, Dolly, if we come back to this nest in winter-time we shall find only dead bees and empty cells."

"That is very sad," said Dolly. "Do they all die?"

"No, not all. The young female bees fly away before winter comes on. They bury themselves in the ground. In spring, the young queen or female bee wakes up."

"She looks for a hole in the ground or

under a stone. Here she builds her nest and lays her eggs.

"Out of these eggs come young bees, who help her to make a large nest like this one.

"Bumblebees work very hard. Long before the hive-bee is up, the bumblebee is out gathering pollen and honey.

"Long after the hive-bees have gone to rest, you can see the bumblebees flying from flower to flower."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Describe the bumblebee. Compare it with the hive-bee.
2. Describe the eyes of a bumblebee. In what respect do they differ from your own?
3. What are young bees like?
4. Where are the bumblebees during winter?

XI

HOW PLANTS TAKE FOOD FROM THE SOIL

One day as Dolly, the boys, and Uncle George were in the garden they saw that a tulip, which the day before was in full bloom and strong, was now lying dead on the ground.

"Poor little tulip!" said Dolly. Both the boys were sorry, too. They had watched it come through the ground like a blade of grass, open out its bud, and expand its bloom. Now all was over. The little flower would no longer enjoy the bright sunshine or the rain. It would no longer send forth its rootlets in search of the food it so much liked.

"Have you ever thought, Dolly, how the tulip, and indeed all plants, take their food from the soil?" asked Uncle George.

"I know they must feed in some way," said Dolly, "or they would not grow. But I do not know how they do it."

"Should you like to know, Dolly?" asked Uncle George.

"Indeed I should," said the little girl.

The boys were just as eager as Dolly to know about this, so Uncle George and the children went indoors for a lesson.

"I cannot tell you how plants take their food from the soil without first of all showing you what happens when water and soil are mixed together in a tumbler," said Uncle George. "Tom will bring me a tumbler, and you, Frank, bring me a little water."

When these were brought, Uncle George put a spoonful of soil into the tumbler, and then poured some water on it.

"Stir it up, please, Dolly," said Uncle George, "and you may pretend you are going to make a pudding."

Dolly did so.

"Now let us put it aside for a few minutes, while we place the flowers we have gathered into the vases," said Uncle George. "Then we will look at our tumbler of muddy water."

How pretty the flowers were made to look! How fresh they were! and how pleasant was their scent! The children hardly thought of the tumbler, but Uncle George was ready now for the lesson.

"Look! look, at the tumbler," said he. "Do you see a change?"

"Indeed we do," said all the children in one voice.

"The mud has sunk to the bottom of the glass," added Tom, "and the water on the top is clear."

Uncle George poured some of the clear water into a clean flat dish. Then he took a spirit-lamp from a little cabinet, and heated the water in the dish with it.

The children watched to see what would happen. Soon a cloud was seen over the dish, and by and by all the water had gone.

"But what is that at the bottom of the dish?" asked Uncle George.

"It looks like powder," said Frank.

"And it must have been in the water all the time," added Tom.

"And yet the water was clear," said Uncle George. "Look once more."

As he spoke, Uncle George took a glass of clean water from the tap. He put two large spoonfuls of salt in, and stirred it up.

"You see," he said, "the salt has gone from sight. Still the water is clear. Where has it gone?"

"Into the water," said Tom.

Uncle George put more salt in the water, and stirred it up. He kept on doing this until the water would take up no more salt, no matter how much it was stirred. This he called brine.

"Now, Frank, please go and ask mother for a fresh egg," he said, "and you, Tom, please bring me some fresh water in another glass."

Uncle George placed the egg in the glass in which the salt had been put, and it floated in it. He then placed the egg in the glass of

fresh water, and it at once sank to the bottom.

"Can you explain this?" he said.

"The salt water is heavier and thicker than the fresh water. That is why it bears up the egg," said Frank.

"That is very good indeed, Frank. That is just the reason. The salt water or brine is denser, or heavier, than the other."

Uncle George next took a glass tube with a thistle-shaped bulb at the end of it. Frank kept his finger on the small end, while his uncle poured some of the brine into the bulb. He next tied a piece of bladder-skin over the bulb, and placed it in a glass of fresh water, so that the salt water in the tube was at the same level as the fresh water in the glass.

Then he took two small glass bottles. He filled one with fresh water and the other with brine, and tied a piece of bladder-skin over the mouth of each. The one which was filled with brine he placed in a larger dish of fresh water. The other, that is the one filled with fresh water, he placed in a dish of brine.

"Now, children, we will go and have tea," he said, "and when we come back we will see if any change has taken place."

About an hour later Uncle George, Dolly, and the boys came back.

"Oh," said Frank, "look, Uncle George! The water has risen up in the thistle-tube."

"Yes, how do you account for that, Frank?"

"Some of the fresh water has passed through the skin," Frank answered.

"Now taste the water in the glass outside the skin," said Uncle George. "It was fresh water when we put it in, was n't it?"

Frank did so. Tom tasted it, too. Both boys declared that it was now salt.

"Where did the salt taste come from?" their uncle asked.

"It must have come through the skin," said Tom.

"Then some of the salt water in the thistle-tube has passed through the skin into the glass; and some of the fresh water in the glass has passed through the skin into the thistle-tube. Can you tell me any more?"

Frank thought for a little while and then said: "Oh, yes, more fresh water than salt water has passed through the skin, because the salt water is now far up the tube."

"Quite right, my boy. Now let us look at the small bottles. The skin on the one filled with brine is swollen out like a ball, while the water in the dish tastes salt. The skin of the other is drawn far in, showing us that much of the fresh water which it contained has passed out. If you taste the water in this bottle, you will find that a very little of the brine in the dish has passed into it through the skin.

"Now what we learn from these things is really this—that when two liquids, a heavy and a light one, are separated by a thin skin, they both pass through the skin. The heavy liquid passes through slowly, and the light liquid passes through quickly."

Uncle George then placed some small seeds on a piece of wet blotting-paper. He turned a glass tumbler upside down and placed it over them.

"We will leave these for a few days," he said.

A whole week went by before Uncle George was ready for the next lesson.

At last he called the children and said to them: "Tom, will you please bring me the seeds which we put on the wet blotting-paper under the tumbler? Frank, get me two leafy branches from a rose-bush in the garden; and, Dolly, please bring two glasses from the kitchen."

Now there was nothing the children liked better than to help their Uncle George, and all three rushed off at once to do his bidding.

While they were away Uncle George himself went into the garden, dug up two young plants, and brought them to the children in the study.

"Now, children," said Uncle George, "we are ready to begin our lesson. Fill one of the glasses with water, Frank, and put one of your leafy rose-branches in each glass—one branch in water and the other in a dry glass. Can you tell me what will happen to the branches?"

The children had many times seen what had happened to flowers when the maid had forgotten to put water in the vases, so that Tom readily said: "Yes, the one in the dry glass will wither, while the one in the water will keep fresh for some time."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it always happens, Uncle," said Frank. "Why, sometimes the flowers we gather in the wood are faded before we get

home. They often come back to life when put in water."

"You are quite right, Frank," Uncle George replied. "See, here are two young sunflower plants, which I brought in from the garden. I placed one in water. The other I left lying on the table. The one on the table is dead. What does this show us?"

"That plants require water," said Tom; "that whenever you cut off their water-supply they die."

"Quite right, Tom. We must know that plants are always giving off a great deal of water to the air from their leaves. Where do they get this water from?"

"It must be from the soil," said Frank.

"It must be," said Uncle George. "If we keep a plant in a pot without watering it, it soon dies. All the water it contains will by and by travel up to the leaves. It passes out through tiny pores in the leaves into the air. If no more water comes up from the soil, the plant withers and dies. The roots of plants search the soil in all directions for water. And in this water there is but little plant-food. We saw this when we boiled away the clear water which covered the soil in the glass.

"If we boil away some water from the tap, we shall find some solid matter left behind in the dish. Thus we see that in order to get a small quantity of food, plants take up a great quantity of water from the soil. Most of the water is sent into the air from the leaves. But the food-stuff remains in the plant, just as it did in the dish.

"Now I am going to show you how this water gets into the plant. Look at these little seeds on the damp blotting-paper!

"Each seed has a small plant with a long root, and small, stout, green leaves. Look at the roots and tell me what you see."

"They are covered with silky stuff," said Frank.

"Yes. Now take this glass, which will make things look bigger than they really are, and look at the roots once more."

"The silky stuff is a number of fine hairs," said Frank.

"That is quite right, Frank," said Uncle George. "These are the root-hairs. Each of these hairs is a long bag or sac, of very thin skin. It is filled with a liquid called sap, which is slightly denser, or heavier, than the water in the blotting-paper. Now, do you see how a plant takes food from the

soil, when it is growing in the garden or in a field?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Frank. "The water in the soil contains very little plant-food. The water inside the tiny sac contains very much."

"And what have you to say, Tom?"

"One of these liquids is denser than the other," said Tom. "Both are separated by a thin skin. The lighter liquid outside the sac will pass into it quickly, while the heavier liquid will pass out slowly."

"Bravo, Tom!" said Uncle George. "I could n't have given a better reply myself. The water from the soil passes in quickly. The sap from the inside of each root-hair passes out slowly. If they were both of the same density, neither would pass through the skin. If the water in the soil were the denser, then the sap would pass out so quickly that the plant would soon be robbed of its water.

"Here are two young plants, each growing in a small pot. I want you to water them, Tom. Water one with salt water (brine), the other with fresh water."

Tom did as he was asked.

"See," said Uncle George, "the one which you watered with brine is drooping. It is bending over the pot. That is because the water outside its root-hairs is denser than that which is inside the plant."

"How does the water get up from the roots to the leaves?" Frank asked.

"Just in the same way as the oil travels up the wick of the lamp. Water will always travel up through small spaces."

Uncle George poured some red ink into a saucer, and dipped the corner of a lump of sugar into it. The red ink ran up into the sugar until it was red all over. Next he took a bundle of very small glass tubes, and dipped the ends of them in the ink. The ink ran up the tubes, filling them to the top.

"Inside every plant," Uncle George went on, "there are thousands of long tiny tubes, up which the water travels. In fact, the veins of a leaf are just bundles of tubes, something like the bundle I hold in my hand."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Boil some river-water in a flat dish until all the water is gone. Do the same with some seawater, or, if this is not at hand, make some brine. Examine the two dishes, and tell what you see.

2. Take a glass gas-chimney, and tie a piece of bladder, or parchment, over one end of it. Half fill it with sugar and water. Now place it with its

tied-up end bottommost in a tumbler of clear cold water. After an hour or so taste the water in the tumbler. What have you to say about it?

3. What takes place when brine and clear water are separated from one another by a piece of skin (parchment)?

4. Why do branches wither quickly when cut from the tree? How would you keep them from withering quickly?

5. Place two small panes of clean glass close together. Dip the corner of them in colored water, and watch what happens.

6. Why do we never see the silky root-hairs when we dig or pull a plant out of the ground?

7. Why is salt water not good for plants?

8. Why do plants not grow in a desert?

XII

HOW THE FIRE BURNS

It was a cold wet day—so cold and wet that neither Dolly nor her brothers could venture out. They had grown tired of reading books and drawing pictures, and were indeed feeling very dull. They sat looking at the bright fire. Uncle George laid down his paper and said:

"Come, let us have a lesson. What shall it be? The rain? The cat? Or shall it be the cozy fireside?"

"The fire," said Frank. "Tell us why the fire burns, Uncle George."

"I will," said cheery Uncle George. "Just wait until I get some things from the kitchen. Come along, boys."

When Uncle George and the boys came back to the room, they brought a lot of curious articles with them. These were an empty pickle-bottle, a small saucer, a glass bell-jar, a large dish, a piece of candle, some tacks, and a taper.

"Now," said Uncle George, "we are ready to begin."

He first lighted the piece of candle and lowered it into the bottle. It burned for a short time, then it went out.

"Can you tell me why it goes out?" he asked.

"Want of air," said Tom and Frank at the same time.

"But there is air in the bottle," said Uncle George.

"Yes, but not the kind of air the candle wants," said Frank.

"That is a queer answer, Frank. The candle burned for a time in the bottle before it went out."

"Because it used up that part of the air which makes things burn," said Frank.

"That is very good," said Uncle George.

Uncle George then poured some water into the large dish. He fixed the candle on a big cork, lighted it, and set it floating on the water. Then he placed the glass bell-jar over it. But first of all he marked the level of the water on the outside of the bell-jar.

Very soon the flame of the candle became small, and at last it went out. Just then the water inside the bell-jar rose far up above Uncle George's mark. He marked this new level, and asked the boys if they could tell him why the water rose in the jar.

Both Frank and Tom shook their heads sadly.

"Then I must explain," said Uncle George.

"Some of the air has gone," said Tom.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "How much of the air has gone?"

Frank pointed to the space between the two marks.

"That is right," said Uncle George. "The water has risen up in the bell-jar to take the place of the air that has been used up by the burning of the candle. Where has this used-up air gone?"

"It must have gone into the water," said Tom.

"Why did it not go into the water before the candle burned?"

"Perhaps the burning of the candle has changed this part of the air," said Frank.

"Very good, Frank. You are right again. The burning of the candle has changed a certain part of the air. It has, indeed, so changed it that it can dissolve in water just as if it were sugar or salt."

Uncle George now poured water into the outer dish until it was level with the water inside the bell-jar. Then he took out the stopper and pushed a lighted taper into the bell-jar. The taper at once went out.

"This shows us," he said, "that a part of the air causes things to burn. The other part of the air does not. It puts burning things out. If we blow the fire with a bellows or fan, it burns more brightly and quickly. Why? Just because we are forcing a stream of air upon it, and a part of that stream of air is changed by the burning."

Uncle George next put some bright iron tacks in a small dish. He poured some water out of the large dish, and placed the bell-jar in the dish. After that he added

water until it was just up to his first mark on the bell-jar.

Then he floated the dish with the tacks on the water. Next he wetted the tacks with water, and then placed the bell-jar over them and put in the stopper.

"Now," he said, "we will leave this just as it is for a few days."

The boys watched the bell-jar every day, and this is what they saw. The water rose slowly in the bell-jar. As it rose the bright tacks turned red with rust. The water rose higher and the tacks turned redder every day.

At length it rose to Uncle George's second mark. It rose no farther, although left for a whole week.

Then Uncle George called the boys and asked them what had taken place in the bell-jar.

"The tacks have rusted, and some of the air in the jar has been used up," said Frank.

"How much air has been used up?" Uncle George asked.

"Just exactly the same as was used up when we burned the candle," said Tom, pointing to the top mark.

"Let us see, then," said Uncle George, "what part of the air has gone."

He poured water into the large dish until it was level with the water inside the bell-jar. Then he put a lighted taper into the bell-jar as before. It went out at once.

"It is the same part of the air as the burning candle used up," said Frank.

"Then we have found out," said Uncle George, "that when a thing burns it uses up a certain part of the air; and that when iron rusts, exactly the same part of the air is used up."

"In the first case, the burning of the candle changed part of the air into a gas which dissolved in the water. In this case, that same part of the air has joined up to part of the iron tacks to form that red powder which we call rust."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. How is rust formed?
2. Explain why things which are made of iron should be painted.
3. A grate full of coals burns away and only a small quantity of ash is left in the grate. What has become of the coals?
4. Why will a rug smother a fire?



FOR THE BOYS

THE RHYME OF THE TWO LITTLE BROWNS



A BOY that was spare, and a girl that was fair,
Were riding from school in town;
With a pony and cart, through the heart of the mart,
Drove Edgar and Elinor Brown.

The brow of the lad was exceedingly glad,
With never a sign of a frown;
While with grace in her place, and a smile on her face,
Rode sweet little Elinor Brown.

But alas for the day and alas for the way
(O Edgar, O Elinor Brown!),
If a harness were sound, would it drop to the ground
On the smooth, even streets of a town?



In a ponyless cart, in the heart of the mart,
 Sat Edgar and Elinor Brown,
 While the frolicsome bay, with a gay little
 neigh,
 Went galloping out of the town.

Then laughter broke loud from the men in the
 crowd,
 For folk love a joke in the town;
 But gayest of all in the street or the stall
 Were Edgar and Elinor Brown.



Their carriage was light, they 'd no fright of the night,

Brave Edgar and Elinor Brown!

So they plodded the way of the frolicsome bay,
To their home in the outskirts of town.

'T was a sight for a dream, this brisk little team:

Bold Edgar swung strides through the town,
While with grace in her place, and a hot happy face,

Ran sweet little Elinor Brown.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.





A Youthful Martyr

by
Pauline Frances
Camp



IV

"Alack a day!" the good housewife cried,
And swiftly to her gossips hied.
And soon throughout the village, all
Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

V

Men dropped their fishing-nets and creels;
The women left their spinning-wheels;
The broth was burned within the pot,
By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI

The rumor grew, as swift it spread,
And soon declared the parson dead.
And many fainted from the shock;
For he was loved by all his flock.

I

For fibbing, many a lad, no doubt,
Has felt the sting of hickory sprout.
Eliphalet Pease, a pleasant youth,
Was birched because he told the truth.

II

One day, from school Eliphalet came,
And sought his mother, comely dame.
"Oh, Mother, have you heard the news?
As I was passing Parson True's,

III

"Down a long ladder, from the top,
Full twenty feet, without a stop,
Head over heels, did Parson go,
And landed on the rocks below."



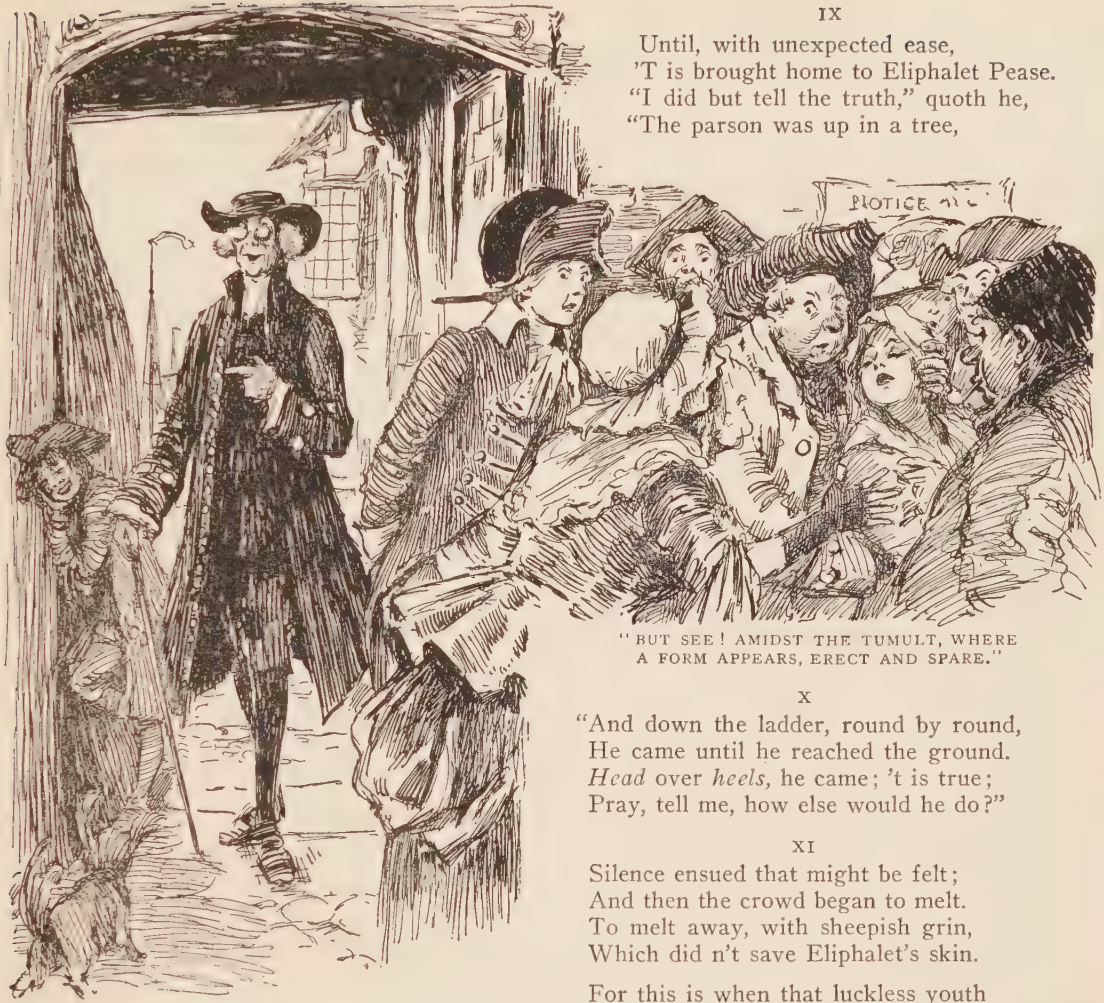
"MEN DROPPED THEIR FISHING-NETS AND CREELS;
THE WOMEN LEFT THEIR SPINNING-WHEELS."

VII

But see! amidst the tumult, where
A form appears, erect and spare.
The parson's self, benignant, calm,
And humming soft, a favorite psalm!

IX

Until, with unexpected ease,
 'T is brought home to Eliphalet Pease.
 "I did but tell the truth," quoth he,
 "The parson was up in a tree,



"BUT SEE! AMIDST THE TUMULT, WHERE
 A FORM APPEARS, ERECT AND SPARE."

X

"And down the ladder, round by round,
 He came until he reached the ground.
 Head over heels, he came; 't is true;
 Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

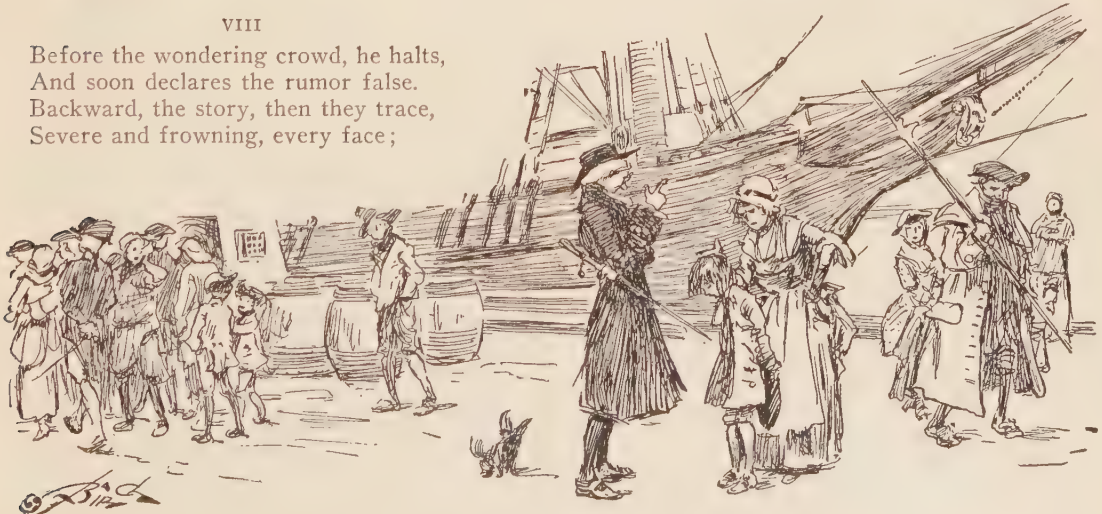
XI

Silence ensued that might be felt;
 And then the crowd began to melt.
 To melt away, with sheepish grin,
 Which did n't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth
 Was birched because he told the truth.

VIII

Before the wondering crowd, he halts,
 And soon declares the rumor false.
 Backward, the story, then they trace,
 Severe and frowning, every face;





Teddy Boy and Teddy Bear

By
Pauline Frances Camp

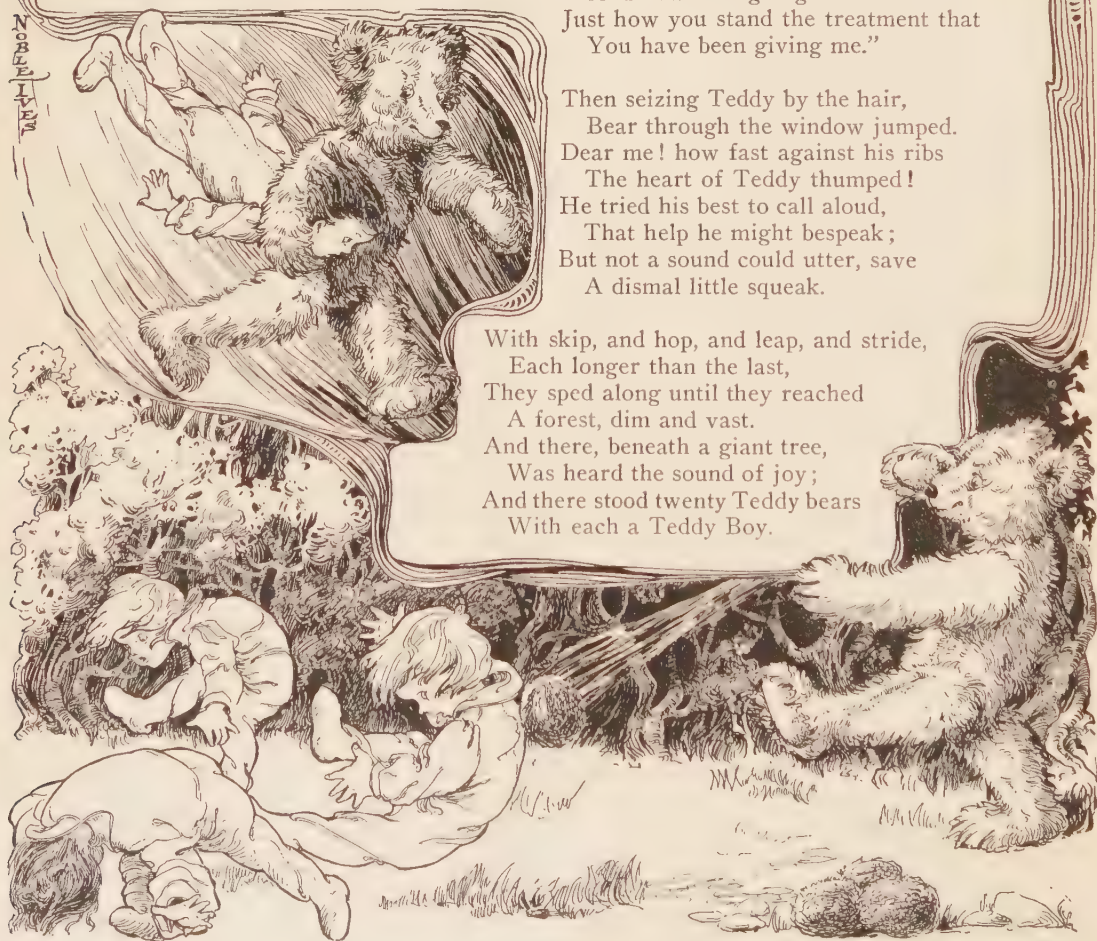
A LIVELY little Teddy Boy,
Who owned a Teddy Bear,
A very strange adventure had,
And sadly did he fare.
One night, upon his pillow white,
He 'd scarcely laid his head,
When suddenly a fuzzy form
Stood right beside his bed.

In gruffish tones it growled, "You 've played
With me a year or two ;
'T is only fair that I should play
A little while with you.
I 've been a very patient bear,
And now I 'm going to see
Just how you stand the treatment that
You have been giving me."

Then seizing Teddy by the hair,
Bear through the window jumped.
Dear me ! how fast against his ribs
The heart of Teddy thumped !
He tried his best to call aloud,
That help he might bespeak ;
But not a sound could utter, save
A dismal little squeak.

With skip, and hop, and leap, and stride,
Each longer than the last,
They sped along until they reached
A forest, dim and vast.
And there, beneath a giant tree,
Was heard the sound of joy ;
And there stood twenty Teddy bears
With each a Teddy Boy.

NOVELTY





Our Teddy's special bear stepped forth,
And seemed to take the lead.
"Begin, begin!" he growled. "You know
How fast the night will speed.
We'll have a game of tenpins, first,
With lots of fun and noise."
And quickly in a row they stood,
That group of luckless boys.

Biff! bim! the cocoanut balls spun by,
By skilful Bruins cast.
Heels over heads, along the line,
Those boys they toppled fast.
A merry game of foot-ball
Next added to their woe,
As twenty whirling, dizzy lads
Bounced light, from toe to toe.

And so the topsyturvy night
Went on until the dawn;
Till Bruin cried, "One contest more,
And then we must be gone.
Up, up, with every Teddy Boy,
See who can toss most high!"
And hurtling through the air, those boys
Shot upward toward the sky.

Our Teddy higher went than all,
And came down with a whack!
And presto! as he hit the ground,
The voice he'd lost came back.
And such a mighty howl he gave
Was never heard before.
Mama and nurse and Papa, too,
Came hurrying to his door.

Then Teddy opened wide his eyes
And lifted up his head,
To find himself upon the floor,
Beside his little bed.
While to the bedpost, safely tied,
With beady eyes astare,
And paws stretched out in helpless wise,
There hung his Teddy Bear.



And Ted *may* be mistaken, but
He thought he saw him wink,
As slowly he climbed into bed,
To rest awhile—and think!



THE LITTLE NEXT DOG DOOR



BY WILLIAM H. HILLS

He has a terrifying yap,—to him it means a lot!—
He's just a shaggy bunch of hair (it must be very hot!);
He gives spice to the neighborhood that was n't there before;
We're getting very fond of him—the little dog next door.

He bravely comes up on our lawn and tries to drive us out;
If barks were bad as bites, we all should have to go, no doubt.
He seems to think his little yap is like a lion's roar;
He's very, very furious—the little dog next door.

You ought to see him try to chase our Leo off the street,
And Leo looking down at him, a-yapping round his feet!
It is a most diverting sight, this fierce one-sided score;
If Leo snapped, how we should miss the little dog next door!





But Leo's patient, and he has a sense of humor, too.
He will not hurt the little chap, whatever he may do.
And if you hear a "Yap! yap! yap!" repeated o'er and o'er,
Don't be alarmed a bit; it's just—the little dog next door!



TED'S FOOLISH WISH

"I WISH I WAS AN OWL"
SAID TEDDY, WITH A SCOWL,
"CAUSE THEN I COULD SIT UP THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH."
BUT SOME FAIRIES HEARD HIM SCOLD,
AND HERE YOU MAY BEHOLD



HOW THEY



MADE THAT



AWFUL WISH



COME TRUE !

CHARLES FITCH LESTER

AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST

By Carolyn Wells



ONCE there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudged. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner *Hesperus*,—the breaking waves
dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir
in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!



When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman,
spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let
who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on
forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it does n't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"



G. A. HARKER.

TIMOTHY TRUNDLE.

By

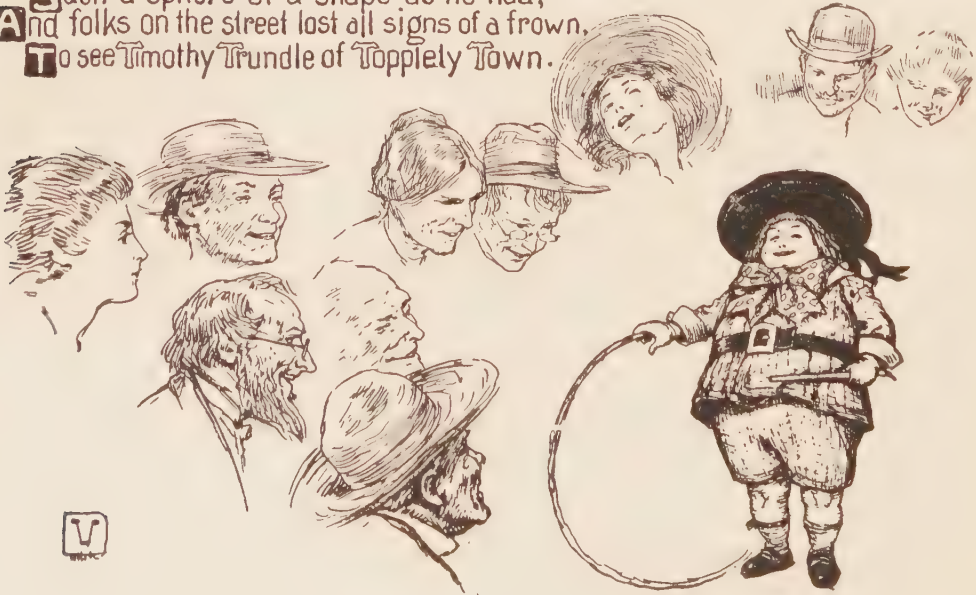
FREDERICK MOXON.



Oh! Timothy Trundle was bouncingly fat,
As round as a robin was he;
The jolliest babe ever sat on a mat
To frolic and gurgle with glee!
His father who tossed him now up and now down,
Called him "Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town."



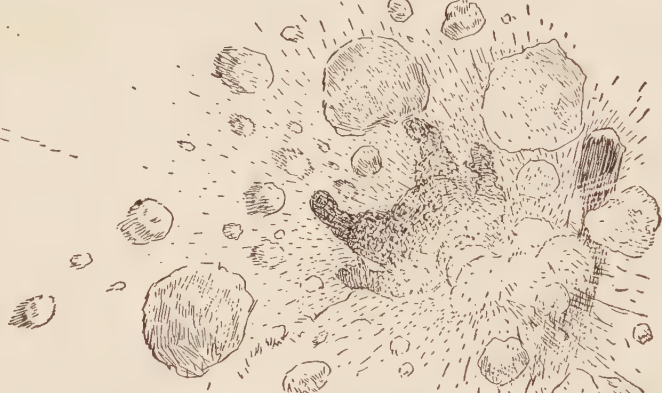
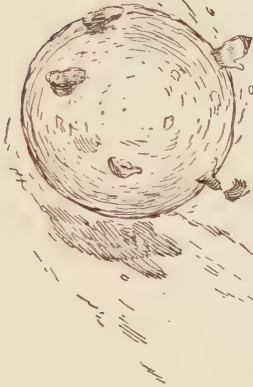
When Timothy Trundle grew up to be "Tim,"
A rotund, jolly chunk of a lad,
The hoop that he played with looked slim, beside him,
Such a sphere of a shape as he had;
And folks on the street lost all signs of a frown,
To see Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town.



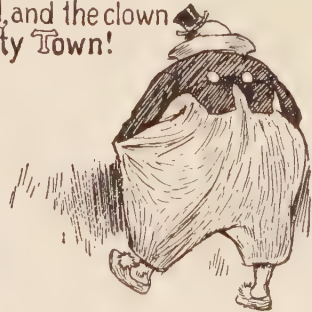
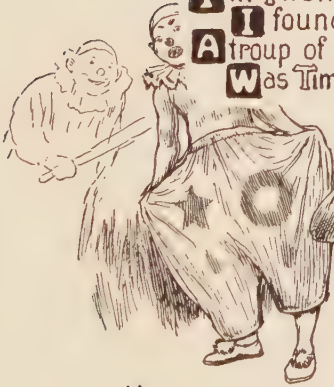
V



Once Timothy Trundle went out for a slide,
He dragged up the sled with a will;
But as he pushed off on his ride, o'er the side
He rolled, and then rolled down the hill;-
A snowball, like Heidelberg's tun of renown,
Buried Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town.



Of Timothy Trundle, the youth like an O,
For years I had never a trace
Till I went to a circus, and lo! in the show
I found his full-moon of a face.
A troupe of trick tumblers performed, and the clown
Was Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town!





Who's afraid in the dark?

"Not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl.

"Tu whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark.

"Boo - oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!"
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid."

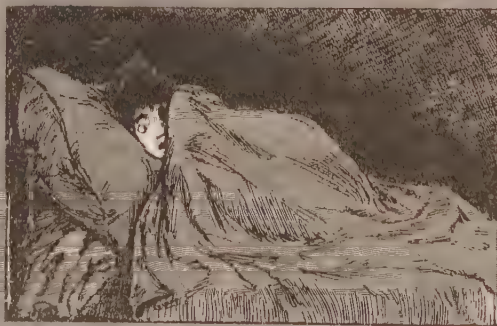
"Mi-iew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter

Whatever's the matter!
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round

And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared, all three
That you never did see

One of them afraid
In the dark!



But the little boy who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bed clothes and covered his head.



WHAT 'S THE USE?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

I

WHAT 's the use o' growin' up?
You can't paddle with your toes
In a puddle; you can't yell
When you 're feelin' extra well.
Why, every feller knows
A grown-up can't let *loose*.
I don't want to be no older—
What 's the use?

II

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When I 'm big I don't suppose
Explorin' would be right
In a neighbor's field at night—
I won't *like* to get my clo'es
All watermelon juice.
I don't want to be no older—
What 's the use?

III

What 's the use o' growin' up?
You could n't ride the cow.
An' the rabbits an' the pig
Don't like you 'cause you 're big.
I 'm *comfortablest* now.
P'r'aps I am a goose:
I don't want to be no older—
What 's the use?

IV

What 's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why, every day
You just have to be one thing.
I 'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy—I can play
That I 'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older—
What 's the use?

IVAN AND THE WOLF



IVAN SEES THE WOLF



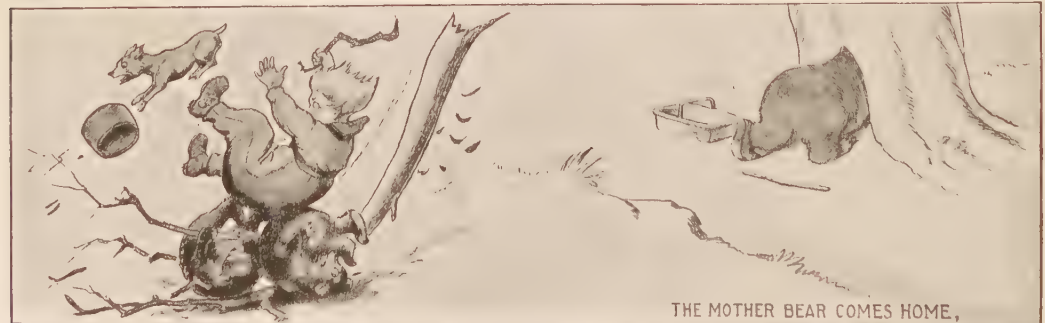
AND TAKES REFUGE IN A HOLLOW TREE,



HAVING FASTENED THE BASKET WITH HIS STAFF,



WHILE TWO BABY BEARS LEFT IN THE TREE, IMPEDE HIS WAY,



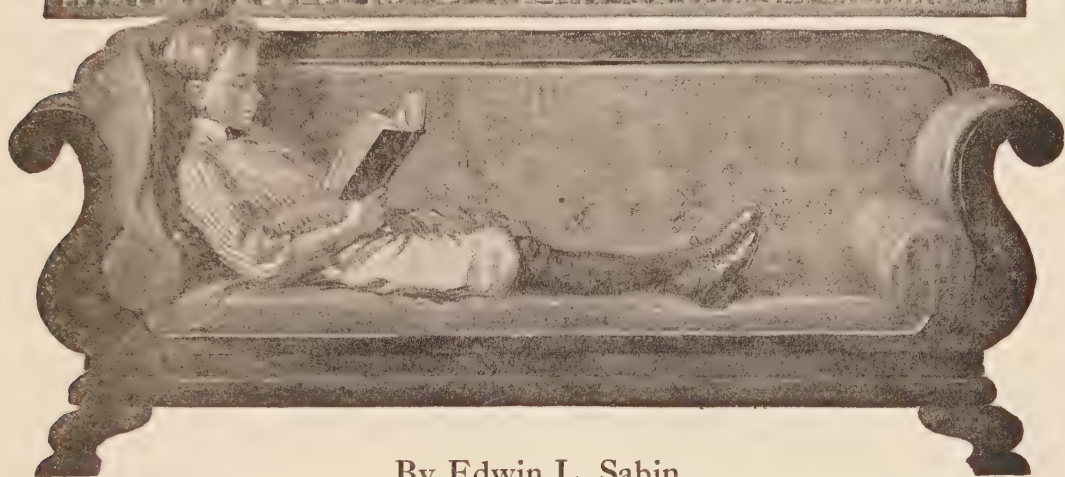
THE MOTHER BEAR COMES HOME,



AND IVAN ESCAPES WITH THE CUBS.

BARNES.

BOYHOOD'S BOOK-SHELF



By Edwin L. Sabin

Some eve I'd like to plant myself
By boyhood's long-neglected shelf,
Once more to ope those volumes worn
Which modern pages make forlorn;

Once more to let the moments speed
With Optic, Castlemon, Mayne Reid!
The "Boat-Club" set, "The White Chief"
there—
Ah, *these* were *books*, I do declare!

"Jack Hazard!" Joy! Again we meet
By grace of Trowbridge lines replete!
And 'pon my word, here 's "Cudjo's Cave!"
(Was Cudjo not a 'dandy' slave?)

The "Scottish Chiefs" is this, I guess,
With "Thaddeus of Warsaw"—yes!
And this (I loaned it o'er and o'er)
Is Stephens' "Left on Labrador!"

Pass by that dog-eared treasure? No!
'T is Scott's entrancing "Ivanhoe!"
(How often, of its glamour taught,
Have Tom and I in tourney fought!)

And here, imploring boyhood's eyes,
The "Last of the Mohicans" lies!
Hail! Hawkeye, Uncas, Chingachgook!
("Deerslayer" is that next old book.)

Come "Crusoe"; pretty ragged, you—
A hundred times read through and through!
Your woodcuts blurred. While this one—
see?—
The far-marooned "Swiss Family!"

And look! Their lonesomeness confessed,
"Aladdin," "Sinbad," and the rest
Peer forth from covers stained and dim,
Awaiting—cheek by jowl with Grimm!

Upon this faded back discern
The tempting, wizard name of Verne!
The title? Must be "Field of Ice"—
Or, no; some "trip," of strange device.

Munchausen, here; that, Gulliver;
This, Coffin—truthful chronicler.
(The other three of course are bricks,
But can't beat "Boys of '76!")

And *you*, oh gift of gentler pen:
Louisa Alcott's "Little Men!"
And *you*, whom kindred soul creates:
"Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates!"

But Duty warns—like mother's dread:
"Stop, my son; time to go to bed."
In vain I'd beg: "One chapter more!"
Farewell, dear shelf of boyhood's lore.

The Marvellous Man of Talipatan

By C. F. Lester.

I

THERE was an old man in Talipatan
Who lived on a highly remarkable plan.
Just listen to me, and you 'll agree
That a funny old fellow, indeed, was he!



II

On going to ride, he always cried:
"I do it, you see, from family pride!"
And he 'd sail in a sieve, and this reason give,—
That "life was a terrible way to live!"



III

He would sit and play at chess all day,
Although he thought it was "rather gay";
"But," said he, "it 's no sin,—and I don't care a
pin
How the game comes out, so long as I win!"



IV

Whenever he slept, he always kept
Awake (at which his family wept),
And when specially glad, he would look quite sad,
('T was really the noblest trait he had!)

V

Now I 've never heard say that he 'd moved
away,
So he must be there to this very day;
And if trolley-cars ran to Talipatan,
We 'd all go and visit this marvelous man!

STORIES OF THE SEASONS

BY MARGARET CAMERON

SPRING

HOW THE SPRING CAME

One cold day, at the beginning of April, a hermit thrush was sitting on the topmost branch of an ash tree, singing a pretty song.

It was not a very fine day, for big gray clouds swept across the sky, and hid the sun.

"I cannot think why you are so happy," growled the Ash Tree to the Thrush. "Here am I, blown about by the cruel wind, till my branches and twigs feel quite dead. Will spring never come?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Thrush; "spring is coming fast."

"How do you know?" asked the Ash.

"I can feel it," said the Thrush. "And the cruel wind, that you growl about, is very kind. It is making the earth soft and dry, getting it ready for the seeds to be put in."

"My seeds are all in the ground," growled the Ash Tree. "That horrid wind blew them off a long time ago."

"Well then," said the Thrush, "it is breaking up the clods of earth, to make it easy for your seeds to push up their leaves to the light. The nut tree here is glad of the wind, too, for it shakes her catkins, and blows a cloud of yellow dust out of them, on to her tiny red flowers."

"What good does that do them?" growled the Ash Tree.

"If this dust did not blow on to them," said the Thrush, "there would be no hazel nuts later on."

That very night, when the Thrush was sleeping soundly, the cold wind stopped. Soft clouds soon hid the moon and stars. Then with a rush came the warm wind; and down came the rain "Swish! swish!" It woke the farmer up, and he said to his wife:

"Just listen to that rain! The wind has changed! Spring is here at last!"

WHERE SHALL WE LIVE?

"Tseeu-tseer!" sang Mr. Meadowlark, as he hopped about in the hedge. "I think every bird is glad this morning because the spring has come! I am so happy that I cannot help singing all the time."

"Oh, there is Mr. Robin!" said the Meadowlark. "He is over there under the old apple tree. What a fine red waistcoat he has on! Good morning, sir. What are you doing?"

"I am looking for the best place in this tree to build our nest in," said the Robin. "Where are you going to put yours?"

"Oh," said the Meadowlark, "we have built our nest! It is down in that field near the hedge. We have five little eggs in it now. But soon they will break, and then we shall have some little baby Meadowlarks. We shall be busy then."

"Good morning!" sang a pretty brown-spotted bird as he flew up to the Meadowlark. "I am busy, too, for we are making our nest in an elder-berry bush in the lane, near the farm."

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Song Sparrow! I thought it must be you," said Meadowlark, "when I heard you singing. Have you seen Mr. Flicker this morning?"

"Quit-u, quit-u! I am down here, under the hedge," said a pretty bird with a black moustache mark. "Mrs. Flicker and I have made our nest almost near the top of the apple tree this year."

"I nearly had a fight this morning," said the Song Sparrow.

"Oh, dear!" cried the other birds. "How did that come about?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker thought we of all birds wanted their nest in the pear tree," said the Song Sparrow. "But they soon saw how foolish they were. I only flew by to see how many eggs they had. Here Mr. Woodpecker comes now across the field."

"I am not going to keep my nest in the old pear tree, after all," said the Woodpecker, as he perched on a twig beside the other birds, "for I found a lovely hole in that big cherry tree by the barn."

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

The sun was shining brightly, one morning, and the air felt warm and soft.

Under the hedges, green leaves were peeping out; for little docks, and nettles, and goose grass were pushing up their buds above the dead leaves.

Some of the buds on the hedges were fat and round, while others had burst their warm coats, and were shaking out their little green fingers in the sunshine.

All the seeds in the ground were splitting their winter coats, too, and were shouting to each other: "Do you feel the warm sunshine? Have you had a drink of lovely rain?"

"I am bursting my coat, for it is getting too little for me," cried another. "I shall soon be a little plant."

Pop! went the little seed coats, and out of each came a pair of tiny pale leaves, and a little root. Down went the root, deeper in the earth; and up grew the little leaves, till they peeped above the ground.

The pale leaves soon turned green in the sunshine, and the little plant grew into a big one.

The trees, too, were saying to each other: "I can feel the sap running into my twigs, making my buds swell and burst."

So the brown coats fell off the trees, and the tiny crumpled buds shook out their folds, and spread into beautiful leaves.

Then came wind and clouds, and down fell the rain again, in big warm drops. These crept to the roots of the trees and little plants.

But while the rain was falling the jolly old sun peeped out from a hole in a cloud. "Aha!" he cried; "just look at the dark sky now!"

All across the sky, from side to side, there was a lovely rainbow in the form of an arch. It was like a pretty, long ribbon, with

colors that faded one into the other: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

WAKE UP, LITTLE SLEEPERS!

It was the middle of May now, and the days were getting longer and longer. The sun rose earlier every morning, and went to bed later every evening.

This made the earth and the air warm, so all the little insects began to flit about once more.

The sun knew where to look for them, for he had seen them hide last winter. So he peeped into the cracks of the tree trunks, and under the warm earth clods, to wake the tiny sleepers up.

"Come out!" he cried. "The spring is here, and you should be flying in the sunshine now." So out they crawled, one by one. The cabbage butterfly was the last to come, for she was very stiff and sleepy; but the warm sun soon made her stretch her wings. Then off she flew to the fields to lay her eggs on a cabbage leaf.

The spider had been warm and cozy, in his silk nest, behind the barn window, all the winter. But at last he woke up, saying: "I am so hungry. I must get myself some dinner!" So out he crawled into the sunshine to spin a pretty web; and soon he had caught a sleepy fly.

On the rose bush, over in the farm garden, the green fly and its young ones were all sucking the sap out of the young shoots as they grew.

"This will never do!" said the farmer's wife. "How I wish I could see some ladybeetles!" She had not long to wait, for Mrs. Ladybeetle soon flew on to the rose bush.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Ladybeetle, as she folded her soft wings under her little red jacket, "I see there is plenty of work here for me!"

So she laid her eggs, and set to work to eat up all the green flies. Soon her eggs cracked, and the hungry grubs came out of them, to help her.

Other beetles were running about on the grass, and their reddish brown backs looked very fine in the sunshine.

But up in a tree sat a starling. "Aha," cried he, "I am watching where you lay your eggs, Mrs. June Beetle! Then I shall know where to dig for grubs very soon!"

These grubs live in the ground for two

or three years, before they turn into beetles, and they do a lot of harm to the roots.

Timid Mrs. Earwig, with her pincer tail, was running about looking for a dark place to lay her eggs. It was a good thing the hungry starling did not see her just then!

"YOU HELP ME AND I'LL HELP YOU!"

In the garden, up at the farmhouse, the flower beds were looking quite gay. For, all this time, pretty blossoms were opening and turning their faces to the sun.

"It is time we opened," said a Violet to a yellow Daffodil, "for all the insects are here. We need them, and they need us."

"Why do they need us?" asked the Daffodil.

"Because we give them food," said the Violet. "Down in the middle of our petals there is some honey stored for the insects to sip. Then inside our stamens is that yellow dust called pollen. The insects eat that, too."

"Well, tell us why we need them," said a yellow Dandelion.

"They throw the pollen on our seed boxes, as they fly from flower to flower," said the Violet. "We should have no seeds if the pollen was not brought to us."

"We did not grow from seeds," said a pink Hyacinth to the Daffodil. "We grew from bulbs, which the farmer planted last October."

"Ah! But we want the pollen," said the Pear Blossom on the wall. "If the insects did not come to us, we should have no nice pears when Autumn came round. Ask the cherry blossom and the plum blossom, if that is not true."

Down in the meadow, beside the stream, wild flowers, just as pretty as the garden ones, were springing up.

The village children liked the wild flowers best, for they could pick them, and make them into posies.

So, down to the meadow went the rosy-cheeked little girls, to pick some sweet yellow cowslips for Mother.

The cowslips were not hard to find, for they grew on long stalks among their crumpled leaves. But what a lot of them it took to make a bunch!

The pretty blue forget-me-nots, too, were in flower; but the girls had to be careful

how they picked them, for they grew right down at the edge of the stream.

The best ones grew in the water, and only the boys could get at them, with a crooked stick. But how soon they faded!

The prettiest flowers of all were the hardest to get. These were the marsh marigolds. They were like great yellow buttercups, with a bunch of golden stamens in the middle of each one.

They grew in a corner of the field where the ground was soft and wet. Down went your feet; and your shoes were full of mud and water in no time.

FRIENDS AND FOES

The duck pond at the side of the road was sparkling in the sunshine; and over it, thousands of little gnats were dancing in great glee.

They flew up and down, in and out, having a fine time. Some of them were so light, that they skated on the top of the water; while others flocked together in little crowds.

They had only just left the pond where they had lived, first as tiny eggs and then as little swimming grubs. Now they had their pretty wings, and were making the best of their short lives.

Then, all at once, some great dark thing came "Swoop," right into the middle of the happy crowd.

"Oh, dear!" cried a little gnat. "What is it?"

"Come under this grass blade," said a big Earthworm, "and I will tell you. That is a swallow, and it will swallow you, if you go on the pond again."

"It has just come back from a hot country, where it has been for the winter. It has flown all the way back from the South to lay its eggs here. So it is very hungry."

"Swoop!" went the swallow again, with its great mouth wide open, and ever so many more gnats were caught on its sticky tongue.

How glad the swallows were to be back North! They flew to the farm and looked for the nest they had made last year. But it was gone. So they began to build another, against the old barn, in a cozy spot.

To and fro they flew, bringing little balls of mud in their beaks from the pond, to make the wall of their nest.

In the evening, when they were quite

tired, they went to rest, and left the gnats and flies in peace.

But the poor things got no peace, for, as the sun was setting, and the birds were singing before they went to bed, out came the bats.

These queer little creatures had been hanging upside down all the winter in the barns, asleep, and half-dead with the cold. But the warm night had brought them out, to look for food till daylight.

"Squeak! Squeak!" cried a bat as he flapped his little skinny wings. "I have just caught a big fat Maybeetle! How good it tastes!" And he crunched it up with his small sharp teeth.

THE FARMER'S FRIENDS

The large field beside the farmhouse was brown and bare, and the earth clods lay in long straight rows.

One morning in spring two crows were walking about among the rows, looking for grubs. One crow said to the other: "The farmer's man is coming to plow this field to-day, so you and I will have a fine feast."

"Oh," said the other, "I thought it was plowed last winter!"

"So it was," said number one; "but that was to turn the grass in. I remember what a big dinner we had. Now the man is coming to break up these clods, and sow his seed."

Soon the farmer's man came out with his two fine strong horses. They were ready for work, and went slowly into the field, where the plow was standing.

"Back, lads!" cried the man, as he hooked the chain to their harness. Then off went the horses down the rough rows, pulling the plow along.

Its sharp knife broke up the clods, and made a neat little furrow for the man to walk in. Then down from the trees and hedges came the birds in hundreds, and gobbled up all the worms and grubs that had been turned up by the plow.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man, as he saw the busy birds. "They soon knew what I was going to do. They are the farmer's best friends."

The redwings and crows were dragging the worms out of the clods, and were gobbling up the wire worms.

When all was ready, two more horses pulled a queer cart up and down the field.

This had wheat seed in it, and, as the horses walked along, seed dropped out of some little pipes, into the furrows.

After this the seed was covered up, so that the birds should not get it; and the ground looked smooth once more.

The farmer's men were busy every day now, for there were a lot of fields to plow and sow. Some fields were sown with grass seed, some with wheat seed, and some with turnip seed.

Boys were busy planting potatoes in another field; and the farmer and his men were putting peas, and beans, and cabbages into their own gardens.

"Let us go back to the wheat field again," said a crow to a redwing.

"Oh, no!" said the redwing. "See! There is a man there. He may have a gun, and will shoot us!"

But it was only an old scare-crow after all!

WHAT THE BROOK SAW AND HEARD

"Ripple, ripple!" sang the little brook in the woods. "How dark and cool it is in here, and how mossy my stones are! I have been running like this for so many years, that I have forgotten to count them."

"But I never saw so many frogs' eggs in the ponds and pools as there are this spring. What a good thing so many tadpoles get eaten, or there would be far too many frogs!"

The frogs' eggs floated in the pools like glass beads; and all the time, the strange little black tadpoles were wriggling out of them, and slipping into the water.

When a tadpole first came out of the egg, it had nothing but a big head, with a sharp beak, and a long wagging tail. It swam about, nibbling the waterweeds, and grew very quickly.

"Oh, how funny you look!" cried one Tadpole to another. "You have lost your tail, and there are four little tufts growing out of your body."

"Those are my legs," said the other tadpole proudly; "and when they have grown, I shall be a frog. I shall not live much in the water then; I shall hop about in the grass, and catch——"

But the tadpole never told what he was going to catch, for a fish darted out from under a stone and gobbled him up.

"Aha!" cried the fish. "That was a nice mouthful!" He was a very pretty little fish, all shining with green and red scales. His name was Mr. Stickle-back, and away he swam so quickly that he was soon lost to sight.

He darted along till he came out into the sunshine, under an old bridge. But here he swam very carefully, for he saw something large and dark lying in a deep pool. It was a big trout with a pretty spotted back, looking for his dinner. But just then, a boy ran over the bridge, and this gave the

trout such a start, that the stickle-back got past quite safely.

On one side of the bridge, some snails had lain asleep all the winter, curled up in their shells, with their front doors shut.

But now, they were creeping slowly up a twig, with their shells on their backs.

Nearby, in the bank of the brook, a worm was pushing its head out of a little hole. "Good morning, Mr. Worm!" said a snail; "I don't think I would push my head out like that. There is a thrush up in the willow tree, and I think he is very hungry."

SUMMER

GROWING WEATHER

One morning very early, when the sun rose, a thick mist lay all over the ground, and hid the fields and woods from his sight.

"Oh! ho!" he cried; "summer is here already. What fine growing weather this will be for the plants and crops! I must not shine too much at first, for fear the tender things should be burned up."

Everything was covered with dew—the trees, the flowers, and the grass. The dew-drops hung on a spider's web, and made it sparkle and shine.

The sheep, and the cows, too, shook off the dewdrops from their coats as they walked about. They were very early risers, for soon the day would be so hot that they could not eat.

Then they would lie down under the trees, or wade in the cool brook.

When the sun rose high in the sky, the mist faded away, and the air grew very hot.

The peas in the garden were climbing right up to the tops of their rods, and pea-pods hung among the leaves.

"Good-by," cried one faded little pea-flower, as she fell to the earth. "I have left a baby pod behind, to grow in my place!"

One big fat pea-pod said, "Shine on me as much as you like, Mr. Sun. The peas in my pod are getting so big, that I shall soon be ready to pick."

The beans out in the fields had lovely white blossoms on them, and their scent was so sweet, that the butterflies lived among them. And as the blossoms faded, the fine big bean-pods grew instead.

The wheat, too, was growing up very

quickly in the field, and pretty little tufts of seeds were coming on the stems. These were called ears of wheat.

In among them, rabbits and field mice lived quite safely.

"Don't I look pretty?" cried a potato plant across the hedge to a turnip plant. "My leaves are growing very fast now. Under the ground, too, my dear little potatoes are coming, and will soon be large enough to dig up."

"You need not be so proud!" cried the turnip plant. "I have a fine white turnip under the ground. It grows larger, and more like a ball, every day."

But the grass grew quicker than anything else. In the fields where the farmer had sown grass seed, fleabanes and grasses were coming up. The grass was so tall, that when a dog ran into it after a rabbit, no one could see him.

HAY TIME

"The weather is so hot and fine," said the farmer, "that I think we can cut the grass to-morrow in the field beside the mill stream."

Off went one of the men to the cart shed to look at the mower, which had been lying there since last year.

The man made the knives very sharp, so that they would cut well; and he oiled the wheels and chains, so that they would turn easily.

Then he took a very long curved knife, called a scythe, and went down to the field. First he began to cut the grass round the hedge, so as to make room for the horses to go round.

As he cut, the long knife went "Swish, swish," at the roots of the grass, and down it fell quite flat on the ground. Soon there was a broad track all round the field.

Next morning, very early, a lark that was sitting in the grass with her young ones heard a strange noise.

"What can it be?" said she. So Mr. Lark flew up into the sky to see. He saw the horses pulling the mower into the field.

"We must get away as quickly as we can," he said. "What a good thing our little ones can fly!" So they all flew over the hedge.

On one side of the mower some knives stood out beside the wheel. When the wheels turned, these sharp knives moved to and fro, cutting the grass.

A man sat on the mower, and drove the horses with one hand, while he held a handle with the other.

"Click, click, click," went the mower, as the horses began to move, and in among the grass the little knives worked. Then down fell the grass in long neat rows, as the mower went round and round the field.

At last there was only a little grass standing in the middle; so, as it was dinner-time, the man stopped mowing.

The horses got some of the sweet grass for their dinners, and then went down to the mill stream for a drink.

The man was very hot, for the sun was shining fiercely. So he sat down in the shade to eat the dinner which the farmer's wife had sent.

There was something nice to eat in a basket, and something cool to drink in a big stone jar. How good it was to rest in the shade!

After dinner, the rest of the field was cut; but before he did it, the man turned a good many rabbits and mice and birds out of the grass.

The day after the grass was cut, a number of men and women came into the field to make the hay. Some of them brought their little children with them, for there was no one at home to look after them.

What a jolly time the little ones had! They played hide-and-seek in the hay; they tossed it about; then they made a bed of it, and went to sleep for the rest of the morning.

Then the big boys and girls came to the hayfield for dinner. Mother laid a white cloth on the grass, and put plates all round.

There was a big pie, and it tasted very good. When it began to grow late, they drew the hay into long rows across the field with rakes and forks, so that it should keep dry all night.

The farmer kept looking at the sky, for some big clouds were peeping over the popular trees. "It will be a pity if we have rain to-night," said one of the men, "for the hay is drying fast."

It was still very hot, even though the sun was setting, and the folks were all tired out. All at once there was a noise like a dog growling. It came from the dark clouds.

"Hullo!" cried the farmer. "A thunder-storm! Come along, lads and lasses; let us get the hay into stacks before the rain comes."

They all rushed into the field at once, with their forks and rakes, and pulled the hay into big heaps.

It was all done so quickly, that the people had got home before the rain came on. How the thunder growled, and how bright the lightning was! But the storm did not last long, and soon the moon came out.

Next day there was a nice cool breeze, and so the hay was spread out once more. The sun and wind soon made it quite dry. Then the carts were filled with hay, and every load was taken to a corner of the field, where a big haystack was being made.

One man stood in his cart, and threw the hay with a fork to the man on the stack. Then other men came with their loads, till the haystack was as big as a house.

The boys and girls had fine times riding on the loads of hay. It was such fun, too, to run up the ladder on to the top of the stack.

FLOWERS TO PICK, AND FLOWERS TO LEAVE ALONE

The farmer's wife came out into the garden, one sunny morning, to look at her flowers. "Oh, how pretty they all are!" she cried. So she got a pair of scissors and went down the garden path.

The purple and white flowers had nearly all dropped from the lilac trees, and the white snowball blossoms were fading now. Bright celandines held up their yellow cups; but they did not please the lady. "You do not last long in water," she said.

"Oh, the roses look lovely this morning!" she said. "I will pick some of them."

Crimson roses were climbing over the porch, and lovely yellow ones were growing up the wall.

Then the lady picked some pinks that were growing at her feet. With them she put some pretty sweet peas and some large white daisies.

Her bunch was quite big now, but still she wanted more flowers; so she picked some sweet-scented petunias.

"See the clover over there," she exclaimed. She added some to her bunch.

"The bees love you," she said, "better than all the other flowers in the garden."

"Don't forget us," said a little purple flower growing by the path. It had a queer little face, and looked as if it were made of purple velvet.

"Oh, no, pansy," said the lady, "I will not forget you! But, you know, you fade very soon."

"Why don't you pick some of these pretty white flowers, Mother?" cried little Dora from under the fruit trees.

"If I picked those flowers you would have no nice raspberries," said her mother. "Very soon they will grow where these white flowers are now, and then you can have some. For you like raspberries, don't you?"

"Yes, Mother," said Dora. "Don't pick any of these flowers, then."

"I will show you some more flowers that must not be picked," said her mother.

"Those little green flowers, hanging from the currant bushes, will turn into nice currants soon. Some will be red and some will be black."

"Here are some more on this bush," said the little girl. "Oh! but there are some nasty sharp thorns on the stems."

"That is a gooseberry bush," said her mother. "But its little green flowers have turned into fruit now."

"May I have that little gooseberry?" asked Dora.

"No, dear," said her mother; "you would not like it. It is sour, for it is not ripe yet."

TIT FOR TAT

The trout in the mill stream were having a fine time; for the pretty little may-flies had come out at last, and were dancing over the water in the sunshine.

One of them was just floating on the stream, when "Snap!" and there was no fly

left; for a greedy fish had come to the top of the water and gobbled it up.

"It is too bad," said a may-fly; "those horrid fish will not leave us alone! We only have one day to live, so they might let us enjoy ourselves."

"I think these dragon-flies are just as cruel," said another fly. "Just look at that green one!"

The dragon-fly was a lovely insect, for his body was sparkling with green and gold. His wings were just like thin lace, and he had two great yellow eyes sticking out of his head. He darted to and fro, as fierce as a tiger, snapping up gnats or flies, and eating them while he flew.

He himself had once been an egg, and a grub in the stream. Even when he was a grub he was fierce, for then he had two cruel jaws. He hid these under his head, and then shot them out all at once when he came near another grub.

From the trees long thin threads were hanging. On the ends of these threads, queer little caterpillars dangled down almost into the water.

For a butterfly had laid her eggs on a branch, and out of them had come these little caterpillars. They were now trying to get out of the way of the hungry birds, and so got into the way of the fish and dragon-flies. For they were being eaten up in hundreds.

But the fish and the dragon-fly did not see a bird watching them, from a branch near the water. It was Mr. Kingfisher, who had just come out of his nest in a bank nearby. Even though he was a bird, he lived in a burrow like a rabbit. Mrs. Kingfisher laid her white eggs at the end of it, in a bed made of fish bones.

The Kingfisher was a beautiful bird, with a long beak and a bluish-gray head. His breast and body were white and there was a blue band across his chest. He also had bluish-gray wings and back, and a striped tail.

A fish darted up above the water to gobble a caterpillar, and in a flash the Kingfisher had the fish in his mouth.

Then he flew home with it for his little ones, and came back again to catch another.

THE RAINDROP'S WASHING DAY

The raindrops were falling gently, one afternoon in July, from a little cloud that had floated across the sky.

One drop fell right into the middle of a sweet wild rose, and lay there like a diamond.

"Your pretty pink face does not need a wash," said the raindrop to it; "but I never feel summer is here till I see you in the hedge."

Another rose was by its side, and some buds as well. Two buds were tiny and red, but another held up its head like a little pink cup.

"Oh, dear, dear," cried the rain to the trees, "it is time I came! What dirty faces you all have; and I never saw such dusty leaves! These on this hedge at the roadside are quite white."

"Oh, do come quickly and wash us," cried the poor hedges, "or we shall die! The dust from the motor cars on the road has nearly choked us. We cannot breathe."

For you know the leaves have tiny holes in them, through which they breathe. So the rain came faster and faster, till it had washed the leaves and made them happy again.

Some sweet-scented honeysuckle, that had climbed to the top of the hedge, said to a butterfly, "You would like to know what is inside my red buds, I am sure." So she burst them open, and hung her long stamens out.

"Put your tongue down my yellow throat," said she, "and taste the sweet honey which is at the bottom."

On the other side of the hedge, an elder tree was opening her white waxy blossoms. They were very tiny, to be sure, but there were so many on a stalk, that they looked like a big bouquet.

The bees loved the elder flowers, and so did the pretty butterflies.

Down in the hedge a tall green stalk was growing, and on it hung many large purple bells. It was a foxglove.

Each bell was so cozy, that it might have been a fairy's bedroom; but bumblebees flew into them, till the rain was over.

Little speed-wells opened their cups wide for the cool rain, and said, "We knew you were coming, for the scarlet pimpernel shut up his red face an hour ago."

"Aha!" said the raindrop! "he does not like to get it wet, I know."

AT THE SEASIDE

The farmer's two children, Fred and Dora, were at the seaside. Their aunt had asked

them to come and spend the August holiday with their cousin Kate.

The children went down to the shore every day. So many strange things were there, that they never wanted to go anywhere else.

Cousin Kate had lived by the sea all her life, and so she knew as much about the shore as Fred and Dora knew about the country.

What Dora liked best was to look into the pools that lay among the rocks, and watch the little creatures which lived in them.

There was one pretty pool quite close to the sands, which the sea filled with water every day. It looked just like a garden, and had a lot of pretty shells in it.

Kate told Dora that these shells were the homes of little shellfish. "Some of them only want one shell to live in," she said; "others have two."

"Look at these winkles!" said Fred. "They have only one shell, like snails."

"They are sea snails," said Kate. "They push out their horns, and walk along with their shells on their backs, too."

"These are cockles and mussels," said Dora. "I know them, because you once sent us some. When we boiled them the shells opened, and we saw the fish inside."

"When they are alive," said Kate, "they can open and shut their shells when they like. Watch that cockle, and you will see it hop."

Out came the cockle's foot, and it gave a jump in the sand. But the mussels held on tight to the rocks.

"What is all this red and green stuff on the rocks?" asked Fred.

"That is seaweed," said Kate. "It is a plant which grows in the sea. It holds on to the rocks with some little fingers. It has no roots."

"Hundreds of little fish live among the seaweed," said she, "and they feed on it as it floats in the water. There goes a little shrimp, darting through the water!"

"It looks as if it were made of glass!" said Fred.

On the rocks were some white shells, which looked like fairy tents. "Those are the limpets," said Kate. "They cling to the rocks. Sometimes, if you are quick, you can pick one off."

But Fred was not sharp enough, for the limpet pulled its shell down tight on to the rocks, and nothing could move it.

"There are two shellfish you have not seen yet," said Kate. "Just look for them." Fred looked into all the little holes in the pool, and at last he found a little green crab hiding under some seaweed.

It was lying in a hole, with its two round eyes staring at Fred, and its two big claws ready to nip him.

It had four queer crooked legs on each side of its body, and when Fred gave it a push it crawled off sideways into another hole.

"Is this the other shellfish?" asked Dora. "It looks like a red star."

"It is a starfish," said Kate, "and if you look under one of its points you will see some tiny white threads. Those are its feet."

"Oh," said Fred, "look at those lovely flowers in the pool! They are opening in the sun."

"They look like flowers," said Kate, "but they are animals."

"Those threads which you think are petals are really arms, with which the little creatures get their food. They are sea anemones; so they have names like flowers, too."

"If you touch them," said Kate, "they will shut up like flowers."

"Look at this lump of jelly!" said Fred. "What can it be?"

"It is a jellyfish, and it swims about in the sea. Some day, when we go out in our boat, you will see them, in deep water, floating along like fairies' umbrellas."

"Oh, look at the seagulls!" said Dora. "Don't they seem happy! Why do they fly so near to the waves?"

"They are looking for their dinners," said Kate. "They eat fish of any kind."

"What strong wings they must have!" said Fred. "I can see one right out over the sea."

"They can swim, too," said Kate, "for they have webs on their toes, like all the water birds. If they see a fish in the water when they are away up in the sky, they can drop down at once. The fish tries to get away, but the seagull catches it."

Kate took her cousins one day to have a bath in the sea. It was a fine hot day, but the sea felt very cold when Dora put her foot into the water. But when she saw Kate run right in, she ran in, too.

Both Kate and Fred could swim, so they began to teach Dora. Poor Dora got her mouth full of water, and it was so salt. "It does not taste fresh, like the water in our stream at home," she said.

But Dora could soon swim, and by the end of the week they were all having races, to see who was the best swimmer.

AUTUMN

THE NOISE IN THE WHEATFIELD

The wheat in the field beside the farm was quite yellow and ripe now, for harvest had come. The ears of wheat were full of seeds, and the stalks were stiff and yellow.

The tiny harvest mice had made a sweet little nest among the wheat stalks. It was about as big as a large apple, and was neatly made of grass.

It had no doors, but Mrs. Mouse just pushed her pretty soft brown nose in among the walls, and got in through the hole.

Her mice were quite big now, so she said to them, "Autumn has come, and the wheat is quite ripe. Soon the men will come to cut it with that noisy thing they call a reaper. You must take care of yourselves now, for Mr. Mouse and I shall have to run away when the men come."

Sure enough, next day there was a "Whir-r-r-r," and round and round the field went the horses, pulling the reaper.

This reaper was a strange-looking thing, with sharp knives to cut the wheat stalks, and with some big arms, that went round and round, to catch the wheat as it fell.

The reaper tied the wheat up into sheaves, and threw them down on the ground as it went along. Then some men picked these sheaves up, and stood them against each other.

Very soon the the sun and wind dried them as they stood, and then they were put into carts and taken to the farmyard.

The men had to work hard, after the sun had set, in case rain should come on. But just as the sky was getting dark, the big full moon rose above the tree tops, and made it as light as day.

"Ah!" said the farmer, "here is the harvest moon. Now we shall get our work done to-night."

In the farmyard some men were making the sheaves into a round grain-rick. This rick stood on four tall stones, so as to lift it off the ground, and keep the rats and mice from getting the wheat.

All the ears of wheat were put into the middle of the rick, so that the birds and the rain could not touch them. When all the sheaves had been put on the rick, a man took some wheat stalks and made a straw roof for it.

THIEVES IN THE ORCHARD

"I am so glad that autumn has come," said a blackbird to a thrush one sunny morning. "We never get such feasts at any other time. Just look at those berries on the elder tree! I have had such a breakfast of them that I can hardly sing."

Where the tiny elder blossoms had been in summer, the purple berries now hung in great bunches. They were very tiny fruits; but they were so sweet that the birds loved them.

"No one need be hungry now!" said the thrush. "I have just eaten a lot of sweet bramble berries off the hedge. The boys and girls came to pick some just as I had done; but, ha! ha! I had the ripest berries before the lazy things were out of bed!"

"Why don't you wipe your beak?" said the thrush to a mourning dove.

"I have been eating some rose-apples," said the big bird; "but the seeds are so sticky, that I can't get rid of them."

"You should leave the apples on the rose bush," said the thrush. "They are winter food, and should be kept."

"Well, good-by," said the blackbird. "I am off to the orchard to see if the apples and pears are ripe."

In the orchard there was a chatter in the trees, for birds of all sorts and sizes were pecking at the ripe fruit.

The apples were quite red and rosy now, and the pears were turning yellow. On the farmhouse wall some large plums were hiding their dark faces among their green leaves.

But it was no use, for the wasps had found the best plums, and were eating holes in their sides. The blackbird, too, pecked at a ripe pear, and ate the juicy fruit.

But just then a farm boy came out, and made the birds all fly away. "They are eating all the damsons," said the boy, as he looked up at the dark purple fruit.

"Shoo! Shoo!" he cried, and waved his arm.

"I don't see why folks should be so greedy," grumbled the thrush. "We eat up all the slugs and snails that kill their plants, and then they grudge us a taste of their fruit!"

But the birds' feast did not last long. For ladders were put up against the trees, and all the fruit was picked by men and girls. Then it was taken away in baskets.

GETTING TIRED

The sun went to bed much sooner now than he did in summer. And he was getting lazy in the morning, too, for he did not get up quite so early.

When he did rise, he peeped out at the fields from behind a cloud, and said, "Yes; autumn is here, sure enough! It feels cool this morning, and that mist over the stream shows how chilly it has been all night."

The dew lay thick and cold on the flowers, too, and did not dry up so quickly now. Behind the wood stack, where the sun did not shine, the ground never got dry at all.

But in the middle of the day it was as hot as summer time, and the bees and butterflies flew about as gaily as ever.

In the garden a lot of day lilies and hydrangeas were hanging their heads as if they were tired, and wanted to go to sleep. But the fine blue gentian opened her flowers, and the golden-rod and live-forever still made the garden gay.

"Oh!" said the farmer, "it is a sure sign that autumn is here, when the golden-rod and gentian flower."

Some of the bees and butterflies had laid their eggs in a safe place, and were dead; while others were getting ready for sleep.

The bees were working hard, to gather as much honey as they could before all the flowers faded. "The honeycomb in the hive must be full of honey," they said, "so as to last us all the winter."

But as the bees always made a lot more than they needed, the farmer was able to have some honey, too.

In front of the farmhouse a boy was busy sweeping up the dead leaves and burning them in a heap.

For where the old leaves were growing on the branches, next year's leaves were coming, and sucking up all the sap.

So the old leaves began to turn brown, yellow, or red, and fell one by one to the ground.

The young birds were able to fly as well as their mothers now, and were busy stealing wheat from the farmyard.

The cuckoos and the bobolinks had flown away; for there was not much to eat now, as the insects were hiding themselves away.

So these birds flew south to warm lands where it was always summer, and where there was plenty to eat.

AFTER THE SWALLOWS WENT

It was a wild windy day, and the trees round the farmhouse were waving to and fro. Black clouds flew over a gray sky, and everything looked cold and sad.

When the wind blew, it sent the leaves flying across the fields, and the trees began to look very bare. The fields, too, were bare, for even the potatoes and turnips were now in heaps under thick straw covers.

It began to rain, too, and the drops splashed on the kitchen window of the farmhouse. "We shall have to light a fire to-night," said the farmer, "if it is so wet."

The rain splashed on the mud walls of the swallows' nests under the eaves; but there were no swallows there.

For they had all met, one fine still day, and flown away with their young ones, till spring should come again.

All the rest of the birds were quite quiet, sitting in the hedges, to keep out of the rain.

The garden flowers were nearly all gone, and their leaves were lying on the wet ground. The live-forever had faded, and the gentian plants were bare.

But next day the sun shone out, and the sky looked blue once more, to show that autumn was not quite gone yet.

Then the few insects that were left came flying to the white aster near the wall, to sip the very last honey from the very last flowers.

Wasps and flies, and even a pretty brown butterfly, pushed each other to get a sip, and sat on the blossoms, shaking their wings in the sunshine.

"It is a good thing there are a few insects left, Fred," said the farmer to his son.

"Why, Father?" asked Fred.

"These flowers want pollen on their seed boxes, to turn them into fruit, just as much as the flowers of spring and summer did," said he.

The rain had made the dusty road very muddy, and great pools of water lay in the path leading up to the farm.

Next morning, when the farmer looked out of his window, there was a thick fog over everything. "Ah," said he, "winter is coming now very fast!"

WINTER

A FOGGY DAY

It was a very foggy day, and you could hardly see where you were going. It was very dark, too; for, though the sun was shining, he could not send his beams through the thick fog.

What fun the boys and girls had going to school, though! One boy said he was sure he could find his way; so off he set in the fog.

It was so thick, that he could not see the branches over his head. At last he came to a big house, and was going to open the door, for he thought he was at school. But he had only got round to his own back door, and was just going to walk into the pig sty. How the other boys laughed!

Two little girls had a terrible fright, as they were walking across a field, for all at once a great animal came out of the fog.

Just as they were going to run away, the giant cried, "Haw! He-haw! He-haw!" It was only Sally, their old donkey, who was glad to see her friends again.

In the afternoon a little wind blew, and the sun was able to peep out of the fog.

"Look at the sun!" cried a boy. "It looks like a red lollipop!"

The sun sank lower in the sky, till it hid behind a bank of clouds. Then the day grew dark, though the church clock had only just struck "Three." By five o'clock it was dark enough to make one believe it was night.

How still everything was! Not a bird

was stirring, and all the farm animals were safe and warm in their sheds.

Most of the folks had lighted their fires, and all the children sat round them, warm and cozy, laughing and talking about the fog.

"I shall be afraid to let you go out to-morrow," said one mother, "if it is foggy." So she went to the window and looked out. "The fog has gone!" she cried. "The wind has blown it all away. I can see the moon and stars."

"Ah," said the father, "they shine very brightly to-night! That means that Jack Frost has come back again."

JACK FROST

Yes, Jack Frost had come back again, and was hiding outside in the woodbine leaves.

"Who is he?" you ask. Well, no one has ever seen him or heard him, but everybody has seen his work.

He began to work hard, too, that night, laying his cold fingers on the leaves that were left.

He touched the beech leaves, and they fell, all red and brown. The oak leaves turned yellow as they fell. The elm leaves dropped on to the grass, and the dead ones under the trees turned crisp and dry.

But the evergreens did not seem afraid of the frost, for there were still green leaves left on many of the trees and bushes.

"Ha! Ha!" said the pine tree. "You can run your cold fingers all along my needles and cones, but you cannot do them any harm."

And the holly tree said, "My prickly leaves are too thick and glossy for you to hurt."

Then the bayberry cried out, "Come, little birds, creep in among my leaves and be cozy. Jack Frost will not hurt me." But, all the same, some of the birds were afraid of the frost, and flew away to warmer lands.

Then Jack tried to make the earth afraid; but she said, "No, Jack, I am still warm, right down to my heart, for the kind sun has been shining on me all the year. You cannot touch the things which I am keeping safe."

"Aha!" he cried; "your friend the sun is lazy now, and he gets up later every morning. You will not get much more heat, and then I shall freeze you hard."

So Jack puffed his cheeks out, and blew

a big breath. It made the air grow clear and frosty, and then the stars and moon shone brightly.

Next morning Jack was still about; for as the children went to school, he rushed at them and nipped their noses and ears till they were red. Then he bit their fingers and turned them blue with cold.

But, when the sun shone, Jack slunk off, for he was very much afraid of the sunbeams. He did no more work till the sun went down.

One night, in December, while Jack was working hard, the north wind began to blow, and great clouds came up in the sky.

But they were not the black clouds that bring the rain; they were big white clouds that look like soft wool.

Soon the sky was covered with them; then down came something soft and white, like feathers floating in the air. They were the snowflakes.

The north wind had made the rain clouds into snow clouds, for he had frozen the little raindrops into crystals.

The crystals were so tiny, that they stuck to each other and made snowflakes. Then, when the flakes were too heavy, they floated down to the earth.

Down came the snow, so softly that it did not wake anybody up, and covered everything with a thick white blanket.

And in the morning, when folks looked out of their bedroom windows, they saw a pretty sight.

Snow lay on the roofs of the cottages, and made them look like sugar houses. It lay thick, too, on the trees and bushes, and covered everything with soft white feathers.

The fields were like white carpets, and the roads were just white paths between the hedges.

One by one the cottage chimneys began to smoke, and a sweet smell came from the burning wood. Then out into the road ran the boys and girls, racing and laughing, for they were all glad the snow had come.

JACK FROST AT HIS TRICKS AGAIN

Jack Frost had a fight with the sun one day. If the sun had been strong, Jack would not have had the fight with him; but the sun was lazy and weak, now that winter had come.

The sun had tried hard to melt the snow with his poor weak sunbeams. But Jack

had blown with his cold breath, till the snow crunched as you walked on it."

Jack was turning the water of the pond into ice, and the sun was trying to keep him from doing so.

But Jack won, as the sun went down, and soon the pond had a thin cover of ice all over it. Then the ice grew so thick, that the boys could slide on it.

But it was hard to freeze the stream, for its water was running fast. But after a little time, the ice on the banks pushed out long spikes, and took hold of other spikes, till all the stream was covered with ice.

Then the fish took a long nap in the water under the ice, and the frogs crept down close in their beds.

When Jack had done all this, he crept to the houses and blew on the window panes.

As he blew, pretty ice pictures came on the panes, and covered them so quickly that no one could see through the glass.

Queer trees, ferns, and flowers grew in the pictures, all white and sparkling, like fairy plants.

Then Jack crept into the kitchen and blew into the fire. "Oh," said the children round the fire, "see how red the coals burn to-night! Jack Frost must be about."

When they said that, off he crept again, and found a jug of water in the pantry. He put his hand into the water, and the jug gave a loud crack!

A girl came running to see what the noise was. "Oh, dear!" she cried; "this water is frozen, and has cracked the jug!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, as he crept off.

The boys and girls had made their skates very bright and sharp. "The ice is thick on the ponds to-day," said a boy; "let us go for a skate." So he and another boy went to the pond.

There was one poor man on the ice, who could not skate very well. He was always falling on his back, and looked so funny with his legs in the air!

WHICH OF THEM WON?

One day the sun shone right into Mr. Squirrel's nest, and woke him up from sleep.

"It almost feels as if spring were coming," said he. "I think I 'll have a nut or two." But as he went along he saw some snow behind a tree.

"No," he said; "it is not time to wake up yet. It is still winter." So he ran off to bed again.

The trees in the wood were very bare and brown, but here and there was a holly tree with bright red berries among its glossy leaves.

This was where the birds came when the north wind blew cold, and when they all were hungry.

For they had eaten most of the rose apples off the bushes, and had picked up all the seeds they could find.

The willow tree was the first to break its buds, and very soon one tree hung out some pretty yellowish catkins, that looked like pussy tails.

On another tree were hanging the downy seed catkins.

Then, after a time, when the snow melted, sweet little snowdrops pushed green stalks up, and hung out their little white bells.

The sun and Jack Frost still had many a fight, and sometimes the sun won. That was when the south wind helped him.

But very often the north wind blew, and Jack was able to stop the stream, and give the boys some more skating. Then the snow fell, and it was winter again.

But one day the snow melted quickly, and all the roads were muddy and wet. The stream was full of water, and the birds began to chirp in the bare trees.

Then, out in the gardens, little yellow and purple flowers came here and there, as every little crocus pushed itself above the ground.

The big black crows met in the tall elm trees every day, and made a dreadful noise among last year's nests.

"It is almost time I began my song again," said the thrush, "to let every one know that spring is not far off."

So he began his lovely song. Then all the world knew that winter was gone, and that gladsome spring was coming once again.

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